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DANA ESTES & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

'If you were I'd soon let you know,' replied the skipper bluntly. 'What do you want?'

For weeks Frank Aubyn and I had been arranging what we should say on this occasion, but now I hardly knew how to begin. Captain Aubyn folded his arms on the table, and looked at us steruly.

'I have stuff in my medicine chest that will cure most complaints,' he said, 'but dumbness needs an operation. So if you're struck dumb I will give both of you a taste of the rope's end.'

'The fact is, sir, we want to ask a favour,' I began. 'It was very good of you to let us make this trip to India——'

'No soft soap, Walter Yabsley,' Captain Aubyn interrupted; 'out with what you want to say, and have done with it.'

'Frank and I would like to see more of the East before returning to England,' I blurted out. 'Will you allow us to remain here?'

'Ah, I suppose you've heard some fairy tales of young fellows making a fortune out here in a year or two, and you think you will try to do the same.'

'No, that isn't our idea at all,' I said. 'Frank and I know that it is very unlikely we shall ever have another chance of coming to India, and therefore we want to see as much as we can before settling down at home.'

'I don't blame you for that; but how do you propose to earn a living?'

'Couldn't you get us taken on by some skipper who is sailing to Madras or the Straits Settlements?' Frank joined in.

'I might be able to,' Captain Aubyn replied; and then, after questioning and lecturing us for about a quarter of an hour, he promised to see if he could find jobs for us when he went ashore.

The following morning, before breakfast, he called us into his cabin.

'I have found a berth for one of you,' he said. 'The skipper of the *Irrawaddy* wants a handy lad. I have told him what you can do, and have promised him that one of you shall go aboard her this afternoon. She sails to-morrow morning for Rangoon; which of you is going to take on the job?'

'We were hoping, Uncle, that we should be able to get on the same ship,' Frank remarked.

'The sooner you get that notion out of your heads, the better it will be for both of you,' Captain Aubyn replied. 'Do you expect a skipper to take on an extra hand just to oblige you?'

Neither Frank nor I answered. We had hoped to see the wonders of the East in company, and it was a great disappointment to us to find that we should have to be separated. It was, however, plain to us that if we desired to earn a living afloat, we should have to go different ways.

'I shall be glad of the berth, sir,' I said to Captain Aubyn, and no sooner had I spoken than Frank declared that he, too, would like it. The matter was, however, decided by the Captain.

'Walter Yahsley shall go on the *Irrawaddy*,' he said to his nephew, 'and I will try to get you an equally good job in the course of a day or two.'

I must confess that when I quitted Frank and his bluff old uncle, and went aboard the *Irrawaddy*, I felt somewhat depressed, but the skipper was a far more amiable man than Captain Aubyn, and I liked him from the moment we met.

For rather over two years I remained with the *Irrawaddy*, which sailed at fairly regular intervals from Calcutta to Rangoon, Bassein, and Akyab. I never met a British seaman without inquiring if he had come across Frank Aubyn, but none had ever even heard of him, and at last I came to the conclusion that Frank had returned to England and settled down in Plympton as a farmer: this was fifty years ago, when farming was still prosperous. Sometimes I wished that I were there too. On other occasions I considered myself a very fortunate youth in being able to visit strange lands and see sights more magnificent than ever I had dreamed of when in England. And I have no hesitation in saying that the years I passed on the *Irrawaddy* were the best spent in my life; for I became acquainted with the manners and customs of various Eastern races, and picked up a knowledge of Hindustani and Burmese. But at the end of the two years the *Irrawaddy* was purchased by a Chinese firm, and the skipper, not caring about the new owners, returned to England. He had made plenty of money in the Eastern seas; but I possessed very little, and was therefore unable to follow his example. I was, however, far too proud to be in the employ of Chinamen, and, when the skipper quitted the ship for good, I did the same.

I was now seventeen years of age, but I had won the reputation of being a steady fellow; and I had not been out of work more than a month when Ramon Menandez, a black skipper, who called himself a Portuguese, offered to take me on as first officer. Menandez spoke English fluently, and his ship, the *Pride of Goa*, was a far better one than the *Irrawaddy*. I accepted Menandez's offer, and a fortnight later my new ship was taking me to Siam. I had for some time desired to visit Siam, and it was the fact of the *Pride of Goa* being bound for the territory of the 'Brother of the Moon' that decided me to accept service under a man who, although he claimed to be a Portuguese, had evidently very little European blood in his veins. I must, however, in justice to Menandez, admit that he was possessed of more gentlemanly manners than many Europeans whom it has been my lot to meet in the East.

We arrived at the mouth of the Menam after a quick and uneventful voyage, and anchored off the bar of Siam. Then Menandez went ashore to crave permission for his ship to proceed to Bangkok. On his return with the necessary permit, we weighed anchor and proceeded up the river. We had gone but a short distance, when a fire was discovered in the hold.

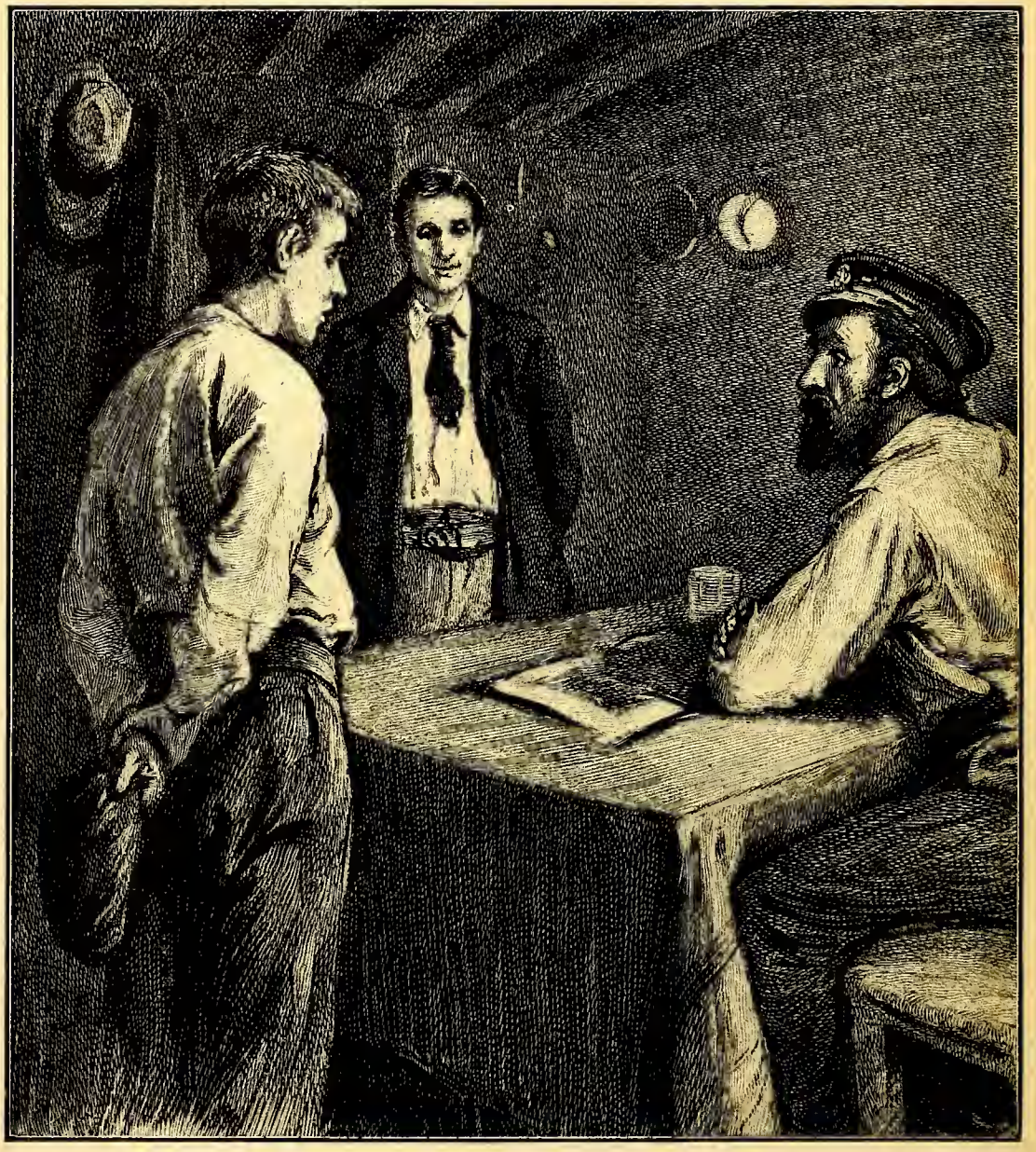
'This is not an accident,' Menandez declared, when he and I reached the fire. 'Some scoundrel has set light to the cargo.'

'Probably the Burman whom you thrashed for sleeping during his watch,' I suggested.

'Yes. He's the man. He threatened to have his revenge. Clap him in irons.'

I went on deck at once to have the Burman secured, but was too late to catch him. He had jumped overboard, and was swimming rapidly towards the shore. To have lowered a boat and pursued him would have been foolish, for every man was required to get the fire under. Alas! in spite of all our efforts we did not succeed. The flames spread rapidly, and soon one part of the *Pride of Goa* was envcloped from hold to masthead.

(*Continued on page* 11.)



"'We want to ask a favour,' I began."

"'He who was then *protected* has become the *Protector*.'"

THE MOTHER'S PLEA.

An Incident of the Civil War.

IN an old house close by the high road sat a group of anxious women. Within a few miles a battle was proceeding, in which the kinsfolk of these women were fighting for their King. Through the open casement, the sound of distant shots and shouts came faintly on the breeze. After a time the watchers heard another and a nearer sound—that of horses' hoofs; and presently half-a-dozen Roundheads galloped past. Just as they thundered by, the horse of one stumbled on a loose stone, and threw its rider headlong on to the hard road. His companions rode on and left him there, but the compassionate ladies called a couple of old men-servants, with whose aid they carried the injured man into the house.

His heavy steel cap was removed, and restoratives were applied. For a long time he lay senseless; at last he revived. Just then, in came the son of the eldest lady. Drawing his sword, he would have slain or made a prisoner of the Puritan soldier, had not his mother interposed.

'The man,' she said, 'whom an accident has made my guest, shall not be harmed in my house; let him go!'

The Roundhead, still half-dazed with his fall, mounted his horse (which the servants had cared for), and rode away.

* * * * *

Years had passed. The Royal cause was ruined; Oliver Cromwell was in power. A last attempt to raise the King's standard had failed, and those who had been concerned in it were severely dealt with.

Amongst those sentenced to death was the Royalist soldier whose mother had restrained him from attacking her guest. Hitherto all efforts to save his life had been in vain. As a last chance, his aged mother travelled to London, where she threw herself at Cromwell's feet. How thankful she felt that she had come! for as soon as she saw the Protector, she knew that she had a powerful plea to urge.

'A wounded soldier,' she said, 'fell from his horse, just outside my house. I took him in, dressed his wounds and bruises, and protected his life from my son's sword. That soldier I now see exalted to power over men's lives. He who was then *protected* has become the "*Protector*," and I beg of him the life of my son!'

And as Cromwell's eye rested on the kneeling lady, he recalled that evening when he had been a fugitive at the mercy of a foe, and she had pleaded for his life. Such a plea was irresistible. Seizing a pen, he signed an order staying the execution of the condemned Cavalier.

E. D.

THE SEA-KINGS OF ENGLAND.

I.—THE NEW WORLD.

WHEN Columbus, in 1492, discovered the West Indies, he did something more than add new names to the map of the world—he changed the whole life of Europe. Not only did wars and quarrels arise, and last for many generations, over the question of owning America, but every country in the Old World had its thoughts and its habits and its daily life enlarged. Imagine a world in which potatoes were not known; in which furs and hides and leather were expensive and hard to get; in which gold and silver and precious stones were the rare and priceless possessions of a few very great people; in which countless little things we never dream of thinking about to-day—pepper, gum, spices, hard wood like mahogany, many ordinary fruits and cereals, the best cotton, many drugs now used in the commonest medicines—were either unknown or very seldom seen. And then imagine what it meant to hear tales of sunny lands where all these things were in abundance, and where, almost for the asking (so it was said), fine gold could be procured in any quantity. It is little wonder that first France and then England grew jealous of Spain's new empire, and tried to wrest it from her, or at least to win a part of it for themselves.

By a decree of the Pope, in 1493, Spain claimed all hitherto unknown lands west of an imaginary line drawn from north to south, about mid-Atlantic; all unknown regions east of that were assigned to Portugal. Spain used her power ill: she treated the natives with cruelty and stupidity, so that before many years had passed they had disappeared altogether from certain regions. It was necessary to fill their place with slaves brought over, under awful conditions, from Africa. Slavery was not then thought wrong, and an Englishman, John Hawkins, was very successful in trading in negroes.

But though English voyagers—the Cabots, for instance—took part in the early exploration and discovery of America, and though a few English merchants managed, by settling in the West and trading by way of Spain, to share in the wealth of the New World, England did not become greatly interested in America till the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Spanish ports, in spite of misrule, quickly grew up all over the West Indies, beginning in Hispaniola (now Haïti) and spreading to Peru, the isthmus of Panama and Mexico; before fifty years had passed from Columbus's time, goldfields were discovered in Peru and elsewhere, and enormous wealth flowed into Spain. But it was not till after Hawkins and Drake had come into real collision with the Spaniards at home and in the West, that England seriously set about gaining some of that wealth. Hawkins was the first Englishman to give a hint of the coming struggle. As will be seen, he first of all traded in the West Indies by means which were not quite honest, and then, at San Juan d'Ulloa, fell into a treacherous trap and came back to England full of fury and hatred.

The life of these men was not altogether pleasant. People who cross the Atlantic to-day, by whatever boat they travel, can live in decency and some comfort, with regular meals and a practically safe journey. In the days of Queen Elizabeth there was no safety and no comfort: the ships were no bigger than our smallest coasting vessels; it was no uncommon thing for a little boat of only thirty tons burden, or even less, to venture fearlessly into the uncharted, unknown Atlantic. Into these ships men were packed in insanitary and crowded conditions; the supply of fresh water was small, all meat was salted (and salt itself was not easy to get), and whenever the boat touched land there had to be expeditions to get victuals and water; the victuals, in a live state, had usually to be hunted down by the mariners themselves. Clothes were costly, though probably good; books, maps, charts, and nautical instruments were very precious. When a ship left Plymouth, or Dartmouth, or Salcombe, or the little harbours of Devon and Cornwall, she literally sailed into the unknown. Ahead of her was

loneliness—the eternal sea and the unchanging stars; no more, so far as could he foreseen accuratcly.

All that knowledge of ocean currents, winds, scattered islands, rocks, and coastlines which mariners to-day have at their fingers ends, had to be picked up hy hard experience, or guessed at hy hearsay, by the Elizabethan seamen. And voyages were a matter of time, which increased the peril; it took, at the hest, three weeks, instead of a few days, to cross the Atlantic from the most westerly ports in the Azores, and longer direct from England itself.

France was before England in the attempt to get wealth from the New World, though not in exploration. Long hefore Elizabeth came to the throne, French pirates had ravaged the Spanish ports in the West Indies, and captured and plundered many richly-laden Spanish ships. When the English set about 'singeing the King of Spain's beard,' as it has been called, they did not begin in this warlike way: they sent out explorers and traders, not soldiers, or rather, they hegan hy trying peaceful methods; but the explorers and traders had also to become soldiers, for Spain was not going to give up her empire without fighting first, and besides, the natives were not always friendly. There are half-a-dozen names which every Englishman ought to know: Hawkins, Drake, Gilhert, Cavendish, Raleigh, and Hakluyt*; the first five because they did heroic dceds (and perhaps some unheroic deeds too—they were not perfect), and the sixth hecause he had the genius and patriotism to collect all the narratives about travel and seafaring he could get hold of. His great and noble book, *The Principal Voyages of the English Nation*, is the history of England's early struggles to win the mastery of the hroad seas of the world.

It is from Hakluyt, mainly, that the stories of 'the Sea-Kings of England' are taken. They are all true and they are all history; but it is the hest sort of history—the history of real men, men of our own race, who every day took their lives in their hands, who fought and prayed with equal zeal, who endured every kind of hardship to the end that we, who come after them and can never do again such deeds as theirs, may live in a wider and more fruitful world than that little Europe which was at first all they knew.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 7.)

WHEN Menandez saw that all hope of saving the ship was gone, he gave orders to the crew to take to the boats; they had been lowered some time before, and were now bumping against the side of the ship. The rush for the boats produced a very discreditable scene. Every man knew that the two boats would not hold all the crew, and each was anxious that he should not be left behind. Portuguese, Mohammedans, Chinamen, and Malays fought savagely to secure places. One man was stunned, and two others, badly wounded, fell into the sea and were swept away. Menandez and I did our utmost to make the rascals behave like human heings, but our efforts were wasted. Menandez fired at a Chinaman and wounded him, but the others were not cowed. I seized a Malay, who had deliberately pushed a Portuguese overboard, and flung him to the deck. In an instant he sprang to his feet and rushed at me, but I jumped aside, and all the harm that his kris, or knife, did was to cut the right sleeve of my coat. Then, before he could recover himself, I planted my fist between his eyes, and he fell heavily. He lay still for a few moments, and when he did rise he took no further notice of me, but made another rush for the boats, and obtained a seat.

I had very foolishly left my pistol in my locker, but now I determined to ohtain it, being confident that the rascally crew would not hesitate to attempt to kill Menandez and me if we were unable to defend ourselves. Fortunately the flames had not yet reached the cabin which Menandez and I had occupied, and in a few moments I was in it, only, however, to discover that my locker had been forced open, and my pistol and many other articles stolen. Evidently one or two of our dusky crew had looted the cabin during the confusion.

Vowing to give the thief a sharp lesson if I discovered him, I hurried on deck and found it deserted. The boats, dangerously crowded, had sheered off, and I was alone on the burning ship. For a moment or two I was stupefied with horror. A slight hreeze had sprung up and fanned the flames to greater fury. It was plain to me that in a few minutes I should have to choose between being burnt alive or drowned; and in my agitation I dubbed Menandez a cowardly cur for deserting me. But I wronged the man.

'Jump overboard, Yabsley,' he shouted to me. 'We will make room for you here.'

I was not a good swimmer, hut I knew that I should be able to reach Menandez's hoat, which was not more than forty yards distant. The only thing that prevented my plunging into the water and swimming to Menandez was the belief that his boat could not possibly hold another man.

The seamen were apparently of the same opinion, for in spite of Menandez's protests they pulled away from the ship. I saw that I need expect no help from them. Then I looked hurriedly around, hut the flames and smoke prevented me from seeing the shore. I had not taken much notice of the breadth of the river, and was therefore unable to judge how far I should have to swim if I jumped overboard.

But while I hesitated, the heat from the flames, which were rapidly approaching the spot where I stood, became unhearable. With a prayer on my lips, I dived into the river. On coming to the surface, I saw to my great joy, about fifty yards ahead of me, the Paknam fortress which Menandez had pointed out to me earlier in the day.

This fortress was built on a very small island in the middle of the river, and had heen erected in the belief that it would deter Englishmen and other Europeans from proceeding up the stream without first obtaining the King's permission. I had laughed heartily when Menandez called my attention to the utter worthlessness of this toy fortress, and had made some not very complimentary remarks about the intelligence of the Siamese. But now I felt very grateful to the 'Brother of the Moon' and his subjects; for had it not heen for the fortress and the pretty little pagoda rising ahove the walls, I should not have noticed the island. Keeping my eye on it I swam steadily towards it, and fortunately the possibility of there being crocodiles in the river did not occur to me. Had I thought of that danger, in all

* Pronounced Hac-lite. It looks like a Dutch name, but is thoroughly English, though strangely spelt.

"I dived into the river."

probability I should have been flurried, and in my anxiety to reach the shore quickly should have become exhausted and been drowned.

However, I reached the island safely. I glanced anxiously at the circular fortress, but, to my surprise, could see no signs of any soldiers. I discovered later that the place which the Siamese fondly believed filled Europeans with terror was, for a greater portion of the day, entirely deserted.

Finding that there was little probability of being dis-

turbed, I undressed and spread out my clothes to dry, for I had learnt while in Burma that the wearing of wet garments invariably brought on an attack of fever. Having spread out my things, I sat down in a sheltered corner to wait until they were dry. And as I sat there I watched with saddened feelings the burning *Pride of Goa*. She was now completely enveloped in flames, and long before my clothes were dry she sank suddenly, with a loud hissing as fire and water met.

I now scanned both banks of the river, hoping to catch sight of Menandez or some of our crew, but not a sign of any of them could I discover. I felt sure, however, that if Menandez were alive he would try to find me, for the Portuguese, although somewhat of a rogue in business, was a good-hearted fellow and had taken a great liking to me—probably because I treated him, in spite of his black skin, as a European. Of course I knew that it was just possible that the skipper was dead, for, as I have said already, his boat was over-crowded, and the crew were quite capable of throwing him overboard to better their own chances of getting safely to shore.

(*Continued on page* 23.)

SOME ENGLISH TREES.

[New Series.]

I.—THE LIME OR LINDEN.

ONE of the most common trees of our great cities is the lime or linden, known to the Greeks under the name of *phalyra*, and to the Romans as *tilia*, whence comes the French name of *tilleul*.

When left to grow at its own sweet will, the lime is a beautifully shaped tree, the stem, smooth and slender, often reaching to as much as a hundred feet, and traceable to the very top (which is usually rounded), the foliage abundant, and very delicate in size, shape, and

Lime Tree in Foliage.

colour, being light green in springtime, though, as in the case of many other trees, assuming a darker shade in late summer, owing to the large amount of chlorophyll, or colouring matter, in the leaves.

The lime is a tree of fixed ideas, and one tree is so like another that it has a specially good effect in avenues and groups of trees in park-lands. If the conditions of growth, such as soil, climate, and cultivation, are uniform, the height of the trees will also be almost uniform, and Ruskin's theory of the beauty of similar repeated curves will be more or less carried out all along the line. Lindens were favourites of our Dutch King William III. The splendid avenue of these trees at Ashtead Park, in

Lime Tree in Winter.
(*By permission of Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., Ltd.*)

Surrey, owes its origin to his influence, and the grand specimens in Bushey Park and in the grounds of Fulham Palace were also planted about the same time.

Although it grows wild in some English counties, it is doubtful whether the lime is really an indigenous or native British tree, as its seeds only ripen in this country in our rare long, hot summers, and it is usually grown from layers.

The lime is covered in early summer with quantities of small hanging flowers of a yellowish green, containing a wonderful amount of honey. This flow lasts from a few days to a month, and during that time countless bees throng around, carrying off the rich treasure; when passing under a lime avenue at this time, one often emerges strewn with yellow dust or pollen. Honey made by bees specially fed on lime products is very delicate in flavour, and sells for a high price. Near Kovno, in Lithuania, are huge lime forests, and the Kovno honey, being greatly prized for medicinal as well as other purposes, fetches three or four times the ordinary price.

The wood of the lime is white and of very fine grain, light and soft, yet tough and durable, qualities which endear it to the makers of musical instruments. It

is a delightful wood for ornamental work, and, as a practical carver, I can assure those who may have a fancy for this fascinating amusement, that to turn from a solid block of oak, requiring mallet, chisel, and much force and noise, to a piece of linden wood, is a real luxury. With sharp tools it can be cut like a lump of cheese, and the carvings of Southern Europe and Switzerland are chiefly executed in '*tilleul*.' Our own famous carver, Grinling Gibbons, used it for all his delicate work; and, indeed, his wonderful flower designs could hardly have been carried out in any other wood. St. Paul's Cathedral, Hampton Court, Chatsworth, Trinity College (Cambridge), and Windsor show his masterpieces, and the marvel is how such delicate work can possibly have survived so long. Lime-wood is also greatly used abroad for figure-carving, and there is at Burstal, in Westphalia, a church in which, all round the chancel, stand bold, full-sized figures, carved in lime-wood hundreds of years ago, and painted to resemble life. The effect is wonderfully vivid, and proves the durability both of material and pigments.

The charcoal made of burnt linden is used for tooth-powder, and is also preferred before all other for the preparation of gunpowder.

The inner fibrous bark of the tree makes cordage for ships, and a vast amount of this product, known as 'bast,' is used in Russia for matting. Great Britain alone taking yearly some fourteen million mats of it from Archangel.

Pliny tells us of the virtues of lime-wood in ancient times; and also that the inner bark was used for paper, under the name of *liber*; and it is interesting to remember that we get our word library from this source.

Virgil also speaks of the 'light lime' as fitted for the yoke,' that is, for making yokes for the ploughing oxen, and Chaucer, in his 'Clerke's Tale,' alluding to the delicate foliage and graceful growth, says, 'Be of good chere, as light as lefe on linde.' HELENA HEATH.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN.

By FREDERICK NIVEN,
Author of 'The Adventures of Alexander Selkirk,' 'The Lost Cabin Mine,' etc.

THE Indian in our picture is dressed in his finery; but if you went out to America and wandered among the woods of the east, or the prairies of the west, or the mountains of the far west, you would very seldom see Indians in such array. Even in the old days they did not put on so much finery every day. That wonderful, picturesque costume was kept for fête days and for dances.

The North American Indians are the most interesting 'savages' in the world. In fact, they are hardly savages at all. President Lincoln once said that the idea of the United States of America was, after all, based on the American Indians' idea; for long before any white people went to America, six Indian tribes had formed together into a union, or confederacy, with a kind of House of Parliament, called the Long House. At the present day there are Indians in all stages of what we call civilisation. If you take a map of North America and look at it, it will help you to understand about them. Up near the Arctic are Dog-rib Indians, who dress in furs and hunt musk-oxen and Arctic foxes and wolverines, and other fur-bearing animals. They live in the country round about the Mackenzie River, which runs into the Arctic Sea. South of them are Chippeway Indians, about the Slave Lake and Lake Athahasca. Then come the Knistineaux or Crees, the North Crees as some call them, or the Wood Crees, to distinguish them from the Crees of the prairie. The Crees in the old days used to be constantly fighting with the Blackfeet Indians. The Blackfeet Indians live on land of their own a little east of the Rocky Mountains and north of the boundary line between the United States of America and Canada.

The Blackfeet had a very wonderful, astute old chief, called Crowfoot, who died a few years ago. He wanted the United States Government to help him more than it was doing when the buffalo were dying out and his people were hungry; and at the time of the Riel rebellion he told the Government that, great chief though he was, he was afraid that if it did not make the agreement with his people that he wanted, he would not be able to prevent his warriors and braves from going on the warpath and joining Riel against the Government. The Government therefore settled up the little matters of the treaty with the Blackfeet, and they have lived there happily ever since.

South of the boundary line are Nez Perce Indians in Idaho. They had a very famous chief who died recently, Chief Joseph. One winter, some traders who wanted the lands which the Government had settled on the Nez Perce Indians made so much trouble amongst the Indians, trying to irritate them into shooting, in order that the whites might have a cause of complaint against them, that at last several of the Indians did retaliate on the white men. That was all the white men wanted. They made a protest to Government, and soldiers were sent to fight Chief Joseph's people. He made a historic fight. Though it was mid-winter he brought all the tribe through the mountain trails on to the prairies to the east, and there, when they were at last conquered by the troops who were waiting for them on the prairie, Chief Joseph's daughter managed, under cover of darkness, to slip away north with the women and children, and escape into Canadian territory. Chief Joseph, with his Indians, made a long stand against the soldiers under General Miles. They both threw up earthworks before them and fought valiantly, and a great many good men were killed on both sides. At last Chief Joseph gave in, surrendering to General Miles on condition that he would get back to his own lands, and an inquiry be made regarding the origin of the dispute. He had only fought because he had been forced to do so by the white people pressing on his lands, and he felt that he should not have done it, seeing that he had promised not to fight against whites when the Government agreed that he could stay on that land untroubled. General Miles accepted his surrender on these terms, being quite sure that the Government would inquire into the matter, and put out the encroaching white people.

But the Government did not do that. Instead, it sent Chief Joseph, as a prisoner, with his people, down to Indian Territory, and left them there for ten years or more. General Miles was so ashamed of his Government for behaving like that, that he used to go down every year or so to Indian Territory, and see Chief Joseph and say how sorry he was about it all. He would never have taken Chief Joseph's surrender, as he did, had he thought for a moment that the Government would not keep the terms of it. The lands in Indian Territory, where the Indians were sent, were very unhealthy and

gave them malarial fever, so that a great many died there far from their north-west homes.

In the middle of the United States you will see Wyoming. That is where the Crows live, on a big reservation, where they raise cattle and crops and hunt a little too.

The Sioux (or Dakotas) are in Dakota still. Round Lake-of-the-Woods are some Chippeways, speaking the same language as the Chippeways up at Lake Athabasca. In Ontario are some very civilised Indians, with good farms — Oneidas, Mohawks, Tuscaroras, Cayugas, and Delawares. In Nova Scotia are Mickmacks, some of whom have little farms; others make curios out of the bark of trees, or go as guides to hunting and fishing parties in the woods. Some of the Sioux in Dakota live in log-houses, some even are in frame-houses, and raise crops and have herds of cattle; others live in tents still, and refuse to do any farm-work, riding about with braided hair, with feathers stuck in it, just as their forefathers used to do, and considering that if the white man has taken most of their lands from them, and wants to confine them to smaller parts of it, the white man should keep them in return.

It is a very difficult subject for both white and red to agree on. The big game is gone, and so there is not the same need for the red men to have a lot of ground to wander over; but, then, it was the coming of the white man that caused the game to die out so quickly. So all over the country are what are called Indian Reservations, lands laid apart by treaty with the Indians, for them to live on. A promise is made by the Government that whites shall not settle on these reservations, and the Indians promise that, if they should want to go beyond the borders at any time, they will first of all go to the agency house and see the white man who represents the Government there, and get his permission. But sometimes white people covet their lands and come on to them, and the Indians are not all like Chief Joseph, who was really sorry to be forced to fight. When the treaties are broken by the whites in one way or another, the Indians refuse to fulfil their part of the bargain and fight about it; and they can always get as good rifles and revolvers as the troops have.

There has been a lot of blood shed in this way, especially among the Sioux Indians, because they are a very independent and warlike tribe. They have had some very famous chiefs — Crazy Horse, Spotted Tail, Red Cloud, Sitting Bull (who was shot in an Indian rising a few years ago), Rain-in-the-Face, and Kicking Bull.

Another very warlike tribe is the Apaches. They live in the arid lands of New Mexico and Arizona. Some of the bands are interested in learning white ways, in making farms and cattle ranches, and in becoming self-supporting. Others are so sullen about their lands being filled with whites that they will not work at all. They also have made treaties with the whites by which, in return for having given up large tracts of their lands and living on reservations of smaller tracts, they are supplied with provisions and clothes. But they have to be carefully handled, because they never forget that they were there before the white men, though the whites now outnumber them; and if they are badly treated they may go out on the warpath.

When they do that it is a very long and serious matter as a rule, and worse even than when the prairie tribes do so, because the land in the South-West is desert, all cut and channelled with *cañons*, and mountains, and terrible gulches — a vast maze of a country which the Indian knows as well as you know your back garden. They go out on the warpath in smaller parties than the other tribes. A dozen of them will go out and shoot lonely ranchers and farmers; and troops may hunt for them for a year, or a couple of years, and never catch them, perhaps never see them, so quickly do they move about in the wild land they know so well. The troops will follow them and think they are not yet near. Then, flash! flash! flash!—bang! bang! bang! The soldiers are shot at from behind some rocks, thrown into confusion; and by the time they rush the rocks the Apaches have wriggled back and are off, unseen; and their trail has to be followed again. But they are so clever that they can often hide their trail for miles.

There are other Indians who live in New Mexico in houses built into the sides of cliffs, with reservoirs on top to catch the rains, or reservoirs built round the few springs. They do not wander about, but stay in these cliff houses, and have little farms in the dry land which they water with irrigating ditches from their reservoirs. They go up into their houses by ladders, and at night they pull the ladders up after them. Also they keep herds of sheep and goats, which pasture on the tough grass of the valleys near by.

These that I have mentioned are just a few of the tribes. There are a great many more. There are five or six distinct Indian languages, and then dialects of these again. But there is a very interesting sign language, and if any Indians meet who do not understand the same language, they can converse in the sign language which all the Indians understand.

There are all conditions of Indians in North America. In Ontario you can see Indians going to church on Sunday in tall hats and frock coats. In Indian Territory there is an Indian millionaire. In the woods of the North-West, in Keewatin, in Labrador, are Indians who wear deerskin clothes with fringes down the arms and legs, and fur caps with feathers in them, and live entirely by fishing and trapping and shooting. Up and down the plains—among the Sioux, for instance—yes, even in one tribe, you can find an Indian who is perhaps a certificated doctor, a college man, and another in the same tribe with deerskin moccasins on his feet, a great blanket wrapped round him, his hair hanging down in plaits, a couple of eagle feathers sticking up on top, bead necklaces round his neck, little disc mirrors hanging about him, and a Winchester rifle hung at his saddle. Then there is another kind of Indian, I am sorry to say, who is just like a dirty beggar and loafs round settlements of white men, coming round to the doors of the houses and begging for scraps of dinner. If he gets any money, he spends it on drink. He cannot buy the drink himself, for there is a law against selling it to Indians, it excites them so and makes them murderous; but he can generally get some foolish white man to buy a bottle for him, and he gives him a big profit for doing so.

So, as you see, there are Indians to-day in all stages of what we call civilisation, and all stages of what we call savagery. But savage or civilised, they are one of the most interesting peoples in the world. Books have been written about them—about their hunting, and their warfare, and their oratory (for they are wonderful orators), and about their fairy tales (for they have a great many delightful stories that they tell each other); and a great many more could be written still, and yet not a quarter told about them that could be told.

A North American Red Indian Chief.

"The bag knocked Dick into the basket on to the cheese."

THE RUNAWAYS.

'AND he used to go about with two guns, and shoot whatever he liked,' said Albert, shutting his *Robinson Crusoe* with a snap. 'How I wish I might be cast away on an island, and make my clothes out of goatskin, and have no horrible lessons.'

The speaker was only nine years old, but still, he quite believed himself capable of performing anything he had ever read about in his books. He looked at his younger brother for sympathy, but Dick only gazed thoughtfully at the fire, and said: 'I wish you would help me with my lessons; they would be easy for you, because you are a year older than I am.'

This was not very encouraging, certainly; but as Albert took a lot of discouraging, he tried again. 'You're always talking about lessons,' he said. 'It would be much better if we didn't have any. Think how nice it would be if we could get the boat, and father's gun, and, of course, some provisions, in case we were at sea for a long time. Then we could go away in the night, when everybody was asleep.'

'Father would be angry, and we should get into an awful row.'

'But he wouldn't know; once we got out to sea we should be safe.'

'But then,' said Dick, 'how should we know where we were going? You can't sail a ship, nor can I.'

'You silly kid!' replied Albert, with contempt. He did not mean to have his plans upset by so small an objection. 'Of course we shouldn't know; we should have to be wrecked somewhere.'

'But supposing there were savages there, and they were cannibals, they might eat us!'

'But there weren't any on Robinson Crusoe's island, at least not at first, so why should there be on ours? Besides, we might be able to make them slaves, and then we should not have to do any hard work ourselves.'

'If you could get the boat, I would come with you,' said Dick, at last, for he never opposed his brother for long.

Here was Albert's chance, and he quickly followed it up. 'You leave me to see after it,' he said. 'I'll see about it. Come into the garden this evening, and we will arrange it there.'

Albert had not taken to reading long, but, as it happened, most of the books he had read were of the same style, being simplified versions of well-known adventure books. They had made a great impression on his mind, and so, quite naturally, he longed to perform something brave. Like many boys of his age, he had no small opinion of himself, and felt perfectly confident. The idea of running away to some unknown island and living a life like Robinson Crusoe's had at last become firmly implanted on his mind. It all seemed to go so nice and smoothly in the books. He was bent, therefore, on carrying out his plan.

He had spoken to Dick more than once on the subject, and had at last won him over. If he could have managed it he would have gone off by himself, but he knew Dick would find him out, and perhaps tell of him.

Dick was of a quieter nature, but as he always followed his brother's lead, he generally got as much credit —or blame—as Albert for anything they did. Both boys were, in some ways, older in their ideas than the majority of boys of the same age. On the other hand, as they had never had any outside companions, they were considerably behind in a great many things.

Albert was at present away from school, though it was not holiday-time; there had been an outbreak of measles at his school. Dick had been rather delicate as the result of a serious illness the previous winter, and had not yet begun to go to his day-school again. Their father had taken the opportunity of their both being at home to rent a house near the sea. The boys had not been to the seaside for three years, and their ideas of the size of the ocean and the whereabouts of foreign countries were rather hazy. They had no neighbours at their present house. The nearest house was ten miles away, and that belonged to a rich man who owned all the surrounding country.

Lessons did not receive much attention that afternoon. As soon as they were over, Albert shut his book and ran out into the garden. Dick followed slowly. They were absent until the tea-bell rang, and when they came up the path Dick looked nearly as excited as his brother. In fact, Albert had painted their coming adventures in such glowing colours that he was anxious to start.

They did not get another chance to talk of their proposed enterprise, but all through the meal they made signs and faces to each other across the table. At last nine o'clock struck, and the two boys made their way upstairs to bed. They reached their room, and soon jumped into bed. But they did not go to sleep, and had anybody been in the room they would have heard a muffled conversation mingled with sundry laughs and jerky exclamations. This continued for a long time, but they left off about ten o'clock, when their father and mother came upstairs and went to the room opposite their own.

Suddenly, about half-past ten, or rather later, a little white figure jumped out of bed, flitted across the room, and lit the lamp. Dick jumped out next. They both slipped quickly into their clothes. Then Dick did a very strange thing: he went to the bed, and taking hold of a pillow, pulled the cover off. But Albert did not look surprised; this was evidently part of the arrangement. Then, taking their shoes under their arms, they opened the door and went softly downstairs, Albert carrying the lamp and Dick the pillow-case. When they reached the bottom they stopped for a moment and held a hurried consultation. They next proceeded until they came to the larder.

Then Albert whispered, 'We must be careful not to make much noise. It's a good thing the servants sleep right at the top of the house; and you can't hear much because of the thick walls and doors. Now for the provisions.' So saying, he gently pushed up the latch of the larder door and entered, followed closely by Dick and the pillow-case. He put the lamp down and took the pillow-case from Dick. The latter then brought a pair of steps out of a corner, and standing them up, ran up until he reached the top shelf. Off this he next lifted a great cheese. 'Now then,' he said, 'hold the sack.'

Accordingly Albert held up the pillow-case to catch the cheese.

'Look out!' whispered his brother. 'One, two, *three!*'

Bump! *Down* came the cheese. But, alas! the pillow-case was not strong enough, and the cheese went right through it, at which mishap Dick had the audacity to laugh outright, much to Albert's indignation. 'You

stupid!' he said; 'you will wake everyhody. What can we carry the provisions in now, I should like to know?'

But Dick was equal to the occasion. 'There's that hig washing-hasket in the corner,' he replied. 'That will he better still.'

Albert dragged it forth. 'You had better let me get the rest,' he said. So Dick came down, and Albert mounted the steps. The former at once began throwing the washing out on to the floor.

Albert had just lifted a hag of flour from a shelf when a loud-voiced clock in the adjoining kitchen struck eleven. Albert jumped at the sound, and nearly fell off the ladder. He put out his hands and succeeded in saving himself, but dropped the bag directly over the hasket. Now, as Dick was leaning over it, the bag hit him fairly on the hack of the head. Of course it burst, and the flour simply smothered him, while the force with which it fell knocked him into the hasket on to the cheese. He rose up coughing and spluttering, and Albert hurriedly descended the ladder to make peace. 'It is only the first adventure. Come out to the sink and wash it off. You see, you're really the lucky one, because you have had the first adventure.'

Dick was partially satisfied by this clever explanation, and followed his brother to the sink.

The flour was soon washed from his face and neck, for the back of his head had received the greater portion of it; hut here a difficulty arose—how was he to get it out of his hair?

'You'll have to wash your head,' said his brother. 'You wouldn't catch cold in the middle of July, you know.'

So Dick tried this, but found that it would not work. The flour soon formed a thick, sticky paste, and the end of it was that they only succeeded in making a lot of small dumplings all over his head.

'You'll have to leave it,' said Albert. 'It will soon crumble out when it dries.'

Dick answered with a sullen grunt, but as he had to be satisfied with this consolation, miserable as it was, he followed Albert back to the larder. Here, by the lamplight, they managed to fill the basket full of provisions without further mishap.

Presently they came out, carrying it between them. It was crammed full of provisions. The larder suffered that night. (*Continued on page* 30.)

HOW AN AMERICAN CIRCUS TRAVELS.

TO take a huge circus round the country, and perhaps six hundred miles into the Wild West, is no light task, but the five Ringling Brothers of America, who now own the largest circus in the world, have reduced travelling to a science. The machinery runs like clockwork; nothing is left to chance, and doubtless this is the reason why the five brothers, who started modestly with one tent and one elephant, now employ a thousand people.

The circus travels in its own trains, five of them, comprising eighty-five cars in all; the engines are hired from the railway companies. With the show goes the staff lawyer, the staff doctor, and a detective, who keeps a sharp look-out for pick-pockets, as he mingles with the crowd. The doctor has his own travelling hospital, and every day goes through the cars to see if any of the men are ill.

Another car is arranged as a shop, with a counter, and there the 'kinkers'—as the performers are called by the circus men—or any one else can buy shoes, socks, overalls, pipes, and various other things. Many of the 'kinkers' are foreigners, and on Saturday—pay-day—a trusty old French clown goes round, and collects money for the Post-office orders which they will want to send home to their families.

Three 'advance-men' pave the way for the arrival of the mammoth show; one having to be exactly twenty-four hours ahead of it, while another must meet the first section of the train at the station, and help it unload.

These agents have to see that all is clear at the railway stations, find out ahout the route, and if there are any weak bridges to be avoided, and whether the circus ground is all right, and not, as occasionally happens, under water. They have also to order food for the coming horde; some eight tons of hay, a ton of bran, four tons of straw, three hundred hushels of oats, and so on. Shavings have taken the place of sawdust in the ring, and a dozen waggon-loads at least are needed. Enormous quantities of pea-nuts and gallons upon gallons of lemonade must be in readiness for the refreshment of the audience; hesides which, the circus people themselves have to dine, so that there is busy work in the dining and kitchen tents. Outside these tents rows of metal basins receive the scraps, for nothing is wasted, and some of the animals, especially the bear and the coyote, will eat anything. But the polar bear is a particular gentleman, and wants his rye bread soaked in fish-oil before he will touch it.

The horses are a great consideration, and every trained 'trick' one has one or two understudies, for fear of accidents. The headquarters of the Ringling circus are at Chicago, and in the stables are kept seventy-five horses, all dapple-greys. One year a section of the circus train was smashed up, and a hundred horses killed. A few hours later four cars filled with baggage horses were on their way to replace them. When more wild beasts are required, the agents generally procure them from one of the five great animal ports of the world, Buenos Ayres, Hamburg, Marseilles, Liverpool, or Singapore. Another agent in Paris is constantly on the look out for new 'turns'—a clever performing horse for instance, a marvellous acrohat, a learned pig. Presently, perhaps, these are offered an engagement in the world-renowned circus of the Ringling Brothers.

The ticket-car belonging to the show has a steel door, and is, in fact, nearly bullet-proof: it would he difficult to 'hurgle' it. Inside is a steel safe, an adding machine, and a type-writer. To sell the tickets, the book-keeper opens three little windows; the copper money he drops into baskets, while the silver goes into a drawer. When the farmers and tradespeople present their bills for the provender and other stores, they are paid in silver, to relieve the cash-box. Needless to say, the ticket waggon is guarded day and night.

A MAGIC SQUARE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

A MAGIC Square is an arrangement of numbers in the form of a square, so contrived that the sum of all the numbers in every row, in every column, and in each diagonal, comes to the same total. Ingenuity

84	131	100	194	179	117	106	146	219	190	163	69	213
221	184	159	63	216	85	134	96	201	170	126	103	153
202	173	122	110	144	230	181	166	65	210	81	128	99
74	207	88	130	93	198	167	125	111	147	226	188	157
107	141	229	189	160	70	214	79	139	90	205	169	119
135	97	196	178	116	114	143	223	185	154	73	215	82
192	156	67	211	76	138	98	199	174	123	105	152	220
177	124	108	148	227	83	165	64	218	78	132	94	193
209	87	129	101	195	171	120	102	151	228	186	161	71
145	224	180	164	72	212	83	136	92	204	168	127	104
95	200	175	118	113	142	231	182	158	68	206	86	137
155	75	208	80	133	89	203	176	121	109	149	222	191
115	112	150	225	187	162	66	217	77	140	91	97	172

A Magic Square for 1911.

may obtain the required total in other ways, but the correctness of the rows, columns, and diagonals must always he maintained.

In the magic square for the New Year here presented the numbers from 63 to 231 are so arranged that every row, column, and diagonal adds up to 1911; moreover, the thirteen numbers in the central cross and in the four different-shaped groups enclosed by thicker lines give the same total and, if you cut holes in a piece of card the size and shape of either of the groups, wherever you place it on the square the thirteen numbers seen through the opening will always amount to 1911. The cross, however, may only be placed with 98 or 138 in the centre. W. S. J.

THE BEAR THAT NEVER WAS.

I DARE say there are a great many boys and girls who have never heard of the famous 'N—— Bear,' who was not a hear at all, but a most successful hoax. The N—— Bear scare happened in Ireland, and was brought about hy a lover of practical jokes, who invented a report that a hear had escaped from a travelling showman's van and was then at large. The writer of this false story had it printed in a Dublin paper, and in a very few days that bear, which had no existence in fact, was terrifying the whole countryside. All sorts of people declared they had seen it in all sorts of places, which only shows how we can imagine things when once an idea is put into our heads.

One dark night a brave Irishman thought he saw the escaped hear, so, fetching his gun, he fired and shot the supposed wild beast. He then went to tell his friends and neighbours how he had delivered them all, and received much praise and gratitude for his gallant conduct. After they had spent an hour or so rejoicing in the thought that the country was at last rid of the terrifying beast, they felt much too tired to go and look at the hody that night, and decided to leave it where it was till the morning.

In the morning when they all went to see the dead 'bear,' they discovered to their horror and consternation that the man had shot his own donkey! The feelings of the man himself, who from a hero sank to an object of ridicule, hesides having lost his donkey, can better be imagined than described.

At length, seeing the state of real terroi into which the people had heen plunged, the inventor of the false report tried to kill the hoax by declaring there was no truth in his story; but none would listen to him then, and nothing he could say or do put an end to the famous 'bear.' Such a number of highly-respected people had solemnly asserted that they had actually seen the ferocious animal, that it was quite impossible to do away with such evidence. The last that was heard of the bear was that it appeared at another town not far off, and I dare say there are many people in Ireland who believe that it is still alive.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Events of the Year 1811.

I.—THE CENTENARY OF THACKERAY'S BIRTH.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, the great novelist, was born at Calcutta on July 18th, 1811. His father was a prominent official in the East India Company's service, but he died when his little son was hut five years old, and, his mother marrying again, the child was soon afterwards sent to England to be educated.

It was a formidahle journey in those days. There was of course no Suez Canal, and even the overland route had not yet heen thought of. The only way from India to Europe was round the Cape of Good Hope, and as all the vessels then were sailing ships, the voyage was of uncertain length, sometimes taking eight months and seldom less than four.

This journey Thackeray never forgot; in one of his writings he says, 'Our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me a walk over rocks and hills till we passed a garden, where we saw a man walking: "That is Bonaparte," said the black; "he eats three sheep every day, and all the children he can lay his hands on."'

Thackeray was sent at a very early age to the Charterhouse School, not then removed to its present country quarters at Godalming, hut situated in the heart of the City of London. All public schools were terribly rough in those days, when bullying of small boys was universal, and Charterhouse certainly formed no exception to this rule. In his writings in later life, Thackeray

Photograph [*Richgitz.*

Thackeray as an infant, with his mother.

introduces the school by the name of 'Slaughterhouse,' which gives an idea of what the place then was to the delicate and sensitive child. He became, however, popular with his schoolfellows, and was known—even then—as a writer of witty verses.

He went at eighteen to Cambridge, and became an undergraduate of Trinity College; here he distinguished himself—not by his scholarship, but as a contributor to a little University paper called *The Snob*. For this paper he wrote many things; amongst others he parodied Tennyson's prize poem on Timbuctoo, which had that year gained the Chancellor's gold medal.

This prize poem is now little read. Lord Tennyson did not think it worthy to be republished in his collected works, but Thackeray's parody of it is still frequently quoted. The opening lines are as follows:—

'In Africa—a quarter of the world—
Men's skins are black; their hair is crisp and curled;
And somewhere there, unknown to public view,
A mighty city lies, called Timbuctoo.'

Thackeray only stayed a year at Cambridge, as his wish then was to be an artist, and he went to Paris

Bust of Thackeray as a boy, in the National Portrait Gallery, London. (*By permission of the Keeper.*)

Photograph [*Richgitz.*

Thackeray in after life.
(*From the portrait by Lawrence.*)

and Weimar, and led a happy, careless life whilst studying art in different studios. He came of age in 1832, and inherited a fortune of five hundred pounds per year, which he soon lost, partly by the failure of a bank, and partly in the effort to start a newspaper.

Now poverty for the first time stared him in the face. He must do something for his daily bread. What should it be?

Dickens, who was at that time 'delighting the world with some charming humorous works, wanted an artist to illustrate his writings, and I recollect,' says Thackeray, 'walking up to his chambers in Furnival's

Inn, with two or three drawings in my hand, which, strange to say, he did not find suitable.'

From that day he turned himself resolutely to literature, and before long success was his, and he could afford to smile at his fruitless efforts to illustrate other people's works.

His first articles were published in *Fraser's Magazine* under the signature of Michael Angelo Titmarsh. Later on he became the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, wrote for the *Times*, and in 1840 was invited to become a contributor to *Punch*, to which he gave 'The Snob Papers,' 'Jeames' Diary,' and the 'Ballads of Policeman X.'

Then came *Vanity Fair*, a novel which at once raised the author to the position of one of the chief writers of the day. Thackeray was a great satirist, and made it his aim in this, as in many other of his works, 'to kill the snobbery of the early Victorian age, piercing it through and through with the keen arrows of his ridicule.'

Other equally successful volumes flowed quickly from his pen, and his lectures on the *English Humorists* and the *Four Georges* were enthusiastically received, both in this country and America.

In 1860 he became the first editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, which was to him 'a veritable goldmine,' and enabled him to build himself a beautiful mansion in the best part of Kensington. This however, he was not long to enjoy, for in the morning of December 24th, 1863, he was found dead in his bed. E. A. Bulley.

THE RED CUSHION.

MARIE-ROSE did not quite understand why the red cushion was so precious, but she knew it gave her added importance among the neighbours in the little Rue Aubin, which was the name of the street where Marie-Rose and her mother, the widow Michelet, lived.

In some countries abroad the window-cushions are almost as important as chairs and tables. These long, flat cushions fit the outer window-sill, so that when the people in the house wish to look out of the window—which, indeed, seems to be their chief occupation—they may rest their arms comfortably on the padded sill.

But in the Rue Aubin even chairs and tables were scarce, and so window-cushions were also a luxury, though, as a matter of fact, the dwellers in that street had little time for window-gazing, and would have seen nothing interesting had they looked out. The widow Michelet possessed one chair and no table, but she owned the only window-cushion in the Rue Aubin, and Marie-Rose was very proud of the distinction. True, the cushion was old and faded, but when Marie-Rose once spoke longingly of the day when she would earn *sous* enough to buy stuff for a new red-cotton cover, the widow Michelet shook her head and sighed.

'No, little one,' she said, 'just as it is now, the cushion was at my window when I was a child, and never will I have it altered.'

Which, after all, was rather consoling, for the widow Michelet earned so little money that it bought scarcely enough rolls to eat, and Marie-Rose was but seven, and not likely to earn money just yet for red-cotton stuff.

It was Marie-Rose who thought of the window-cushion when the little Jacques, who lived three floors below, fell ill. He lay on a board placed between two rickety chairs, and, being ill, he cried bitterly on account of the hardness of the board. His mother cried a little, too, because she could not make him more comfortable, and Marie-Rose shed tears for her little comrade; but sorrow does not bring more money to buy cushions. Then Marie-Rose dried her eyes and remembered the window-cushion; but at first she thrust away the thought. Even for Jacques she could not spare the precious heirloom. Besides, Mother would never agree. But again and again there came back the remembrance of Jacques moving uneasily on his hard bed, and Marie-Rose, leaning out of the window, lifted her arms sharply from the comfort of the cushion. She shut the window, and took up her knitting; but work did not shut out memory. At last she put away her work, resolutely took up the red cushion, and carried it downstairs.

Jacques beamed with happiness, and his mother loaded Marie-Rose with thanks; but the little girl hurried away, for even now it was difficult to bear the thought of her treasure in other hands. She went back to the little room, that seemed so desolate now, and worked hard at her knitting, but many a tear-drop soaked into the half-knitted stocking.

She trembled a little as she heard footsteps on the stairs, wondering what Mother would say to the sacrifice. But the new-comer was not the widow Michelet. Instead, there entered a tall, elderly man, whom Marie-Rose recognised as the doctor attending Jacques. He looked strangely excited, and asked eagerly for the widow Michelet.

'That cushion!' he said earnestly; 'the one you so generously lent poor wee Jacques—it belonged to my little sister many years ago. There is a little crest she worked on it herself. Many times have we knelt side by side at the window, our elbows in that very cushion. I could never mistake it. Tell me, little one, where did it come from? I have been searching for years for my little sister, who left home to marry a poor artist, and never came back again.'

'It is Mother's very own!' cried Marie-Rose. 'It is——'

But just then Mother herself came in wearily, and the next moment was clasped in her brother's arms.

And so the widow Michelet and Marie-Rose left the little Rue Aubin for a beautiful country house, where they could have cushions for every window. But they first bought for Jacques the most comfortable little bed the shops could sell, and then took to their new home the old red cushion that had brought about such a wonderful happening.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

1.—Logogram.

Decapitate me twice, and I'm a joint of meat;
Curtail me afterwards, I make your face complete;
In that you first removed, a female parent see;
Transpose the rest, I am a place for statuary.
Take all but first and last, I'm full of links to bind,
If you again transpose: and, bringing to your mind
My whole, you must confess that it can most things do;
Can make your friend a shirt, or print this piece for you.

C. J. B.

(*Answer on page* 35.)

THE FIR-TREE.

THE trees which stand around my home
Are beautiful to see,
But dearest of them all is one—
A stately, tall fir-tree.

The other trees, when summer's near,
Put on their leaves of green;
But when the winter comes to us,
No leaves can there be seen.

The good fir-tree, in summer-time,
May not be quite so gay;
Yet he will be, we know, unchanged
On winter's coldest day.

I love the fir-tree, and I hope
Like it in life to be:
When winter comes to any friend,
I'll prove my constancy.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 13.)

I HAD been on the island about two hours, and had just dressed myself, when I discovered some twenty canoes approaching, each containing one man. I saw at once that they were coming to capture me, but I knew that it was useless to attempt to escape; for I had made a circuit of the tiny island and had satisfied myself that there was no place for concealment. All that I could do was to wait, and hope that my captors would treat me humanely.

When they sprang ashore shouting 'Water-rat, vile water-rat,' there appeared little probability of my being well-treated. Although unarmed, I decided instantly to resist capture, and with my fist struck the first man who approached me a heavy blow in the face. The fellow howled with pain and rage, but his countrymen were not frightened by the punishment he had received. They rushed upon me from all sides, and after a brief struggle I found myself lying on my back with two Siamese kneeling on my chest. Others stood with their spears poised threateningly to kill me.

A rope was now placed round my neck, and I came to the conclusion that I was about to be hanged instantly. The thought of so disgraceful a death, fit only for traitors and murderers, made me desperate, and I struggled violently in the hope that they would kill me with their spears. But they simply laughed at my struggles, which were indeed a waste of energy, for my arms were now bound to my sides and a rope was attached to each leg.

A minute or two later they raised me to my feet, and intimated by signs that I was to walk down to the canoes. I started off at once, three men holding tightly the ropes attached to my neck and legs. One of the canoes was built to hold two people, and into this I was bundled. Then the others took their seats and the flotilla moved off.

CHAPTER II.

IN a few minutes we landed at Paknam, a most dirty and uninteresting village, the place being simply a swamp with raised pathways intersecting it. Each house was built on wooden posts, and under them were pigs wallowing in filth, and ducks swimming in dirty puddles.

The inhabitants were most unattractive, and struck me as being the most unintelligent set of people I had ever met. The men wore no clothing but a short silk or cotton skirt, and their heads were clean-shaven with the exception of a comical-looking tuft which they wore above the centre of the forehead. The women wore their hair in the same cockatoo fashion. I considered them hideous, and the more beautiful they were from a Siamese point of view the uglier they appeared to me. That was because they stained their teeth black, and reddened their gums by incessantly chewing betel. Since those days Siam has changed very much for the better under the enlightened rule of King Chulalongkorn.

Both the men and the women took an interest in me which was by no means appreciated, crowding round me, closely examining my features and clothing. When at last they had satisfied their curiosity they began to revile me. 'Water-rat!' was the only term of contempt which I could understand, but doubtless from the angry faces of the people other and more insulting names were being showered upon me. However, I did not allow that thought to worry me. Perhaps it would have been better if I had shown some annoyance; for the crowd became exasperated by my calmness, and would have assaulted me had not my captors closed round me and raised their spears threateningly at any who approached too near. Some, standing at a distance, pelted me with stones, sticks, and mud; but, fortunately, we arrived at the Governor of Paknam's house without my receiving any serious hurt.

The Governor's house was not an imposing building, although larger and better built than any other residence in the village. As we entered the house I saw a fat little man reclining on a dingy couch and smoking a cheroot. He was the Governor, and although he looked an insignificant creature, my captors evidently stood in great awe of him. With one accord they prostrated themselves; then, seeing that I did not follow their example, they endeavoured, while still grovelling on the dirty floor, to pull me down. But I stood firm, much to the astonishment of the Governor, who glared at me fiercely.

'Go down on your knees, you idiot!' a voice exclaimed, in English.

I looked round in surprise at the rows of top-knotted heads touching the ground, but failed to see an Englishman among them.

'Down on your face! Be quick about it!' the same voice exclaimed.

This time I discovered the speaker. He was grovelling on the ground, and looking at me out of the corner of one eye. I was greatly disappointed not to see a European, but this man was apparently only an English-speaking native.

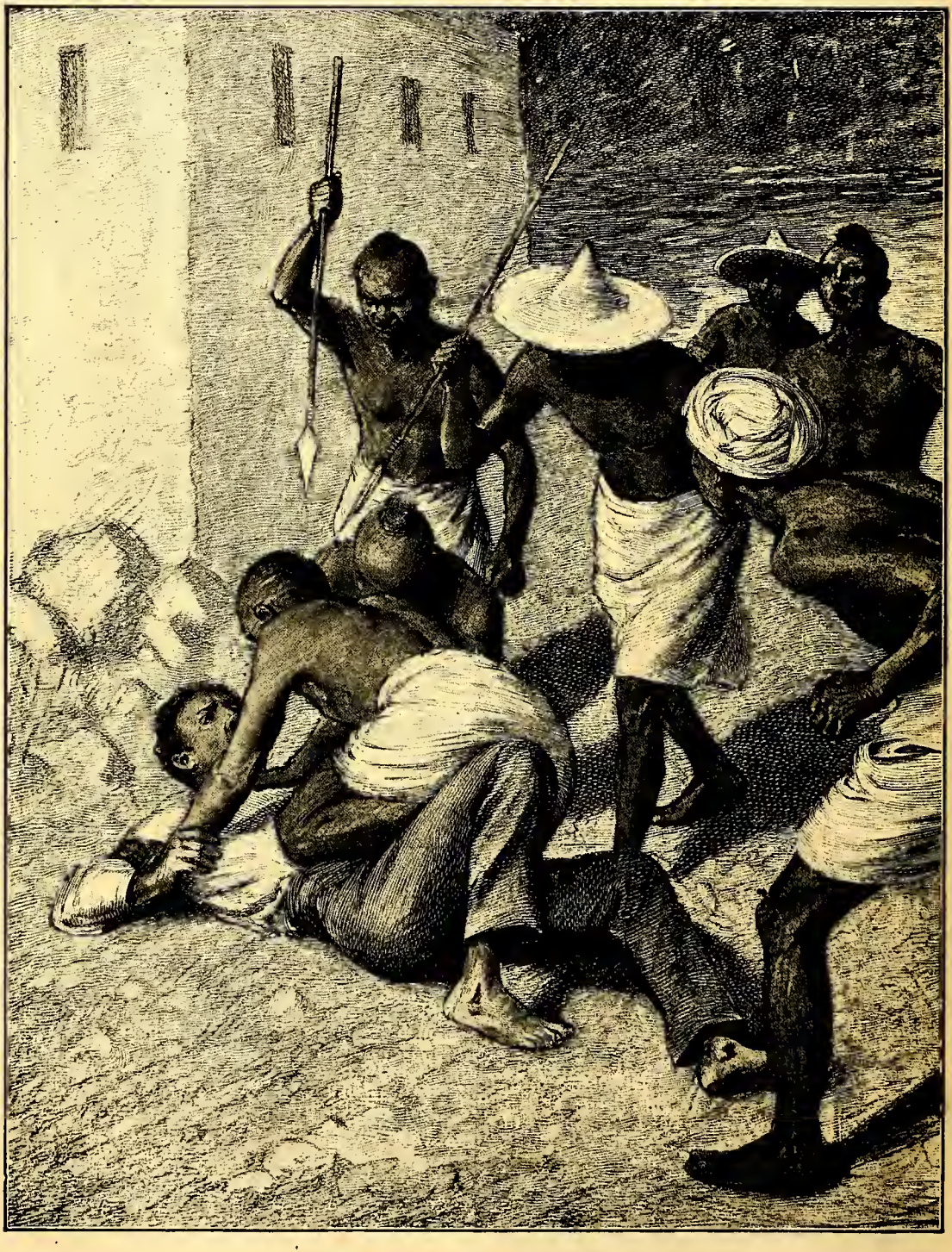
'Down!' he repeated, imperatively.

'I am an Englishman,' I replied, haughtily.

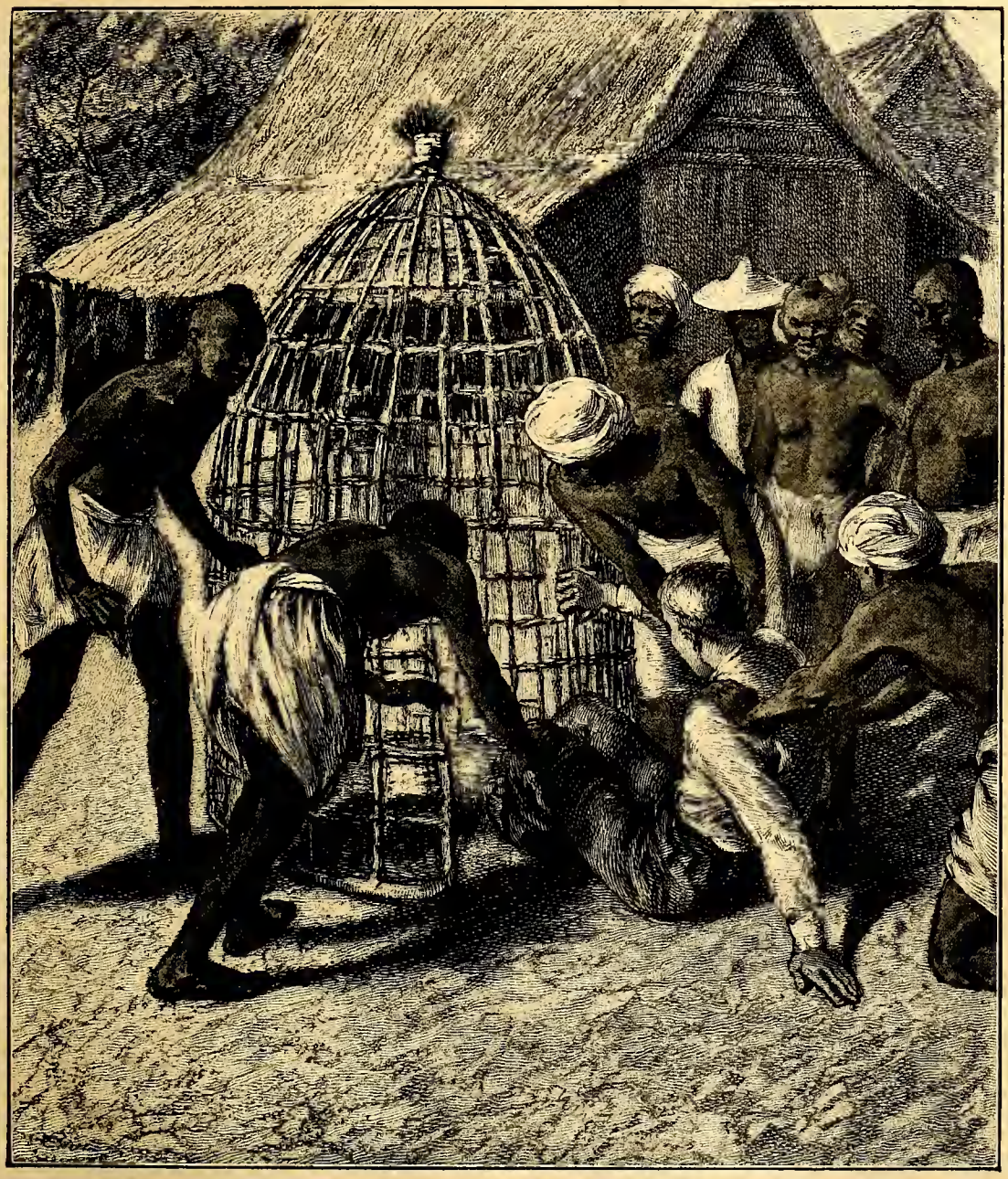
'So am I,' he answered, 'but I have learnt that it is better to grovel and crawl like a worm than to be bastinadoed. Swallow your pride and save your skin.'

To be bastinadoed would certainly have been a greater indignity than prostrating myself before the Governor, so I went down on my hands and knees, and then lay flat on the floor. A grunt of satisfaction escaped the Governor, and then my trial began.

(*Continued on page* 26.)



"I found myself lying on my back."



"I was seized and put into the cage."

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 23.)

MY judge, the Governor, uttered a command in Siamese, whereupon the Englishman immediately crawled towards him on elbows and toes until he was about ten yards from the couch. Then he lay down again, flat on his face. Having assumed the absurd position in which a Siamese was compelled to appear in the presence of a superior, the English interpreter was now addressed, in a haughty tone, by the fat little Governor.

'What's your name?' the interpreter asked me.

'Walter Yabsley,' I replied, and then followed a number of questions of the type which Oriental officials delight in putting—my age, the number of my wives and children, my profession, and the size of the British army.

I answered these questions to the best of my ability, and began to be hopeful that I was not to be charged with any serious offence. But in a few minutes my hopes were shattered. The Governor asked, working himself into a passion as he spoke, my reason for attacking the Paknam fortress.

The idea of a solitary, unarmed man being suspected of attempting to storm a fortress, which was erected to defend the country against any and all European nations, struck me as being exceedingly comical. Nevertheless, I answered, gravely, that I had not done the fortress any injury, and explained that I swam ashore to the island to escape being burnt to death on the *Pride of Goa*.

This explanation would have satisfied nine people out of ten, but it did not satisfy the Governor of Paknam, who declared that I had burnt the ship so that I might have an excuse for swimming to the island. This charge I, of course, denied; but the Governor was convinced of my guilt, and pronounced sentence.

'Vile water-rat,' he said, according to the interpreter, 'you are full of presumption and must be killed. Therefore, you will be taken up the Mother of Waters to the Brother of the Moon, who will deign to settle the way in which you shall be killed.'

It was useless to protest against the injustice of the sentence, for the interpreter warned me that if I did not remain silent I should probably be punished instantly. Indeed, he had scarcely finished speaking, when two men, slightly raising themselves from the ground, struck me sharply across the back and head with their canes. Smarting with pain, I was about to jump up and defend myself when the interpreter, who had crawled backwards to me, placed his hand on my shoulder and said earnestly: 'Don't be a fool. If you are violent you will be killed promptly, and that would be a pity, for it's a long way to Bangkok and you may have an opportunity to escape while you're being taken up the Menam.'

The interpreter's advice quieted me instantly, and believing that my case was not quite hopeless, I began crawling backwards to the door surrounded by my grovelling, dirty captors. It was a great relief to me when, at last out of the Governor's presence, I was permitted to stand up. I was exceedingly anxious to have a chat with the interpreter, but he avoided me, and squatted some distance away chatting with the natives. That my fellow-countryman was well educated and intelligent was evident, and this added to my astonishment at finding him dressed as a native of the lowest rank.

In spite of the death-sentence hanging over me, I became eager to hear his history. Once I beckoned him, but all the notice that he took was to turn his back on me. His behaviour was very disappointing, and while I was pondering over it, I heard a loud shout behind me. Looking round, I saw a number of men approaching: in the centre of the crowd were four men carrying a large wooden cage, that was to be my prison. The moment it was placed on the ground they seized me and pushed me through a door in the side.

I have said that the cage was a large one, but it was large only when compared with a starling's cage—for a human being it was uncomfortably small. It was conical shaped, and only in the centre of it could I stand up straight. That, however, did not trouble me much, for I was tired out, and crouching down on the floor of the cage I was soon sound asleep.

When I awoke it was night, and my captors were lying on the ground around my prison. At first I thought that they were all asleep, but soon I noticed the red, burning ends of four cheroots and knew that some of my guardians were awake. 'Give me some water,' I called out, in the hope that the Englishman was near.

One of the smokers arose and came towards me. As he drew near I saw that he was the Englishman. 'Here is some water,' he said, and handed me through the bars a mug. I drank the contents without removing the vessel from my lips.

'More?' the Englishman asked.

'Yes,' I replied. 'That was the best drink that I have ever had.'

'The next one will not taste so good,' he remarked.

'Never mind,' I said, 'please give me some more.'

He took the mug and dipped it into a large stone jar which stood a few yards away. 'Would you like something to eat?' he asked, when I had returned the mug to him for the second time.

'No, thanks,' I answered, and then added instantly: 'Won't you help me to escape?'

'I would if I could, gladly,' he assured me, 'but for five years I have myself been trying to escape from this wretched country.'

'Then there is little chance of my escaping?' I said sorrowfully.

'You may succeed where I failed,' he declared bitterly.

'How were you taken prisoner?'

'Oh, never mind about me. If I talk to you too long I shall get into trouble. It is my duty to see that you are fed properly.'

'Are you going to Bangkok with me?'

'Yes.'

'When do we start?'

'At daybreak.'

I had intended to ask him many more questions, but he walked quickly away and lay down at the spot where he was lying when I called for water.

Finding that he was determined not to hold any further communication with me, I made myself as comfortable as possible and closed my eyes; but this time I could not sleep. My brain was excited at the thought of my possible fate, and, even if I had been calm, the numerous insects which crawled over me

would have kept me awake. Lying there, face to face with death, my thoughts wandered to my native village, and, imagination coming to my aid, I saw again the old ruined castle at Plympton with the church at its foot, the cottage where Sir Joshua Reynolds was born, my own home, and the fields and lanes wherein I had played in my boyhood. How beautiful that little village so many thousands of miles away seemed to me! I repeated almost unconsciously the couplet in which Plymptonians claim for their native place superiority to Plymouth:—

'When Plymouth was a furzy down,
Plympton was a borough town.'

Many a time had Frank Aubyn and I repeated those lines in the presence of Plymouth boys, and many a squabble, as well as one or two fights, had resulted therefrom.

(*Continued on page* 39.)

A FORTUNATE FIND.

THE following story comes from Paris. One day, shortly before the floods of 1910, a wandering book-buyer gave two francs for an old volume to which he took a fancy. In the evening, at home, he was turning over the pages, when, towards the end of the book, he observed that two leaves were tightly stuck together. Very carefully, with the aid of a knife, he loosened them, and found between them three bank-notes of a thousand francs each. There was also some writing. 'Friend,' read the astonished man, 'whoever thou art, thou hast perused this book to the end; be legatee, without remorse, of this little fortune. It is all that my pen has earned in fifty years. May the muses be more favourable to thee, for thou art surely a man of letters.' Then followed the initials 'H. Z.,' the date (January 10th, 1848), and the number of a street in Paris.

TWO LITTLE SUNBEAMS.

TWO little sunbeams left the sky, and quickly, hand in hand,
They sped past mountain, cloud, and river, towards the sleeping land;
They stayed to touch the morning hills with gold as on they passed,
And ere the earliest child awoke they reached the earth at last;
They peeped into the casements where the little children lay,
And shone into their sleepy eyes, and woke them into day.
From house to house they quickly went, from street they passed to street,
And no one heard the patter of their little shining feet.

And then they wandered far away to where, in pastures deep,
With softly folded petals, the flowers lay all asleep.
They drew up all the little drops of bright and shining dew,
And kissed the lovely petals of the violets white and blue.
And one by one the blossoms woke, unclosing flower by flower,
The daisy on the grassy lea, the rose within the bower.
They danced upon the streamlet that flowed towards the sea,
Until it shone and sparkled and sang with happy glee.

And then they peeped in wards of pain where little sufferers lay,
Till they dreamed that they were strong again and joining in the play;
And when they woke and found that it was but a happy dream,
They saw the little sunbeams, with their bright and golden gleam.
And the sunbeams seemed to whisper, 'Oh, little suffering one,
We come to make you well again, that you may play and run;
And when in shining meadows you forget your care and pain,
Think of the little sunbeams that made you strong again.'

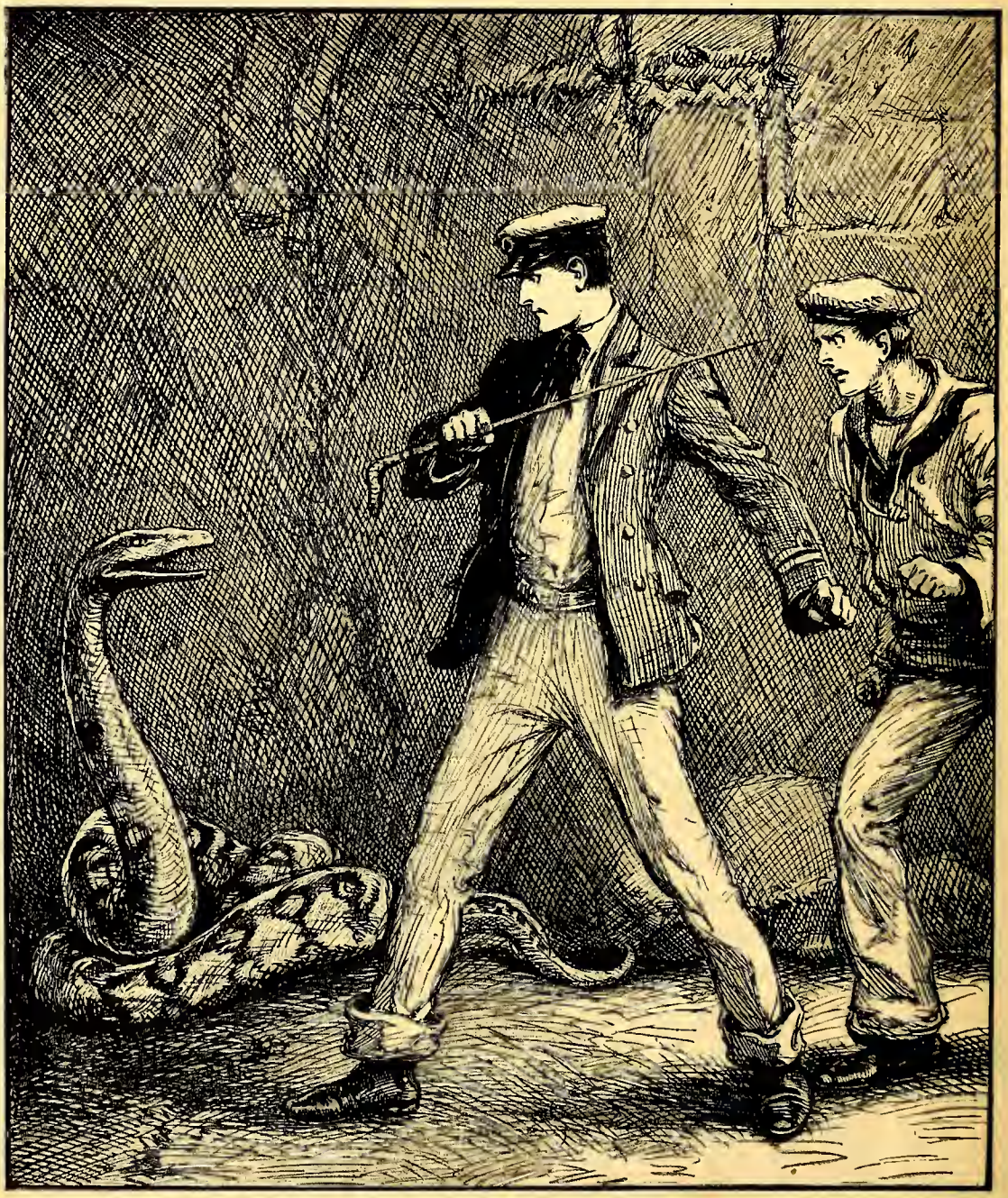
And now the day was over, and no longer might they roam,
For the sun was sinking down the west, and called the sunbeams home.
So upwards to the sky they went—the land of lovely things—
And no one heard the beating of their bright and shining wings.
They kissed the little blossoms and closed their petals up,
The violet and the primrose, the rose and buttercup;
And where the little children climbed slowly up to bed,
They left a lovely gleam of light upon each golden head.

FRANK ELLIS.

A PERILOUS CRAZE.

ENGLISHMEN sometimes do such foolhardy things that it is not surprising if Eastern peoples occasionally look upon them as lunaties. About fifteen years ago, an English naval lieutenant, whose craze was the collection of Javan reptiles, was visiting a planter. His only attendant was an English sailor-lad, about sixteen. In spite of warnings, these two went roaming in the forests without a guide.

In a ruined city the lieutenant found rich spoils, and killed a magnificent black jaguar; but an adventure with a snake ended his sport. One day he and the boy were standing beneath one of the long archways of an old temple. Looking through the doorway of a dark chamber, they saw something yellow in the far corner. Without a moment's thought the lieutenant entered and gave the yellow mass a poke with his cane. A tremendous hiss was heard, and the man found himself attacked by a huge Bari snake, which is the most dangerous and aggressive of the constrictors. This terrible creature crushed the lieutenant's left shoulder with its teeth, and in an instant began to coil itself round his body. But the boy, with admirable courage and presence of mind, saved his master's life. Fortunately, he had with him a sharp wood-knife. With this he struck two heavy blows on the back of the reptile's head—the weakest



"He found himself attacked by a huge Bari snake."

because the thinnest, part of its body. Its backbone was divided, and the coil relaxed, but the mighty tail lashed out, and broke the boy's leg. Two hours elapsed before the injured persons were found. They were then carried away in a cart. Both man and boy recovered after a spell of fever, but the lieutenant's shoulder was so badly crushed that from that time his left arm was useless.

The dead body of the snake was found to be twenty feet long.

'I don't know where there is any, only paraffin, and *that* won't do.'

'But *I* know,' replied Dick, 'and I'll run and get it if you'll lend me the lamp. I shan't be long.' So taking the lamp he left his brother in the dark once more. Presently he returned, carrying a jar of oil.

'We have not got an oil-can,' he whispered; 'and if you stay to pour it on out of *this*, you'll spill half of it.'

'We can't help it. I must manage somehow,' came the reply.

Albert took the jar and proceeded to oil the bolts, but he spilt half as Dick had predicted, and it ran down the door, and did not improve the look of the carpet beneath.

At last it was done, and the bolts slipped back with very little noise.

The two runaways opened the door and stepped outside, carrying their baggage. Albert shut the door quietly.

'How about the lamp?' asked Dick.

The article in question was jumping and fluttering in the warm night breeze.

'Put it out, and then leave it on the window-ledge.'

Dick extinguished it, and then placed it carelessly on the ledge, with the result that it broke, and the reservoir, being made of glass, shared the same fate.

'It's a good thing you put it out,' was all Albert said.

They sat down on the step and slipped on their boots. Then, taking up the basket once more, they set off for the beach.

It was a warm night, and as the moon was shining brightly, our adventurers had no difficulty in finding their way. But Dick could not help feeling a little uneasy at the strange, fantastic shadows.

'Couldn't we wait in the coach-house until dawn?' he asked.

'Don't be stupid,' his brother replied. 'That would give them time to catch us.' As Dick seemed to be fast losing his courage, Albert went on, 'Besides, we should get into an awful row if they did. There's the broken lamp and the oil on the carpet, that flour on the floor in the larder, and half the things gone. And you *couldn't* go home with a head like that.'

They walked the rest of the way in silence. Turning a sharp corner, they came suddenly upon the sea. It was nearly still, except for one or two catspaws here and there. A small dinghy was moored close to the shore.

'I'll pull in the mooring,' said Albert, 'and you be ready to catch hold of her when she comes in.'

He suited the action to the word, and the boat came slowly in. As soon as the keel grated on the beach, Dick caught hold of the bows, and, Albert joining him, they managed between them to get it fast. Albert then jumped in, and, leaning over the side, took one handle of the basket. Dick took the other, and after a great deal of exertion they hoisted it on to the side. They let it balance for a minute.

'Now,' said Albert, suddenly, lifting his end, '*in* they go.'

Half of them did go *in* certainly, but as Dick never lifted his end in time, they went into the sea instead of into the boat.

'Oh, you idiot!' cried Albert. 'I've a good mind to come out and punch your head.'

'And if you *did*, I should go back,' replied Dick, promptly.

Albert saw that he could do no good by threatening his brother. 'Come on, let's hurry,' was all he said.

At last they got all the goods stowed away with the exception of those floating about in the water. They were too excited now to be frightened at the shadows, and as for the sea, they had been on too many little night excursions with their parents to be afraid of that.

They were wise enough not to try and set the small lug-sail which the dinghy carried.

'Cast off,' cried Albert, importantly.

Dick skilfully carried out the order. His brother then gave him an oar. Their blades dipped into the water, and our two runaways felt more secure as the boat slowly glided away from the land.

They rowed in silence for some time, but at last Dick's arm began to ache, and so, after giving one or two vigorous pulls, so that Albert, who did not seem to be exhausted, should not think him tired, he said, 'I vote we stop here and have something to eat. We must keep up our strength, you know.'

'All right,' said his brother.

So they shipped their oars, and soon had their teeth deep in the provisions.

'These jam tarts *are* lovely,' said Albert. 'You try one, Dick.'

'I like this best,' was the reply.

It was fully half an hour before they had finished their meal, and, as a very strong tide across the bay was running in, they soon heard the keel grate on the beach again.

'Let's rest a minute before starting again,' said Albert. 'We have plenty of time; it's only just about one.'

Of course, Dick was only too ready to agree, and, observing that the seat of the boat was very hard, he promptly stretched himself out on the bottom. His brother seemed to share the same opinion, for he threw himself down beside Dick. Presently a dark cloud passed over the moon, and a light wind sprang up, ruffling the calm surface of the sea; but neither of the boys spoke or moved, for, strange to say, they were both fast asleep.

'Albert! Albert!' suddenly cried Dick, starting up and shaking his brother violently, 'the moon's gone down, and it's getting light.'

Up jumped Albert. What Dick said was quite true. The strange grey light which heralds the day was creeping over the sea.

'Ugh!' he grunted, 'how cold it is! We must hurry off, or we shall be caught.'

They unshipped their oars and pushed off.

'Hooray!' shouted Dick; 'the tide's simply rushing out. I'm glad we waited. We shall be able to roar along.'

'Yes, so we shall; we have only pulled about three or four strokes, but we're a long way from the shore already.'

The tide was rushing from the bay as it always did, carrying the dinghy quickly out to sea at a great speed. They did not feel at all frightened now; it seemed so lovely to be able to do just as they liked. Their ideas of geography, however, were very small, for after they had been rowing for half an hour Dick said they must have gone a hundred miles at least.

(*Continued on page* 34.)

"Dick never lifted his end, and they went into the sea."

"Taking out a small knife, he began sawing away at the trunk"

THE RUNAWAYS.

(*Continued from page* 31.)

THE two boys had reached the mouth of the bay near the open sea now, and experienced more difficulty in rowing, as the waves were much higher, and Dick kept missing the water altogether and trying to row in the air.

'Silly kid!' said Albert at length, after Dick had nearly lost his oar. 'If you don't be more careful you'll upset us. Can't—— Ugh!'

He had given an extra hard stroke to enforce his words, but, not being quite so careful as he had hitherto been, he did the very thing that he had scolded his brother for, and the handle of the oar caught him between the ribs, knocking the breath out of his body; and of course Dick laughed.

A little further out it was less choppy, and they got along better. They could see each other quite plainly now, as the sun was just peeping above the horizon. It soon rose, making the waves sparkle, and changing them from a dark grey to a rich blue.

Dick looked over his shoulder. 'Land! land!' he cried. 'Look, Albert! it looks like that picture in your *Coral Island*. I wonder if there are any savages on it.'

'Hooray!' cried Albert, catching his brother's excitement. This must be a desert island. Quick, Dick; let's row faster!'

However, they had no need to exert themselves, for the tide was bearing them fast towards it; but, as Albert observed, they would have to be very careful in case of there being any heavy under-tow. They could see a bright, sandy beach, and at the end of it a forest of tall trees. They felt rather nervous, however, when, on coming within fifty yards of the shore, they saw what huge breakers they would have to cross.

'We shall *have* to go over them,' said Albert, after they had been searching in vain for a smoother place.

Dick did not answer, but he plied his oar until the boat came within about twenty yards. Here it was suddenly caught on the crest of a large roller, and hurried towards the beach. The two runaways did not expect this, and they were so terror-stricken that they let go their oars, and, grasping the gunwale, held on desperately, while the great mass of water whirled the dinghy along.

As soon as the wave reached the beach it held the boat poised for a minute, and then, breaking, threw them with a sounding thud on to the sand, jarring every bone in their bodies, and making the provisions jump and rattle. Fortunately, there was not a very great under-tow, or they might have been sucked back; as it was, the keel of the dinghy was firmly fixed in the sand.

Before another wave came they had jumped out, Albert clutching at the nearest thing, which happened to be the gun. They scrambled up the shore as quickly as they could, leaving the basket and its contents to their fate. Once they found themselves safe their courage returned, and Albert suggested that they should go back and try to save the boat and cargo. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, however, when the boat was wrenched from the sand, and drawn back into the water. She floated for a minute, and then, a large wave catching her on the side, she turned turtle, throwing out all the provisions into the sea.

'Oh, dear,' said Dick, 'whatever shall we do now?'

'Oh,' his brother replied, in rather a weak voice, 'I don't suppose it matters. We ought to be wrecked, you know.' But for all his brave talk it was as much as he could do to keep a stiff lip. They both sat down despondently.

'Come on,' said Dick, doggedly; 'it's no use being downhearted I say, I do feel hungry, don't you?'

'We can't shoot anything because all the cartridges were in the basket.'

'Not *all*,' said Dick. 'I have five in my pocket; they will last until we make bows and arrows, anyway.'

'Then come up into the wood.'

'Oh, Albert,' said Dick, 'there's a fence round the wood.'

Sure enough, there was a fence round it, but it was very old, and broken down in a great many places.

'This island must have people on it,' he continued.

'I expect there *were* people some time, but I shouldn't think there are any now, or they wouldn't have let the fence get so rotten.'

'Well, let's hurry up, in case there *are* any; they might not be friendly.'

So saying, the two boys climbed the fence, and entered the wood. The undergrowth was very thick, but after one or two tumbles they reached a small circular clearing, covered only with short grass.

'Just the very place for a hut,' said Albert. 'Come on, let's cut down a tree and make one. We have only got our penknives, but if we work long enough, I dare say they'll do.' As he spoke he led the way up to one of the tallest pines he could find. 'You start on this side, and I will start on the other.'

So Dick promptly sat down, and taking out a small knife, he began sawing away at the trunk, while Albert started on the other side. After working hard for about half an hour in silence, Dick spoke to his brother.

'How much have you done?' he said. 'I have broken one blade, and cut about half an inch, besides my finger.'

'I haven't done much; this wood is so hard; let's have a rest.'

'What's the time?'

'I forgot to wind up my watch last night, and it has stopped.'

They sat down on the grass. Somehow they both felt gloomy and sad; their adventure was not turning out so well as they had expected.

'Give me the cartridges,' said Albert at last. 'Wait here while I go and kill something.'

Dick handed them over. 'Don't be away long,' he said.

Albert took the gun and plunged into the wood and was soon out of sight. Dick tried to whistle, but could not screw his mouth into the proper shape. It was so quiet in the wood. He got up and looked round him uneasily. The silence was oppressive. Suppose some animal were to jump out on him, or some savage were to leap out with a frightful yell and scalp him?

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a loud report in the wood close at hand. His heart seemed to leap into his throat, and he sank on to the ground with a frightened sob. Then he remembered that his brother had gone to shoot something, and could not help feeling what a coward he had been. However, he remained where he was.

Presently Albert came back. He hadn't shot anything, or if he had, he had failed to secure it; perhaps he had only wounded it, and it had run off?

Albert's eyes looked very red, and there was a nasty bump on his chin. Dick asked him what he had shot.

'Nothing,' was the husky reply. 'I shot at a rabbit, but I did not see whether I hit it, because the beastly gun jumped up and hit me hard on the chin.' His voice ended in a loud gulp, and he sat down beside Dick, nursing the injured chin in the palm of his hand. He didn't really know much about the use of a gun.

'I wish we had never come,' burst out Dick, truthfully.

'Well, it's no use blubbering; we must do something. Let's load the gun and tie it to this stump, then if anything gets in front of it we can shoot,' replied Albert. After a great deal of difficulty they succeeded in tying it down.

'Shall we try to cut that tree again?' said Dick. But as neither of them felt at all inclined, they spoke no more on the subject.

(*Continued on page* 46.)

THE GARDEN OF LITTLE FLOWERS.

WITHIN 'a lordly garden,'
Where roses deck the bowers,
Set somewhat apart from the others
Is a garden of little flowers.
There the snowdrop comes in winter,
And in each summer morn
Some beautiful little blossom
To light and grace is born.

Around are the stately lilies,
And the sunflowers growing tall,
And the cream and crimson hollyhocks
That tower above them all.
But within this little garden,
Through all the summer hours,
Growing in silent beauty
Are seen but the little flowers.

But the violet comes in spring-time,
With its blossoms of white and blue,
And the small and sweet virginian stocks
Bloom all the summer through;
And daisies white and crimson,
Growing upon the green,
Through the long bright days of summer
For ever there are seen.

And the brightest of the sunbeams
Visit this little spot,
And the raindrops fall at even
On the blue forget-me-not.
And through all the round of the seasons,
From spring-time to the fall,
Some sweet and beautiful blossom
Grows in this garden small.

And like to this little garden
Oh! be my youthful heart!
In the bounds of the large and wider world
A garden set apart.
May Love and Pity flourish there,
That all through my childhood's hours,
My heart be a beautiful garden—
A Garden of Little Flowers.

BEDTIME IN FLOWER-LAND.

IT is bedtime in Flower-land; on field and on hill
The sweet little blossoms are silent and still.
The sunbeams have all gone away to the skies,
And the tired little buds are all closing their eyes.

The birds from their flying have come back to rest,
They are all gathered warm in their soft, woolly nest;
The last song has been sung by the blackbird and thrush,
And all through the woods is the night's quiet hush.

The tender, soft petals are closing each one
For the bedtime of flowers is the set of the sun.
The daisy, the buttercup, violet, all
Say 'Good-night' to each other when dark shadows fall.

Do you ask what their dreams are? They dream of the light,
Of the soft drops of dew that come down in the night,
Of the song of the birds, of the rustle of trees,
And things that are lovely and tender as these.

And when the night's gone, with the first sunny beam
Each fair little blossom awakes from its dream,
Their faces all shining and bright with the dew;
They wake up once more fresh and radiant like you.

How sweet is the world with the buds and the flowers!
The daisies in meadows, the roses in bowers,
And fair as the blossoms your childhood may be,
And the world all the sweeter for you and for me.

FRANK ELLIS.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

2. METAGRAM.

First I am found as one of high degree;
Change my initial, I'm celebrity;
Once more, amusing pastime I shall be;
Another change, and then 'arrived' you see;
Again, a cripple's sad infirmity;
Once more, an appellation's found in me;
Again, unvaried in monotony;
Exchange, I live in domesticity.

(*Answer on page* 78.)

ANSWER TO LOGOGRAM ON PAGE 22.

Machine.

Chine, chin, ma, niche, chain.

THE BURDEN-BEARERS.

A Fable.

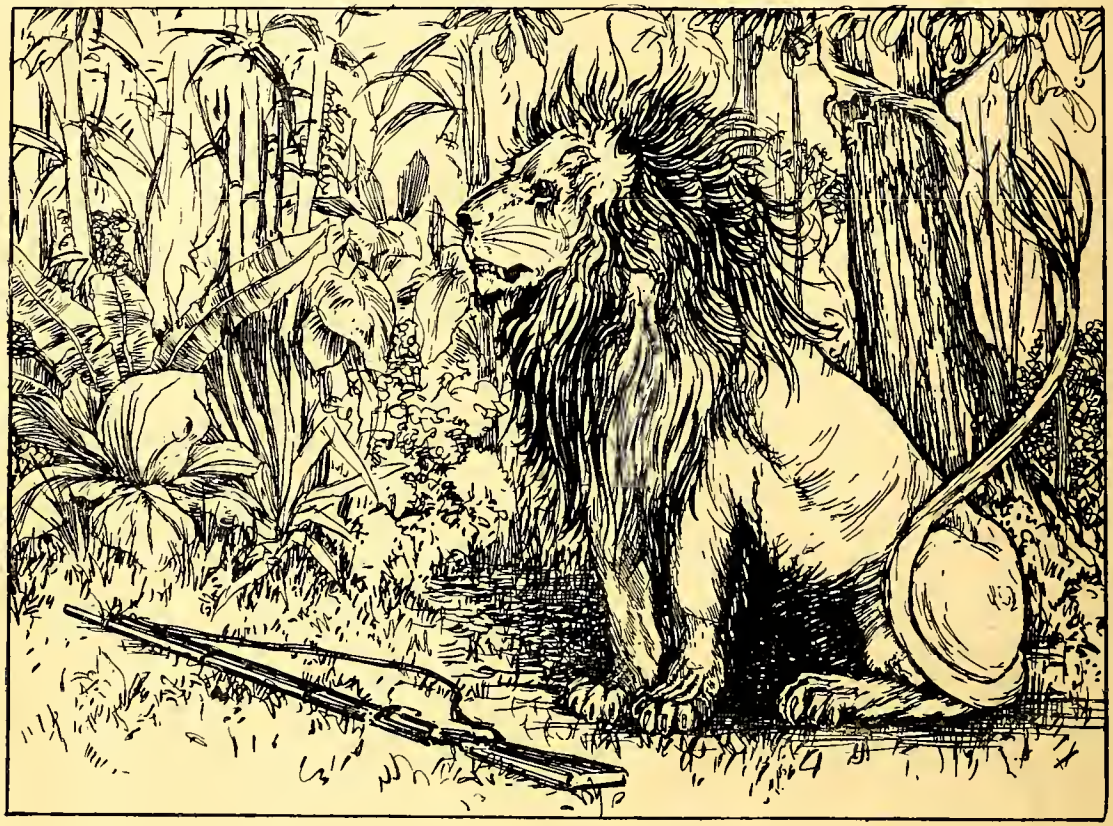
ONCE upon a time, says an old story, birds had no wings, and therefore were unable to fly. One day, an angel, loaded with burdens, appeared in their midst.

'Who will help me with my packages?' she said.

Up jumped the eagle. 'Allow *me*,' he said, in a most gentleman-like manner, as he loaded himself with the weightiest of the angel's parcels.

His example was followed willingly by all the other birds, with the one exception of the ostrich, who, lazy and selfish, took but one tiny package.

And presently a marvel happened. As the kind birds were carrying along the angel's things, they found, to their amazement, that the burdens were growing to their



A Picture Puzzle. Find the Lion Hunter.

bodies. Probably they were at first rather frightened at this; but very soon they rejoiced, for their burdens turned to wings! The eagle, who carried the most, had stronger wings than any other bird. But because the ostrich had such a light load, her wings were too weak to fly with, and that is the reason why, although she is a bird, she can do nothing better than run.

It is very easy to see the moral of this story. 'Burdens borne for others become blessings.'

DANGER SIGNALS.

[Second Series.]

I.—MINOT'S LEDGE, BOSTON HARBOUR.

IF we were shown a sea-beaten rock, and told to erect a lighthouse upon it, we should hardly be likely to say, 'Well, among other things necessary for carrying out the task, we shall want a pair of scissors, a quantity of first-class muslin, and some large sponges.'

Yet scissors, muslin, and sponges may be very useful for helping to build a lighthouse; and this was proved to be so in the year 1858, when Lieutenant Alexander, an engineer of the United States army, began to erect his famous tower on Minot's Ledge, a dangerous and lonely rock near Boston harbour.

Minot's Ledge only shows itself above the surface of the sea for three or four hours in each day, and even then the amount of rock exposed does not exceed a circle thirty feet in width. Round this the stormy waters heave and break, often sweeping over it in ponderous waves; its highest point is never more than three feet six inches above the sea. The necessity for a 'danger signal' here had long been felt, for many a ship entering or leaving the famous harbour had ended its voyage upon Minot's Ledge.

The first attempt to lift a warning light was made ten years before Lieut. Alexander came with his scissors and muslin; but the tower was swept away by an April storm in 1851, and its two keepers drowned. It had consisted of nine strong iron piles sunk deeply into holes in the rock, eight of them being arranged in a circle, and the ninth rising from the centre. They rose sixty feet above the rock, and at this height the lantern-room was placed. The holes drilled to receive the piles just mentioned were afterwards used for the new lighthouse, Lieut. Alexander letting in fresh piles, and building his stone tower round them, so that they formed additional 'ties' between the tower and its foundation.

The actual work on the new lighthouse was begun at sunrise on July 1st, 1855, and before the middle of

Minot's Ledge, Boston Harbour, U.S.A.

September (when the sea would permit no further interference) the chisels had been busy for one hundred and thirty hours—amounting altogether to a little more than two hours a day for ten weeks.

But these one hundred and thirty hours had made a mark. The circle for the foundation, thirty-three feet in diameter, was planned. This meant that in five different places it would be necessary to lay the lowest stones in water, for the tide never sank so low as to expose the places where they would have to rest.

Three years, however, were to elapse before Minot's Ledge would be ready to receive the foundation-stones. The whole of the summit of the rock had to be chiselled away, and this, too, while the great waves broke over the toilers. It was almost a case of having to use one hand to fight the sea with while the other built the lighthouse. To get over the difficulty somewhat, a strong iron scaffold was erected in 1856, with ropes running from one upright support to another, so that the workmen could cling to the ropes while the sea dashed over them. A lookout-man gave warning of every approaching wave, and at the sound of his signal work was stopped, and, clutching the nearest rope, the men flung themselves on their faces till the enemy had passed by. Thus Lieut. Alexander and his force held possession of Minot's Ledge, strengthening their hold with every passing day.

In accordance with a common practice in lighthouse erecting, the stones were carefully prepared in the building-yard on shore, while the work on the rock was in progress. Each stone was numbered, so as to reach the mason's hands in proper rotation, thus saving time and confusion.

On July 11th, 1858, Lieut. Alexander was ready to start building, and on that day the first stones were laid. The engineer had already given himself lessons in laying these stones at his workshop on shore; for, remembering that their lower surfaces would at once come in contact with sea-water, a special plan was necessary. The boat that brought the stones brought also the tools for laying them, and among these were a number of canvas bags, nearly filled with sand.

On a flat portion of the ledge a large sheet of muslin was laid. Over this a man with a trowel spread a coat of liquid cement, and the stone was laid upon it, its sides being also plastered with cement. When this latter had been spread sufficiently thickly the muslin was drawn up to hold it in place; and if there was more muslin than necessary, the parts not required were cut away with a pair of scissors.

Meanwhile, round the spot on which the stone was to rest a strong wall of sandbags had been erected, forming a rampart against the sea, and men were stooping behind it with large sponges, sopping up the water that remained. Buckets and other vessels would have been less suitable, because they would not have drawn the water out of the cracks and crevices as the sponges did. This water having been removed, the stone was lowered, and when a few minutes later the sea broke in, the muslin prevented it from washing away the cement, though it did not stop the cement from penetrating its meshes enough to adhere to the natural rock. Several stones were laid in this way, and have never been shaken. The rest was easy. Course after course of solid masonry rose rapidly, stone bolted to stone by galvanized iron bolts, as well as jointed with cement. The lighthouse began to appear as the trunk of an enormous tree, the roots of which were deep in Minot's Ledge. As it grew, the narrow spaces that were, of course, unavoidable between the iron piles already mentioned and the masonry surrounding them, were filled (or 'grouted,' as it is called) with strong cement, which also bound them firmly to the stone-work. Above these piles, at the tenth course, the solid masonry ceases, and the tower is continued in five stories, the summit being exactly one hundred and forty-one feet one inch above the sea. It is thirty feet wide at the base, and twenty-three feet six inches wide at the top. The last stone was laid on June 29th, 1860, and the lamp first lighted on November 15th, 1860. In lighthouse language it flashes out its warning signal in one, four, and three short brilliant beams, which the mariner easily understands as belonging only to this particular tower.

Round all the coasts of North America there is no more famous 'light' than this on Minot's Ledge—a stalwart guardian, truly, of 'the stern and rockbound coast' of Massachusetts.

JOHN LEA.

THE TEETOTAL STONE.

A GOOD example of the way in which properties are sometimes attributed to natural objects is the stone known as the amethyst. The Indian word for this precious stone had the sound represented roughly by its present name. In Greek, this sound means 'anti-wine'; hence it came to be believed that the stone was a sort of charm against drunkenness. If this were a fact, of what priceless value the amethyst would be!

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 27.)

AT length the day broke. My captors, who were evidently to be my guardians until Bangkok was reached, rapidly prepared their morning meal, and while they were thus engaged the Englishman gave me some fish to eat.

'It's half bad,' he remarked, 'but it tastes good, and is the best I can get you. It's a case of that or nothing; so you had better eat it.'

I was hungry, and swallowed the fish hurriedly, washing it down with a mug of water.

'If you have any money,' said the Englishman, 'you'll be able to buy some hot coffee on the river.'

I plunged my hand into my pocket and drew out some Indian and Burmese silver. 'Will you buy some for me when the time arrives, and keep the remainder?' I asked, offering him the money.

'No,' he replied haughtily, adding, 'If you show your money in that way, you will soon be robbed.'

'That would not be a calamity. I shall have no use for money in Bangkok. That is why I offered it to you.'

'But don't you understand that if you did escape, it would be useful to have money in your pocket?'

'Thank you for the hint,' I replied. I regarded his words as a promise to assist me in escaping, but there was no look of encouragement on his face.

'How is it,' I asked, somewhat sharply, 'that you have never appealed to the Governor-General of India to insist upon your being set at liberty? There are many European boats that come into the Menam, and some of the skippers would surely have taken a letter to the Governor-General.'

The Englishman did not reply immediately. For two or three minutes he remained deep in thought.

'I'll tell you my history,' he said at length. 'It doesn't matter your knowing my secret, because in a few days your chances for divulging it will be at an end. I don't want to be brutal, but I admit that if I saw any prospect of your escaping from the clutches of these Siamese I would not take you into my confidence.

You want to know why I do not want to appeal to the Governor-General of India? The answer is simple. I am a fugitive from the East India Company. Don't imagine that I am a swindler or a forger. I am the son of an English clergyman, and, when sixteen years of age, received a cadetship in the East India Company's military service. When I had been in India two years I was transferred to a native regiment stationed at a lonely spot up-country. The Major in command of the detachment was an ill-tempered brute, and thoroughly detested by every one of his juniors. For some reason or other, he took a strong dislike to me, and, almost from the day I joined, my life was a misery. The scoundrel blackguarded me, nearly always without cause, both on parade and at mess. I bore his abuse patiently for some months, and then, alas! my temper overcame me. It was at early morning parade that I ruined myself for life. The Major, who was in a vile temper, abused me because of the slackness of two recruits who had that morning taken their place in the ranks for the first time. I showed no signs of annoyance, but the bully was determined to drive me to insubordination.

'"Wake up, you sleepy idiot!" he shouted, and, placing his hand on my chest, pushed me backwards. I fell heavily, but I was on my feet in a moment, and, losing all control over myself, rushed at the bully and struck him in the mouth with my fist. He attempted to draw his sword from his scabbard, but, before he had time to do so, I struck him two more heavy blows, and the third sent him to the ground stunned.

'"You're ruined," a brother-officer said to me in an undertone. "Run for your life!"

'He told me hurriedly the best direction to take, and, muttering my thanks, I ran more quickly than ever I had run before, knowing that if I were caught I should certainly be shot. When I had gained the jungle, as I had been directed, I peeped out to see if I were being pursued. To my joy, I found that my brother-officers were doing their utmost to aid my escape, the men under their direction being engaged in searching for me in the reverse direction to which I was travelling. Well, I am not going to relate all that happened to me during the next three weeks. It will be sufficient to say that I arrived in Calcutta, and, having disposed of my uniform to an Armenian for a cheap civilian suit, bribed a Dutch skipper to hide me aboard his ship. I did not come on deck until we were clear of the Hooghly, and then it was that I heard that the ship was bound for Siam. My first thought was to apply to the King of Siam for a position in his military service, but I soon gave up the idea, thinking that the East India Company would hear of my appointment and persuade the Siamese to give me up. I decided, very foolishly I think now, to live like a native, and, there being a Siamese seaman aboard, he shaved my head in the approved fashion, and sold to me some of his own clothing. This man was a native of Paknam, and rarely made more than two or three voyages a year. He was then about to have a long spell on shore, and, as he spoke English, I considered that I should be doing a wise thing if I settled down in his village. He raised no objection, and a month later I was living in a dirty little house adjoining his. It was my intention to remain in Siam for about two years, and then work my passage to England. But long before the two years had elapsed I found that the Governor of Paknam was determined that I should not quit the country. Being able to speak French and Portuguese, I was of great use to him when foreign ships arrived in the river, and, being anxious not to lose my services, he warned me that if I attempted to leave Paknam without his permission I should be tortured to death. He also declared publicly that if I escaped, every man in Paknam would be bastinadoed. This made the inhabitants careful to keep a close watch upon me, and from that day I have never had a chance of escape.'

'We must escape together,' I said, assuming cheerfulness. 'Can you get me a knife?'

'I am afraid not,' he replied. 'We shall be very closely watched, and the Governor has already warned me that if I assist you to escape he will brand me with red-hot irons.'

I could see that as we talked we were being closely watched, and as I did not wish to get my fellow countryman into trouble, I made no further allusion to my desire for a knife.

'By-the-bye,' I said, 'do you mind telling me your name?'

'Hutton, Tom Hutton,' he replied. 'Yours I know.'

I was about to ask him what part of England he came from when there was a warning shout, and he and my Siamese custodians immediately prostrated themselves. The reason for their doing so I saw at once. The Governor of Paknam had come out of his house and was approaching my cage. He was smiling as pleasantly as possible for a man handicapped with ugly features, and I was hopeful that he was about to set me free. But I quickly discovered that he had no intention of being generous, and had simply come to see that I was taken safely out of the town.

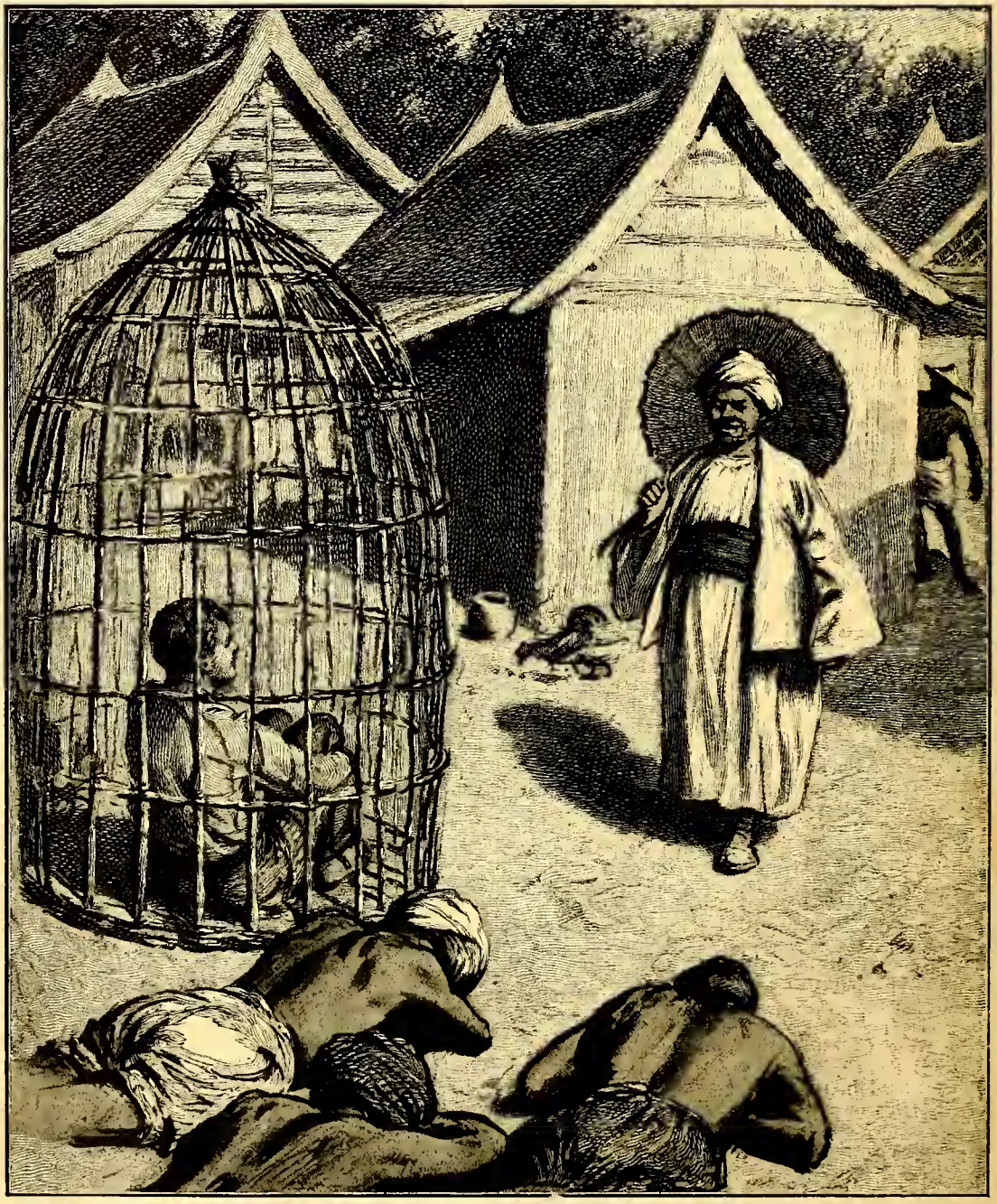
On arriving at my cage, he stood staring at me for several minutes, apparently deriving great pleasure from doing so. Possibly he expected that the King of Siam would reward him handsomely for capturing me.

'Water-rat,' he hissed through the bars; but finding the taunt, which he repeated several times, did not annoy me, he shouted for his interpreter, Tom Hutton, who at once crawled forward on toes and elbows. The Governor of Paknam then spoke quickly and angrily, Tom Hutton interpreting everything he said.

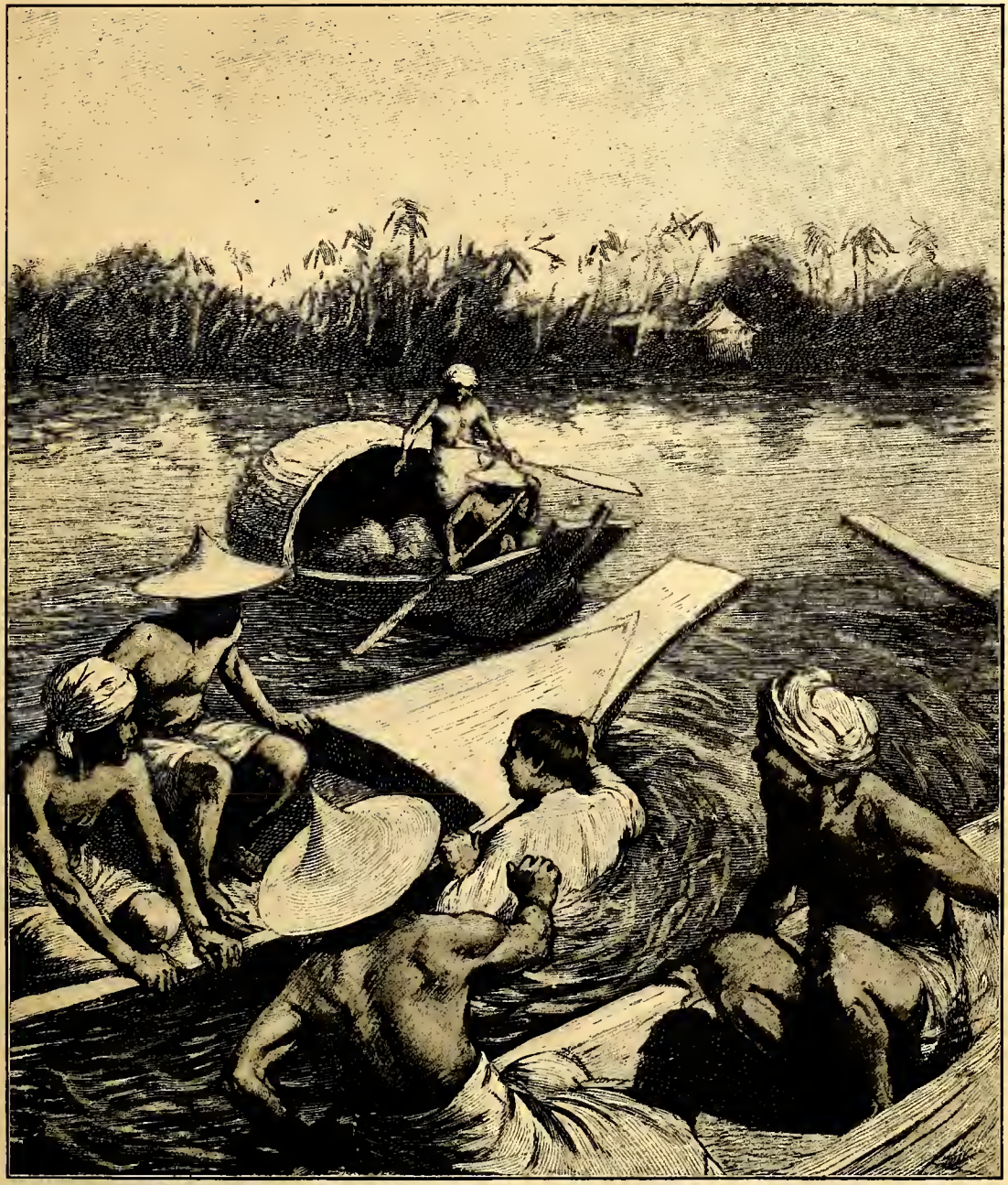
To repeat the Governor's words would be unpleasant, for the tyrant, finding that his taunts of 'water-rat' did not agitate me, gave a horribly vivid description of the various methods of executing prisoners at Bangkok. Although horrified by what I heard, I did not let the man see that his recital of horrors had made any impression upon me. I whistled gaily, as a sign of my indifference to the fate that awaited me. Any European would have guessed that my gaiety was merely assumed, but the Siamese Governor fancied that I was really indifferent to my fate, and therefore ceased from annoying me.

'Take the water-rat to the boat,' he commanded, and immediately his grovelling countrymen sprang to their feet and approached my cage, bringing with them two strong poles and several ropes. In a few minutes my prison was tied to the poles, which were then lifted on the shoulders of eight men. As the bearers started off my cage swung about in an exceedingly unpleasant way, and my endeavours to sit in the middle of it, and thus prevent it from swaying, caused my guardians much amusement.

(*Continued on page* 42.)



"The Governor of Paknam was approaching my cage."



"'I capsized the nearest canoe.'"

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 39.)

CHAPTER III.

I WAS well pleased when the river bank was reached and my cage placed on the ground, but was depressed on hearing from Tom Hutton that I was not to be taken from my movable prison.

'The Governor of Paknam gave orders that the cage, with you in it, was to be placed aboard a boat,' he explained.

'Which boat are they going to put me aboard?' I asked.

'That one,' he replied, pointing to a very small four-paddle canoe.

'It's a mere cockleshell,' I remarked. 'The cage will capsize it. However, perhaps it will be least painful for me if I am drowned.'

Tom Hutton made no reply, but busied himself in helping his Siamese comrades to transfer the cage from the shore to the boat. This duty was accomplished with little delay, and I must give the Siamese credit for having carried out their orders very skilfully.

As we proceeded up the river my one thought was how to escape from my prison cage. If I could obtain a sharp knife, I could cut one of the bars and struggle through into the water. The boat would capsize, and in the excitement I might be able to swim to shore and escape. The difficulty was how to obtain a knife. I knew that it would be useless to attempt to bribe any of my guards, who, one and all, feared their tyrannical master, the Governor of Paknam. Tom Hutton might have been able to supply me with one, but, after consideration, I decided not to make another appeal to him, for anxious as I was to escape, I had no intention of regaining my freedom at the cost of a fellow-countryman's life. My only hope was that I might be able to bribe a native to pass a knife secretly into my cage. The chances of my being able to obtain one in that way were greater than you would suppose—greater than I myself supposed until I discovered that the Menam was a great highway of Siam. Canoes were to be seen in hundreds, some paddled by men, some by women, and others by boys and girls. It was a common thing to see a little girl of five or six paddling her own canoe—a dangerous pastime, I thought, until Tom Hutton told me that every child was taught to swim when very young, and that, if a canoe capsised, the little paddler was almost as safe as if on land.

Being a prisoner and a white man I was naturally an object of interest to the canoeists. They paddled alongside our canoe, shouting 'Water-rat!' and, I have no doubt, making remarks about my appearance.

These people were not all pleasure-seekers. Many of them were vendors of meat, fruit, fish, and soup. The sight of the soup proved too much for my guards, who at once ceased paddling, and shouted to the vendors to come closer, which they did gladly. The men in the other canoes which had escorted us from Packnam were equally ready for their morning meal, and soon all were enjoying themselves. Tom Hutton advised me to buy a cup of soup, but I did not like the look of the liquid, and therefore asked him to get me some hot coffee.

In answer to Tom's shout a man paddled his canoe to the prow of our boat. In the centre of this canoe was a little stove, on top of which stood three or four cups of steaming coffee. He passed one into the cage, and from the smile on his face it was evident that he was well pleased with the payment I gave him.

While I was drinking, I noticed a short, sharp knife lying in the coffee-seller's canoe. I glanced around, and seeing that my guards were busily engaged with their soup, I showed the man four Burmese rupees and pointed to the knife. He understood my offer, and nodded his head.

I finished my coffee hurriedly, and pushed the empty cup, in which I had placed the money, towards the bars. At the same moment the coffee vendor put his hand into the cage to take it, and as he did so placed the knife close beside me. I covered it instantly, and then glanced round at my guards, who, I was delighted to see, were still enjoying their meal. I noticed also, with great satisfaction, that the people who had been attracted to our canoe by my presence had paddled away. The only canoes that remained near us were two belonging to soup vendors, and they were waiting astern. I saw at once that my opportunity had arrived.

I had been very restless in my cage, continually changing my position in the hope of making myself comfortable, and when I now turned on my right side my movement attracted no attention. My back was towards my custodians, and my right hand, which grasped the knife, was hidden from their view by my body. Without a moment's hesitation I began cutting one of the bars about an inch from the floor, the slight noise which I made being drowned by the chattering and laughter of the natives all round me. I did not cut right through the bar, but simply weakened it so that I could easily break it when the moment for escape arrived. Two other bars I quickly weakened in the same manner.

Once again I looked round, and was relieved to see that none of my guards was watching me. Hot soup was still occupying their attention. I now turned over and lay on my back, with my knees drawn up towards my chin, and the soles of my feet an inch or two from the bars I had tampered with. Then, suddenly shooting out my legs, I smashed all three bars at one effort.

Instantly there was a tremendous uproar among my custodians, and three muskets were fired, but without doing any harm to me. I saw that my chances of escape were very small, but this knowledge only made me more desperate, and, struggling through the broken bars, I made a clumsy dive into the river. The cage toppled over on top of me, and as I struck out, my left foot got caught between the bars. I struggled hard to free myself, but without success. My situation was a cause of delight to my guards, who now swarmed around me in their canoes, evidently determined to recapture me. But I had already made up my mind so resist capture, believing that it would be better to be drowned than tortured to death, so, grasping hold of the nearest canoe, I capsized it. Two other canoes I treated in the same fashion, and was just about to grasp hold of a fourth when I received a hard blow on the top of my head, which stunned me.

(*Continued on page 54.*)

A GOOD WORD FOR PIGS.

IT is a fact that we seldom say anything kind or flattering about pigs. They are useful—as bacon; but we see nothing to admire in them—as pigs. Our proverbs and common sayings show this feeling: A pig is usually a type of all that is vulgar, dirty, greedy, and obstinate. That sort of thing is 'hoggish,' we say. 'What can you expect from a pig but a grunt?' We only expect a grunt, and we only get a grunt. But there are people in the world who expect much more and get much more.

Pigs are supposed to be stupid creatures, but, as a matter of fact, they are as intelligent as any other animal, and respond to good training better than most. In many parts of France and Italy, if you were to ask a farmer which of his animals he values most, he would point, not to his horse or his cow, but to his pig! His pig is probably the best and most profitable servant he has, and he would not part with him on any account.

In all parts of the country, where the ground is light and sandy, and also in those districts where there are large chestnut woods, truffles are found. Truffles are a curious fungus growing under-ground; their scent is so strong that it penetrates through the soil, often from a depth of twelve inches, and it is only by scent that they can be discovered. As a man's nose is a long way from the ground, he has found it necessary to have a helper who carries his nose much nearer to the truffles. Dogs are useful for this work, but a pig is better still, for he is endowed by nature with an acute sense of smell, and always it is his habit to root about amongst fallen leaves and grasses for the food he likes best. A highly-trained pig is most valuable to a man who lives in a country where truffles abound; these fungi are much prized by cooks and fetch a good price. The pig likes truffles as well as anybody, yet, if he is well trained, he may be trusted to keep for his master all he finds. 'Greedy as a pig' may be true of an ordinary, ignorant grunter, but if he has been to school and had a good education he will put duty before inclination.

Trustworthy he is, too, in quite another line of life. We English are used to the clever doings of sheep-dogs. We know that a well-trained dog is able to control, guide, and guard a large flock, and that if his careless master allows his sheep to stray amongst others, the dog will, with unerring sagacity, seek out his master's sheep, not leaving one unclaimed nor fetching out one which does not belong to him. This we know to be true of the dog, but that a pig can be trained to a similar pitch of perfection seems hard to believe. Yet it is a fact that sheep-pigs are in use and highly valued in some districts of the Apennines in Italy. In these mountain villages there is usually a man who acts as shepherd to the community. In the morning he sallies forth with his pig, and calling at one cottage after another, he gathers everybody's sheep into one flock and leads them out to pasture. His task is an easy one: he may amuse himself by playing the flute, or he may go to sleep if he chooses—the sheep-pig takes care of the flock and sees that none wander too near to the edge of a precipice. When evening comes, the pig again takes the responsibility. The shepherd does not trouble himself to single out the sheep which belong to this person or that—he leaves it all to his trusty pig, who never makes a mistake.

After this, who can say that the pig is stupid, lazy, and greedy? He is, as a matter of fact, just what his master makes him, and he does nothing but eat and grunt if only eating and grunting are expected of him.

J. CUTLER.

RICH BY ACCIDENT.

A True Story.

THIS is a perfectly true story about a girl whose love of reading was the means of discovering a wonderful piece of good fortune, through which her parents were raised from humble, hard-working circumstances to a position of wealth and comfort. The little girl, whom we will call Mary Mack, being very anxious to learn as much about things in general as she could, would read eagerly all the books and papers she came across. As her father was a poor man, there were not very many books in her home, and so Mary's mother always gave her little daughter part of the daily newspaper to read. As the child read, she would often ask her mother the meaning of different things which were not quite clear to her, and one day she suddenly inquired how much a quarter of a million of money was. Mrs. Mack, having explained that it was enough to make a person very rich for the whole of his life, asked what there was about it in the paper.

'Why, Mother,' replied Mary, 'I think all that money must belong to some one who can't be found—but will you read what it says and see if I am right?'

Taking the paper, the mother read the paragraph to which her little girl pointed. As she did so, an expression of amazement spread over her features, while she remained staring at the printed page as if thunder-struck.

Mary looked up at her in astonishment. 'What is the matter, Mother?' she cried eagerly. 'Do tell me what makes you look like that?'

Mrs. Mack slowly dropped the paper and sank into a chair, while the puzzled look in her eyes gradually gave place to one of joyful excitement. 'Why, Mary, my child,' she answered, her voice slightly trembling, 'I can hardly believe it is true! It seems almost like a fairy tale! And to think of you reading it like that! Why, if you hadn't seen it, we might never have noticed!'

'But, Mother! Mother!' interrupted Mary, '*what*—do tell me *what* it is you are talking about?'

'Oh, my dear,' responded Mrs. Mack, 'I seem fairly dazed. Why, do you know that all that money has been left by my uncle John, who went out to America many years ago, and whom we have heard nothing of since? He is dead now, it seems, poor fellow, and his lawyers are advertising for his relatives, who are to have his fortune. Why, my child, I know I am one of his nearest relations, and it looks as if I have a right to a large share of his money. We shall be rich—*rich*, Mary dear. Just think of it!'

Mary did think of it, and the more she thought, the more wonderful it seemed; but wonderful news though it was, time proved it to be quite true, for the lawyers replied to Mrs. Mack's letter, telling her she inherited a large share of her uncle's riches. Although almost a poor man when he went out to America, he had rapidly made money by buying cheap tracts of land which

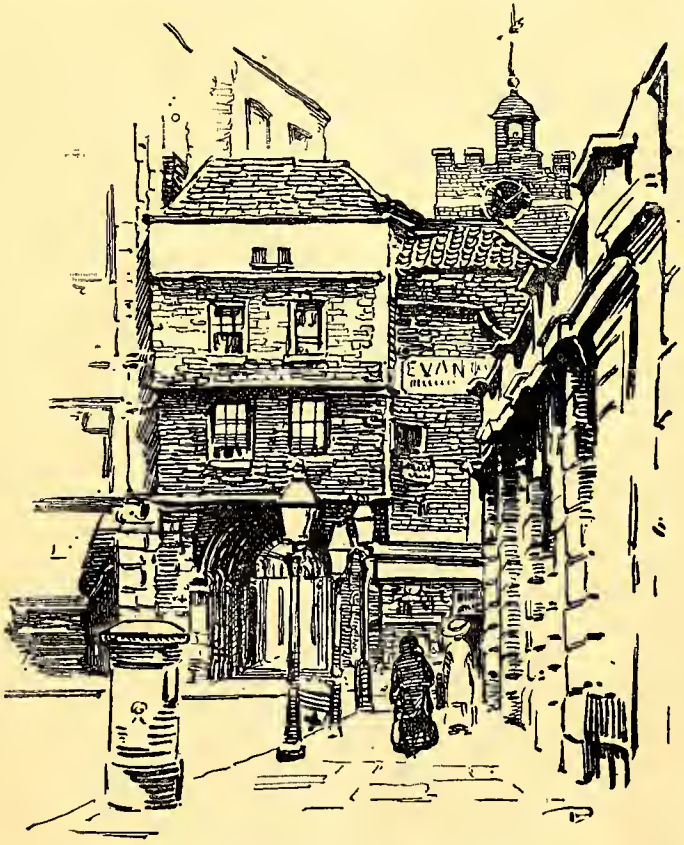
increased in value, until he became the possessor of vast wealth. But had it not been for Mary's inquiring mind, her mother might never have been aware of her good fortune.

Mary and her parents lived in Scotland, and at the time it happened, an account of this story was printed in all the papers.

ROUND LONDON TOWN.

I.—ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S-THE-GREAT.

ABOUT the year 1120, in a hospital in Rome, an English traveller lay stretched upon a bed of sickness. As a courtier to Henry I., he had devoted his previous life to gay and frivolous amusements, until the advance of years had opened his eyes to the folly



St. Bartholomew's-the-Great (Entrance).

of such an existence, and determined him to mend his ways. With this resolution, Rahere, as the traveller was named, had undertaken a pilgrimage to Rome for the purpose of doing penance at the shrines of St. Peter and St. Paul. He had fulfilled this object, but before he could quit Rome to return to England, he had been struck down by illness of so grievous a nature that his life was in danger.

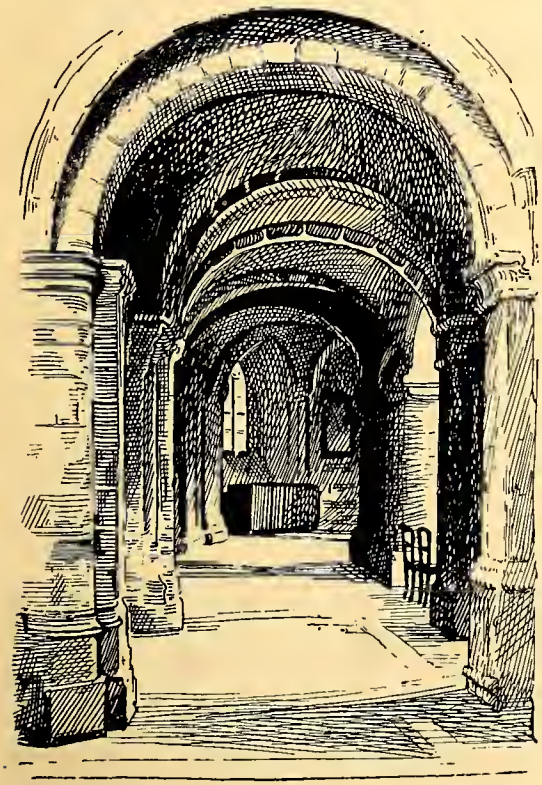
As the sick man tossed upon his bed, his mind went back to the incidents of his past life. He reflected upon his sins, which were many, and he feared that his repentance, though sincere, might have come too late. What had he to hope for in the shape of mercy? Yet Heaven had been merciful to him—far more merciful than he deserved. True, he was ill, amidst strangers, and far from his home and friends. But he had been brought to a house where his wants were cared for, and such comforts as could be devised were given to relieve his sufferings. Could he have looked for more in his own country? Doubtless God was angry with him, and designed to punish him for his misdeeds. During his erring, careless life, how often had he bestowed so much as a passing thought upon those who toiled and suffered around him in the City of London? His world had been a world of pleasure—hollow, selfish, and without God. Beyond that world, into the homes of the sick and suffering of the City, or into the work and duties of those who had renounced pleasure and wealth for the sake of Christ, he had never once looked or sought to enter. The poor and the sick, he reflected, had never been his charge; his aim had been to amuse the rich, to feast at their tables, and to drink in their praise and flattery of his success. He had walked on the sunny side of the street, not caring to turn a glance of compassion upon the leper who lay in the shade of the opposite wall. He had neglected the sick and the needy, yet God, in His merciful goodness, had not neglected him. What a great debt, then, did he not owe to Him whose mercy had been thus vouchsafed to him in a foreign land? How could he hope to repay this debt, and redeem his soul from the bondage of sin?

Thinking thus, the sick man cried out in his anguish, 'O God, give me but strength to return to my own country, and I will make an hospital for poor men, and to those there gathered minister after my power!'

With his mind steadfastly fixed upon this vow, the sick man sank into a slumber. And while he slept he saw a vision which filled him at first with dread. He felt himself lifted from the earth, and borne on high by a beast having four feet and two wings, and set down on a high place. From this height he looked down into a deep pit, and feared to slide down into it. As he stood trembling on the brink of this abyss, there appeared unto him a man of great beauty and majesty, who, fixing him with his eyes, said, 'Oh, man, what and how much service shouldest thou give to him that, in so great peril, hath brought help to thee?' Rahere answered, 'Whatsoever might be of heart and of might diligently should I give in recompense to my deliverer.' So the kingly man spoke again: 'I am Bartholomew, the Apostle of Jesus Christ, that came to succour thee in thine anguish, and to open to thee the secret mysteries of Heaven. Know that, by the will and commandment of God, I have chosen a place in the suburbs of London, at Smithfield, where in my name thou shalt found a church, and it shall be the house of God. . . . . My part shall be to provide necessaries, direct, build and end this work; and therefore of this work know me the master, and

thyself only the minister; use diligently thy service, and I shall show my lordship.

Rahere recovered and returned to England. His first act on reaching London was to redeem his vow; having gained the approval of the authorities, he petitioned the King for permission to build on the site which had been named by the Saint in his vision, and which formed a part of the King's market of Smithfield. The request was granted, and the next thing was to find the money. Rahere was not a rich man, but he was not to be turned aside from his purpose by the lack of means ready to his hand. In his past life he had studied to amuse the rich; he now employed his talents in a nobler service. With unresting energy he pleaded the cause of the sick and needy, and from the King downwards his appeals were responded to with generosity. Much had to be done before the first stone of the hospital could be laid. The land on which he

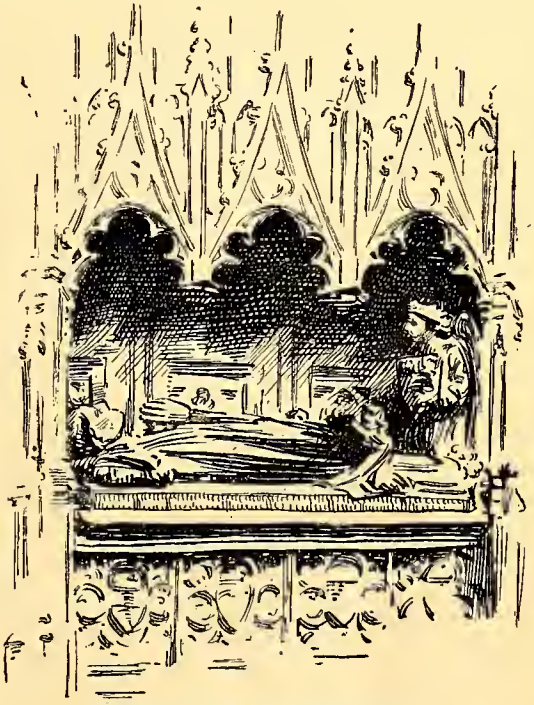


Cloisters, St. Bartholomew's.

proposed to build was little better than a marsh, and required to be drained; houses there were none. But money and will overcame every obstacle, and stone by stone the building was raised, until the year 1123 saw its completion.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital was placed under the direction of a master, eight brethren, and four sisters. The first master was Alfun, who, though then an old man, served his office with zeal and devotion, spending his days in traversing the city and begging for provisions and other necessaries for the support of his poor patients.

Side by side with the hospital was raised the Priory, to which the hospital was attached, and Rahere was installed as the first Prior of the foundation. His



Rahere's Tomb, St. Bartholomew's.

ministration lasted for more than twenty-two years, and at his death the flourishing state of the hospital proved the faithfulness with which he had carried out his vow.

It is of interest to note that a portion of Smithfield at this period was set apart for the tournaments* of the city, and many a combatant in the lists was taken to the hospital in order to have his wounds attended to; and it is recorded that in 1381 the famous rebel, Wat Tyler, when he fell from his horse mortally wounded, was borne within the hospital gate.

When in 1538 the dissolution of the monasteries took place, the Mayor and commonalty of London petitioned Henry VIII. to have the government of the various hospitals then existing placed in their hands. Accordingly in 1544 a charter was granted by the King by which St. Bartholomew's Hospital came under the rule of the citizens of London. The Priory shared the general fate of the religious houses, and that portion which was suffered to remain was made into a parish church under the title of St. Bartholomew's-the-Great. Only the choir, a tiny portion of the nave, portions of

* Later on the tournaments degenerated into the riotous annual assemblies of mountebanks and strolling players which were known by the name of St. Bartholomew's Fair.

the transepts, and a part of the cloisters, together with the Lady Chapel, now remain of the old priory church.

The entrance to the church is by an old gateway close to the present Hospital building. The gateway opens upon a narrow passage beside the churchyard which leads to the door of the church beneath the tower. Passing into the choir and facing east, we notice the circular end of the church, and also the clerestory with its pointed windows. To the left of the altar we can see the Tomb of Rahere, with the effigy of the Prior and a monk and angels beneath a canopy, and peeping through the space on either side of the altar we may see the Lady Chapel lying beyond. It will be noticed that the majority of the seats are carved, and are placed after the old arrangement of the monks—*i.e.*, the people sit on each side of the church facing one another. The tower, which is visible from the roadway, belongs to a more modern period and bears the date 1628.

The quiet restfulness of this spot—a haven of peace amidst the din and turmoil of the city—is well fitted for a brief reflection upon the changes which London has undergone in the passage of time.

FRANCIS J. ROWBOTHAM.

A FRIENDLY FISH.

THE dog is, as we all know, often called the friend of man. Many a man, too, owes his life to the sagacity of his horse; but it may be news to some of us to learn that a fish is also friendly to man, and has done, and is still doing, an act which most probably saves many lives.

This fish is familiarly called Pelorus Jack, but in official documents he figures as 'Risso's dolphin' (*Grampus griseus*), and any one capturing this fish in the waters of Cook Strait, 'or of the bays, sounds and estuaries adjacent thereto,' is liable to a fine of 'not less than five pounds and not more than one hundred pounds,' to be paid to the New Zealand Government.

The reason Pelorus Jack is thus protected is that for some cause or other this fish seems to consider it his duty to act as escort to the steamers bound through the French Pass, South Island, New Zealand.

He swims in front of the vessel, and guides it safely through all the dangerous passes, and therefore, in gratitude for its valuable services, the New Zealand Government have made it a crime to take this friendly fish's life.

WONDERS OF A WATCH.

A WATCH is the smallest, most delicate machine that was ever constructed of the same number of parts. About one hundred and seventy-five different pieces of material enter into its construction, and upwords of twenty-four hundred separate operations are comprised in its manufacture.

When considered in the aggregate, some of the facts connected with its performances appear incredible. A blacksmith probably strikes several hundred blows on his anvil in a day; but the roller-jewel of a watch makes every day, and day after day, four hundred and thirty-two thousand impacts against the fork. But the marvel does not stop here.

It has been estimated that the power that moves the watch is equivalent to only four times the force used in a flea's jump; consequently it might be called a four-flea power. One horse power would suffice to run two hundred and seventy million watches. The balance wheel of a watch is moved by this four-flea power nearly one and a half inches with each vibration—three thousand five hundred and fifty-nine miles continuously in one year.

In conclusion it may be added that it does not take a large can of oil to lubricate the little machine on its thirty-five hundred mile run. One-tenth of a drop of oil is sufficient to oil the watch for a year; but it has great need of that one-tenth drop.

THE SNOWMAN'S FAREWELL.

'FAREWELL, my young companions;
It's time for me to go.
The south wind sighs, and warmer skies
Are melting up the snow.

'The hat you kindly lent me
To place upon my brow,
Though it once stood as all hats should,
Is sadly tilted now.

'My pipe is also falling;
I cannot keep it in;
The howl, you see, in spite of me,
Is resting on my chin.

'And this dear broom you gave me
Is sliding from me fast;
Down, down 'twill go to yonder snow,
Where I shall lie at last.

'So—farewell—young—companions;
I'm off!'—His voice grew low,
And nought was seen where he had been
But pools of melting snow. JOHN LEA.

THE RUNAWAYS.

(*Concluded from page* 35.)

FOR about another half-hour the boys remained on the grass in silence. Suddenly Dick whispered excitedly. 'Look, look, Albert, there's a rabbit squatting right in front of the gun, in the line of fire. Quick, pull the trigger!'

It was the work of a moment for Albert to stretch out his arm and pull the trigger. His action was followed by a loud report. As for the unfortunate rabbit, there was only about half of it left.

'Get some wood so that we can make a fire and cook it,' said Albert, his courage reviving a little at this lucky shot.

Dick soon collected plenty of dry sticks and placed them in a heap on the turf.

'How about matches?' he inquired, looking blankly at his brother.

Albert felt in his pocket. 'I've got *one*,' he said. He struck it carefully and applied it to the sticks. They were quite dry, and soon caught fire. Albert next sharpened a stick, spitted the remains of the rabbit on it, and held the dainty morsel over the fire to roast, without removing the

skin. It did not smell very pleasant, certainly, but, as he observed, it would be all right as soon as the fur had all burnt off. At last he said that it must be done; but when he took it off, it looked so unwholesome that neither of them cared to try it. At last Dick took a desperate bite, and swallowed a little. He gave an exclamation of disgust, and hurled the rabbit far in among the trees.

'I hope it's not going to rain,' said Albert. The blue sky was covered with dark clouds, and even as he spoke a heavy spot hit him on the cheek, and then another on the nose. Soon they fell in sixes and sevens, hissing and spluttering on the fire. Then at last *down* it came, wetting the two boys through and through, and speedily extinguishing the fire.

Dick now burst into tears, without making any pretence of stopping them. Albert was too bad-tempered to cry. 'I wish you wouldn't howl,' he grumbled, 'there's quite enough water about already.' And indeed there was, the ground by this time being like a sponge. The two boys got up and huddled together under a tree. How they wished they had never left their warm beds!

The rain left off at last, and the sun came out again.

'We shall have to stand all the time now,' moaned Albert. 'If we sit down we shall stick, and when we get up we shall lift up half the turf with us.'

'My clothes are all sticking to me,' sobbed Dick; 'and the wa—water's all running down my neck.

'Whatever shall we do when it gets dark The sun is nearly right up now.'

'I suppose we shall starve,' was the reckless answer. 'That flour *was* crumbling out, but the rain has made it worse than it was before.'

'Let's go and sit on that stump!' Dick followed his brother to the stump and sat down despairingly.

'Listen!' cried Albert, suddenly starting up. He had evidently forgotten the slippery nature of the ground, for no sooner was he up than he was down again. His feet slid away from under him, and down he sat right in the middle of a puddle. He remained there for a minute. At last he pulled himself free with a jerk.

'I wish I had never read any of those horrid books,' he blurted out; 'it's all through them! Oh, I thought I heard something.'

'And I *can* hear something,' said Dick, drawing himself up with a start.

Both boys listened intently. Yes, sure enough they could both hear footsteps coming towards them. Albert picked up the gun and cocked it.

As the footsteps drew nearer, the two runaways trembled violently. Suppose the new-comers should turn out to be savages; whatever would become of them? Nearer and nearer came the dreaded footsteps, until at last the boys saw two men enter the clearing. What awful men they looked! They wore horrid green breeches, and coats with great bulging pockets.

When they saw our two adventurers, they stopped short with an exclamation of surprise. Albert thought a bold course would be best, and so, notwithstanding the fact that his knees were knocking together violently, he said in a very shaky voice:

'Er—we er will do you no harm if you are friendly, or if you will lead us to your chief.'

The men only answered with a loud laugh; then one of them said: 'Look 'ere, young sir, you put down that gun and come with us.'

Albert looked at his brother—Dick looked very pale and frightened. At any rate, he would save *him* from falling into these men's hands. He drew himself up bravely. 'I shan't,' he said.

'Well, then,' replied the man, 'I must take it, that's all,' and he advanced to carry out his threat.

Albert levelled the gun. 'If you come *any* nearer I shall shoot,' he said shortly.

The man stopped. 'Come,' he said, 'give me that gun; it's not safe in your hands.'

Albert lowered the gun. The man evidently took this for surrender, so he advanced again; but he was never more mistaken in his life. Albert only lowered the gun because it was heavy. As soon as he saw the man move he raised it again, and in a minute had pulled the trigger; but no report followed, for the gun was not loaded.

The next minute the man had dashed it from his hand and started to carry him, fighting tooth and nail, into the wood. The other 'savage' advanced to pick up Dick; but the latter, fired by his brother's example, had no intention of tamely giving in. He picked up a heavy piece of wood and hurled it at his enemy's head, but, luckily for the man, he missed his mark; the next minute he too was being carried off.

Dick and his captor soon caught the other two up. At last one of the men said: 'I suppose you're the two kids that all this fine fuss is about; anyhow, we're going to take you home, and I hope you'll catch it hot when you get there.'

This speech so astonished the two boys that they could neither of them speak for a time. At last Albert said: 'How far are we from England?'

The man looked sharply at him and then gave vent to a loud laugh.

'Are you a savage?' asked Dick.

The man did not laugh this time, but he muttered something under his breath about some people thinking themselves very witty. After a few more questions the whole story came out, and the runaways had to put up with a great deal of chaffing.

'You never went very far out to sea,' one of the men said at last. 'The tide merely took you across the bay and you landed on the other side; as it is, you're about three miles from home.'

'Oh!' cried both runaways. The next mile they did at a trot, for both the boys were wet through.

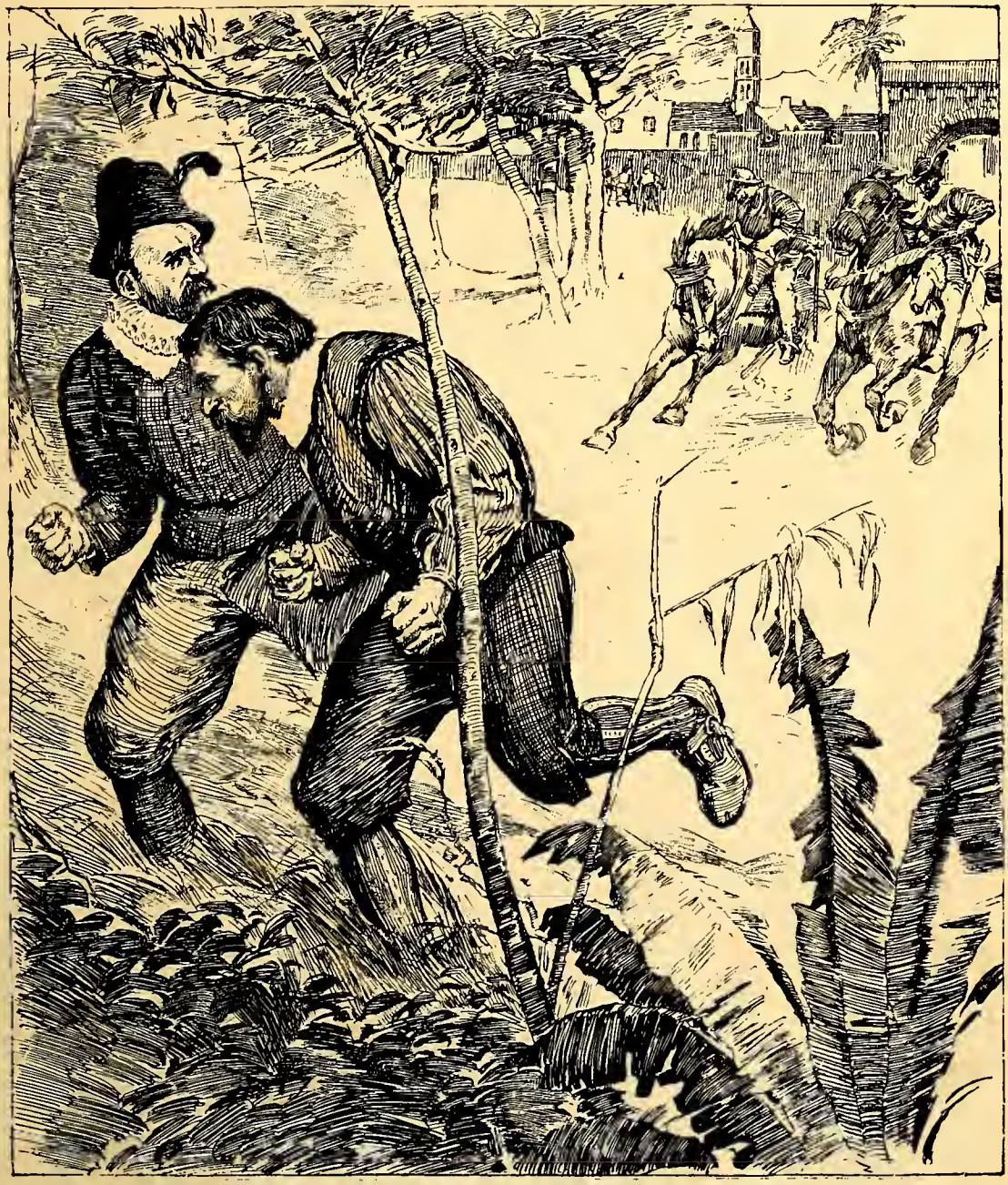
At last the scenery grew more and more familiar, until the boys could easily have found their way alone. They gave a great sigh of relief as they turned a corner and saw their house in the distance.

When they drew nearer they could see their mother and father standing in the garden. Then they began a race for the house. They tore open the garden gate and in another moment had rushed up to their astounded parents.

The rest may better be fancied than described. However, their parents thought they were punished severely enough, and after having divested them of their wet clothes, they put them to bed. The two men were rewarded handsomely and went away quite satisfied. Only one thing remains to be said, and that is, that when strangers sometimes come to the house and happen to mention a book such as *Robin on Crusoe* or the *Coral Island*, they cannot make out why Albert and Dick flush so red and vanish silently from the room.

VALENTINE W. GILBERT.

"'We're going to take you home.'"



'Two horsemen came riding a-gallop to stop them.'

THE SEA-KINGS OF ENGLAND.

II.—JOHN HAWKINS: TWO VOYAGES TO THE WEST.

JOHN HAWKINS had made several voyages to the Canary Islands, and was beloved by the inhabitants for his good and upright dealings. From them he gained tidings of the wealth and prosperity of the West Indies, where many Spanish towns had sprung up. He learnt that there was great need of negroes for the plantations; but it was not easy to trade there, for the Spanish were forbidden by their Government to hold traffic with adventurers of other nations unless they had a special licence. Nevertheless, Hawkins made up his mind to try to trade, and in October, 1562, he set forth with three ships and about a hundred men. He went first to the Guinea coast, to Sierra Leone, where, 'partly by the sword and partly by other means,' he took some three hundred negroes prisoners. With them he crossed the Atlantic, and sailed boldly into the port of Hispaniola. There, mainly by force of arms, he persuaded the Spaniards to buy his negroes, though he had no licence to trade with them. They were probably glad enough of the chance; they were unwilling to break their law, but it was not at the moment enforced very strictly. From this trade Hawkins was enabled to load his ship, and two others which he hired there, with hides, ginger, sugar, and pearls, and made a great profit, returning to England without mishap in September, 1563.

It was just over a year later when he set out on his more famous second voyage. He sailed from Plymouth with the *Jesus*, of seven hundred tons; the *Solomon*, of one hundred and forty; the *Tiger*, of fifty, and the *Swallow*, of thirty; and one hundred and seventy men in all. They voyaged with a fair wind for three days, and then came into a great storm, which separated the *Swallow* from them for a time. When all the little fleet were united again, Hawkins drew up a code of signals so that they could 'keep company' properly; and he headed his instructions with the words, 'Serve God daily, love one another, preserve your victuals, beware of fire, and keep good company.'

He had first to visit Africa to collect negroes. On the way he put in at Teneriffe to revictual, and there the crew saw for the first time camels, at which they wondered greatly. Thence they touched at various points on the African coast, seeking opportunities to get negroes without trouble, but often having to fight hard for them. At one place, indeed, they lost, of their own men, seven killed (the captain of the *Swallow* among them) and twenty-seven wounded. Last of all they put into Tagarin and watered, and on January 29th, 1565, they finally set sail for the West Indies.

Almost immediately they were becalmed. It was not till February 16th that the north-east trade winds sprang up and bore them steadily across the Atlantic. They reached land—the island of Dominica, where the natives were cannibals—in twenty-one days. From there they sailed on for six days, and came to an island named Margarita. Here the Alcalde, or chief magistrate, entertained them and gave them beeves and sheep for victuals. But the Governor of the island would neither come to speak with Hawkins, nor give him any licence to traffic. Furthermore, when he hired a pilot to guide him to other ports, the Governor refused to let the man go and sent a message to the Viceroy at San Domingo, in Hispaniola, telling him of Hawkins's arrival. Thereupon the Viceroy issued a command that no Spaniard should trade with the Englishman, but that they should resist him with all the force they could. Upon this the inhabitants, with their Indians, fled from the coast to the hills inland, and would have no more to do with Hawkins.

Hawkins saw that there was no traffic to be had with them, and was driven to depart. After a day's sail he came to a place called Cumana, and sought to trade. But the Spaniards here answered that they were but soldiers, newly arrived, with no money to buy even one negro. Yet they were willing to give him a little aid, and directed him to Santa Fé, two leagues off, where he found good fresh water and an anchorage. The Englishmen landed, and traded with the native Indians, and for the first time in their lives many of Hawkins's men saw the potato, 'the most delicate root that may be eaten, far exceeding our parsnips or carrots,' as they said. It was probably the sweet potato. They obtained from the Indians maize and pineapples, which were also new to them. They paid for them with beads, pewter whistles, glasses, knives, and other trifles.

Hence they sailed on to Tortuga, an island, where they drew near the coast, but did not land—fortunately for them, for the natives were Carib Indians, 'eaters and devourers of any man they can catch,' and said to be treacherous in their dealings. At last they came to Burboroata, a rising port of what is now Venezuela; and here Hawkins, beginning to fear for his profits, resolved to trade by whatever means. The Spaniards answered his request for a licence as before, that they were forbidden to trade with him. But he argued that he was in sore need of victuals and money, and could not go away without them: he had to pay his men, he said, and to live himself, even if he made no profit. He meant no dishonesty, and England and Spain were not at war. But the Spaniards would not yield; they would only promise to send a messenger to the Governer, threescore leagues off; Hawkins must wait ten days for an answer. Meanwhile he might bring his ships within the harbour, and they would give him any victuals he needed.

So Hawkins sailed into the harbour. But once inside, he thought that to lie there idle for ten days, spending victuals and men's wages, and perhaps in the end receiving no good answer from the Governor, would be mere folly. He sent a further message on shore begging that he might sell some of his negroes, who were 'lean and sick,' and who would certainly die upon his hands if he kept them ten days; if he were rid of them, he could keep his other men the better, and unless he sold these negroes, he could pay nothing for the victuals he needed.

The officers and townsmen assembled and considered this request, and found it reasonable, and gave Hawkins leave to sell thirty negroes. Thereupon Hawkins expected to sell the negroes; but no one came to buy, and he did not know what to think. He sent word to ask what was the matter. The Spaniards answered that they had granted leave to buy only to the poorer townsmen, who could not all at once lay their hands upon ready money, especially as, at the coming of the English, they had sent their families and their money away to the mountains for safety.

In this and other ways they made a great trouble of buying the negroes; and when at length the Governor arrived in person, fourteen days after Hawkins's coming,

only a few slaves had been sold, and those at a poor price and upon bad terms. Hawkins repeated his request to the Governor, who, after taking counsel, granted him a licence to trade; but he must pay the King's duty upon negroes, thirty ducats for each one.

Hawkins saw that the Spaniards would neither come near the price he hoped for, by a great deal, nor abate the duty, so that he was bound to lose. Therefore, on April 16th, he prepared one hundred men, well armed, landed, and marched townwards with them. The Governor with all speed sent messengers to know what he wanted, and to desire him to march no further. Hawkins demanded to have the duty abated; 'and if they would not grant this, he would displease them.' His request was carried to the Governor, who yielded at once, and said that all things should be as Hawkins wished. The Englishmen took pledges for the fulfilment of their demand, and for a fortnight traded with great profit; for, now that the matter was settled, the richer citizens came down and bought the slaves.

So Hawkins got his will. He left Burboroata on May 4th. In one way, his coming had been a blessing to the inhabitants. The night after he left, the Carib Indians, two hundred strong, came in canoes, intending to burn the town and carry off the Spaniards; but the Spaniards, as a result of the lesson they had learnt of Hawkins, were vigilant, and rose in force, and drove the Indians off.

Hawkins coasted along to Curaçao (where he took in a great store of fresh provisions), past an island called Aruba, and so to Rio de la Hacha, where he anchored on the 19th of May. He had speech with the King's Treasurer of the Indies (who lived there), and told him how he had traded 'quietly' at Burboroata, and begged that he might do the same here. He told the same tale of being in distress; but the Spaniards would not yield. Then he bade them choose whether they would give him licence to trade or abide the results; he was not going to be driven away again from his traffic perforce, when he had might on his side. They answered that he could trade if he would sell at half the price he had got at Burboroata. Thereupon Hawkins wrote them a letter, saying that they dealt too rigorously with him, and were cutting his throat in the price they proposed; from no other man could they get wares so reasonably as from him. However, since they had sent him this for his supper, he would in the morning bring them as good a breakfast.

The next morning, May 21st, 1565, Hawkins shot off a culverin to summon the town, and, preparing a hundred men in armour, went ashore, having in his largest boat two brass guns. As soon as the townsmen perceived him they marched out from the town to the sands in battle array, with drum and ensign, to the number of one hundred and fifty, 'making great brag,' and waving to the Englishmen to come ashore, as if they were ready indeed to fight. But Hawkins, in answer to their taunts, let off his two brass cannon; and at the discharge the Spaniards were amazed, not expecting such guns to be in boats. At every shot they fell flat to the ground, and as the Englishmen drew near they broke their ranks and fled. Some thirty horsemen stood their ground for a time, but when the English landed they began to parley, and sent a flag of truce, saying that the Treasurer was greatly troubled at this warlike attack, since he had granted all that Hawkins had asked. Presently Hawkins, unarmed, and the Treasurer, armed with a javelin, met together; and, finally, leave was given to the English to trade there as they pleased.

They stayed at Rio de la Hacha some time, and trafficked. While they were about their business, at a time when most of the Englishmen, with John Hawkins, were ashore, unarmed, on the landward side of the town, getting water and cutting timber, one John Sparke and a companion happened to be near the Treasurer's house; as they were looking about them they saw an unwonted movement among the Spaniards. A captain and a dozen soldiers, who were not familiar to them—they had in fact arrived secretly from other coast towns—seemed to be placing big guns in position. Sparke and his friend saw at once that some treachery was afoot. They made off at full speed towards the main body of Englishmen. But before they had gone a bowshot, two horsemen came riding a-gallop in their direction full tilt, as though to catch them up and stop them. The Englishmen hurried on. Before the Spaniards came up with them they were close to Hawkins and their comrades; and then the Spaniards, seeing them beyond their reach, drew rein and turned aside. But they did not go back to the town; they lurked in the bush near the Englishmen, and watched all their movements; and when, presently, Hawkins went up to them and asked what they wished, they said they had simply come to see if they could sell him any wine.

(*Concluded on page 59.*)

THE HORSE-CHESTNUT.

IF a hundred people be asked why the horse-chestnut is so called, ninety may say they do not know, and nine may tell you that it is because, at the junction of the leaves with the stem, there is a little mark somewhat resembling a horse-shoe. But it happens that this is merely a chance occurrence; the real reason is less far-fetched.

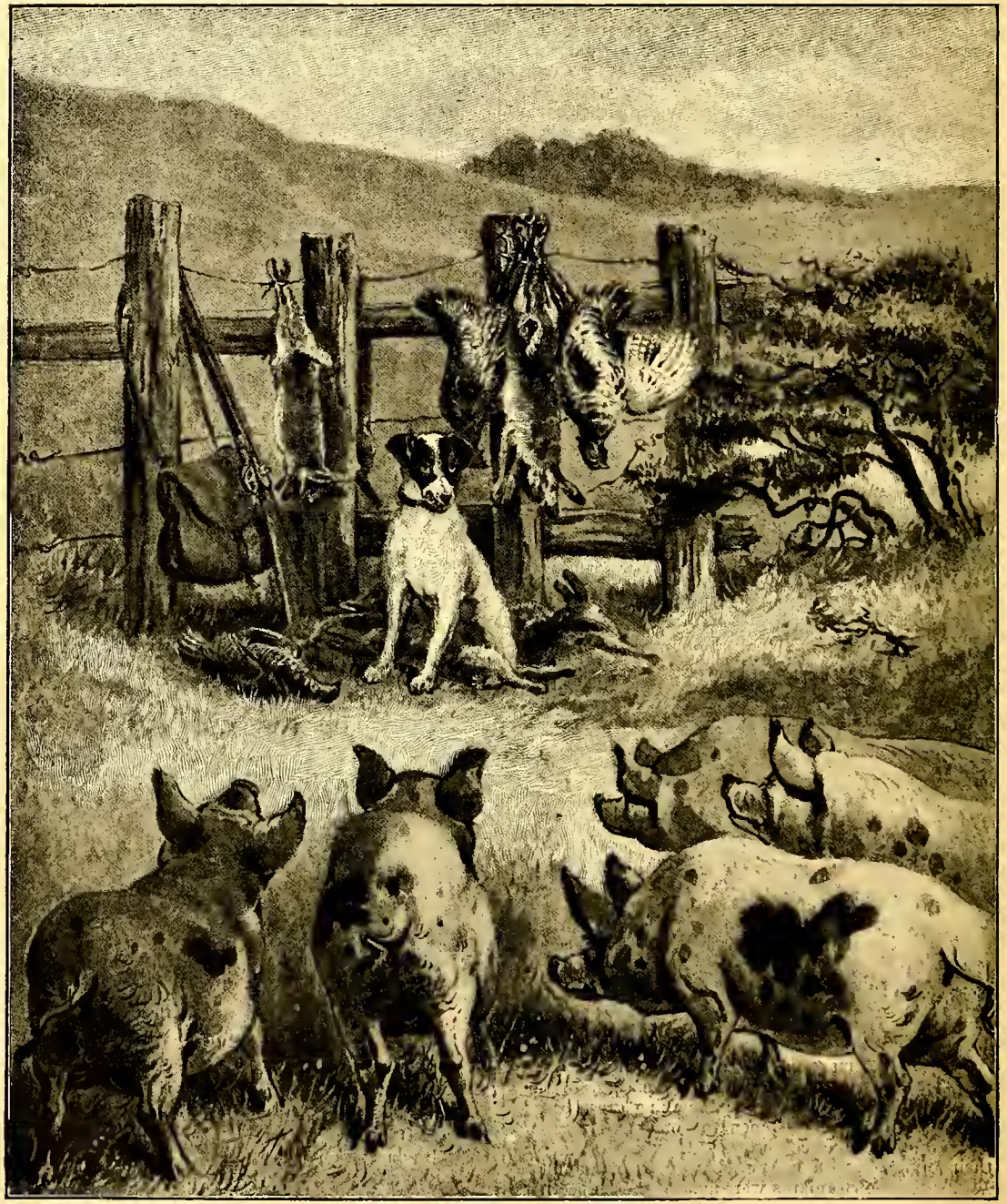
The horse-chestnut tree, which is purely ornamental, was introduced into Great Britain at the beginning of the sixteenth century. It was and is largely used in parks because of its great beauty, although as timber it is of little value. The fruit is used in this country solely for boys' playthings, though the deer in parks are very fond of it.

In Turkey-in-Asia, however, where the tree is native, the fruit is ground and mixed with the fodder of the horses, and it is from the fact that it is the horses' chestnut, as opposed to the chestnut enjoyed by man, that this fine addition to our country-side take its homely name.

ON GUARD.

'GOOD morning, Mr. Trusty; you're on guard, I see, to-day,'
Said Mr. Piggy Porker, with a smile.
'Now, if you'd like to run about and have a game of play,
We'll gladly take your place a little while.

'I'm sure you must be lonely, sir—as lonely as can be;
We feel for your position very much;
We'd safely guard your treasures—there are five of us, you see—
The game, of course, we promise not to touch.'

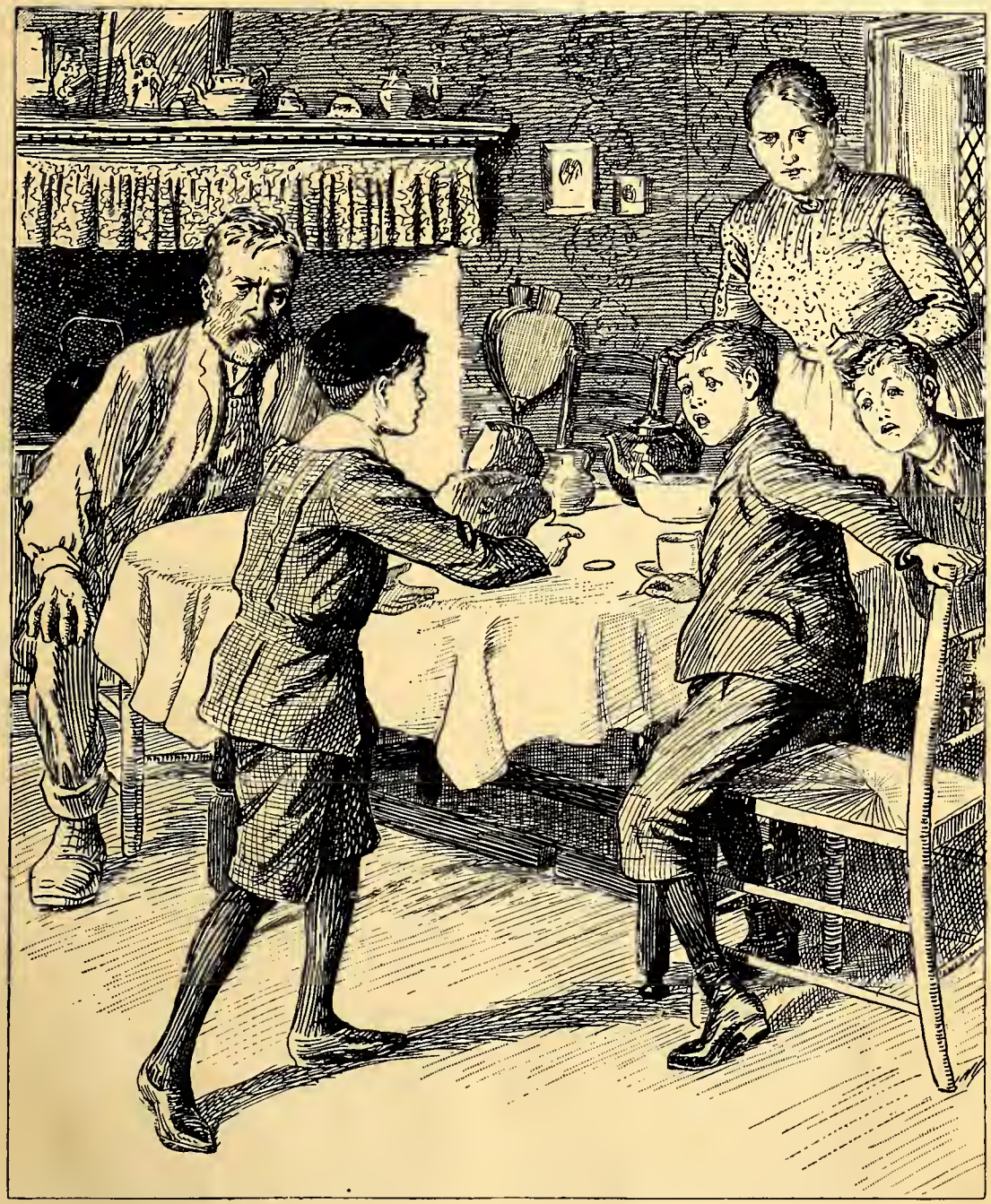


"Master left me here on guard."

Then answered Mr. Trusty—he was always most polite—
'I dare not, sir, neglect my duty so;
As Master left me here on guard, I shouldn't think it right
For any one to take my place, you know.

'Your offer I appreciate far more than I can tell
('Tis true I find the waiting rather tame):
I thank you for your kindness, for I'm sure you mean it well,
But I wouldn't, sir, for worlds belie my name.'

Marian Isabel Hurrell.



"He flung the crown-piece down on the table."

A HASTY JUDGMENT.

MRS. ARMSTRONG'S diamond brooch had been lost two days when Hugh said to his friend Norman, 'I mean to find Mother's brooch. You know I think I have a talent for being an amateur detective, and if I set myself to watch for clues, I expect I shall discover who took it.'

'But it isn't proved that any one took it yet, objected

Norman. 'And, besides, every one has been thinking about it all this time, so why should you find a clue if they can't?'

'Oh, well, they are too dull! They aren't really watching *everything*. Detectives consider every little thing they see.'

'I wish you luck,' said his friend; 'but as I don't see any chance of finding the brooch, I don't think I will help you.' Saying which he strolled off, his hands in his pockets.

Hugh stood still, turning over possible clues in his head. It really seemed as if everything had been tried. Yet, how clever his mother would think him if he could present her with the brooch she was so fond of! He determined to wait and see what ideas struck him during the morning; and meanwhile he might as well go up into the hayfield and help them pitchfork the last loads into the carts.

Mike and Willie Marchant, who lived in the cottage at the cross-roads, did not notice him coming up behind them in the soft hay, and so he was in time to hear Mike say, 'We won't say we have found it—see, Will?' And, as he spoke, he shut his fist; but Hugh had already caught sight of something bright within it.

He turned on his heel, and, going towards one of the farm-men, asked if he might help to load the cart for a bit. It was easy work, and all the time he threw the fragrant bundles upwards he thought over what he had heard and what he was to do.

Of course Mike had found the brooch! By some extraordinary chance it must have got into the hayfield, or—perhaps it had been found before? If so, where? He paused, and the man treading down the hay called down to know if he was tired of it. So on he went with his part of the work, and suddenly what seemed the connecting-link struck him.

The Marchant boys continually came to the house to fetch milk or run messages for his mother, and, three days before, they had been waiting in her special little room for some time while she finished off a letter she wished them to take to the village to post. Now, thought Hugh, what was to prevent them from finding the brooch and determining to hide it? He felt certain that was what had happened. The only point now was to confront them in such a way that they would be bound to confess.

At lunch, he asked his mother if she would give a reward if the brooch was found.

She smiled. 'Certainly,' she said. 'If you are clever enough to be able to hand it back to me, I will give this to the finder.' She handed him a five-shilling piece.

And now, his plans laid, the afternoon, that must elapse before the Marchants' father could reach home after his work, seemed all too long. But it was over at last, and, as five o'clock struck, Hugh ran up the garden-path belonging to the cottage.

They were all at tea, as he had pictured them.

Without a moment's pause, he flung the crown-piece down on the table and cried, 'Here is the reward for finding Mother's diamond brooch. Please give it me now, because I want to be the one to give it her.'

The father stared in astonishment, and then slowly looked from Mike to Willie. 'Now, speak up!' he demanded. 'Which of you found it, and what do you mean by not telling me before?'

'We haven't found any brooch,' said Mike, looking at Hugh with resentment.

'But I saw it in your hand in the hayfield!' exclaimed Hugh. 'At least'—turning very red—'I saw something very bright, and——'

'That was Mother's thimble; she had been working up there,' said Willie.

Mr. Marchant had risen to his feet. 'We will have this cleared up,' he said, 'straight away. If you have no objection, I will come along to your mother this minute, Master Hugh.'

One or two misgivings did come into Hugh's mind as they trudged down the road, but he was not prepared for the sudden upsetting of all his clues which his mother's first words conveyed.

'Oh! Hugh, dear,' she cried joyfully, 'what do you think? Five minutes after you had gone out, I found my precious brooch under the hearthrug in my own room! I think the five-shilling piece ought to be mine—don't you?'

Hugh hung his head, and behind him, grave and rather stern, stood Mike's father. Considering the very sudden attack that had been made upon his sons, he took the boy's humble apology and explanation in very good part. The crown-piece went away in his pocket for Mike and Willie to spend, and, long before Norman had got hold of the story and chaffed him over it, Hugh had determined never again to try and play the amateur detective.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 42.)

WHEN I regained consciousness, I found myself lying on a mat in a dirty, poorly furnished, but airy room. The front was almost entirely open, and the river flowed but a few feet beyond.

'Hallo! How do you feel?' Tom Hutton exclaimed the moment I stirred.

'I have a slight headache,' I replied.

'Only a slight one! It is a wonder that the crack on the head which that fellow gave you with a paddle didn't kill you! I'm sorry you didn't succeed in escaping. You won't have another chance, I fear, for they are so impressed with your strength that they have doubled the number of your guard. You must be extraordinarily strong to have smashed those cage-bars.'

I told him of the knife which I had purchased from the hot-coffee vendor, and then asked why the Siamese had not put me in another cage.

'They imagine,' he replied, 'that it would be useless to do so. They think that you would smash it.'

'Then there is still hope for me,' I said. 'As long as I am not confined like a hen in a coop I may be able to escape.'

Tom Hutton shook his head sadly. 'I have never heard of a prisoner escaping from Bangkok,' he declared.

'Then I must make another attempt before we reach it.'

'We are there.'

This was unpleasant news for me, and at first I could not believe that Tom was speaking the truth, although I knew of no reason why he should attempt to deceive me.

'But we are on the river,' I protested, having discovered that I was in a floating house.

'Bangkok is built on the river,' he replied.

'Why?' I asked. 'Judging from what I saw near Paknam the country is not over-populated.'

'It is very thinly populated. When Bangkok was first made the capital the houses were built on shore, but as cholera was very prevalent, the King, after a very severe epidemic, commanded the whole of the inhabitants to live on the water. This monarch imagined that if the people lived on the water their houses and surroundings would be cleaner and, consequently, the general health improved. But he made a very great mistake. He did not take into consideration that the thousands of poles which moor the city would catch a large proportion of the refuse thrown into the river. Cholera outbreaks are as frequent as when the city was on land, and rheumatism is fifty times more prevalent.'

'When shall I be taken before his Majesty?' I asked.

'It is impossible to say,' Tom declared. 'Perhaps to-morrow; perhaps not for two or three weeks. It all depends upon the humour of the Brother of the Moon.'

'I suppose that my execution will take place immediately after the King has decided how I am to die?'

'I fear so. My dear fellow, I do wish that I could save you, but I am helpless. Two hundred men have been told off to guard you. One hundred are in their canoes surrounding this block of houses; the others are on the verandah. My instructions are to remain with you and see that you are fed. If you escape, my fate will be horrible. But don't let the thought of that prevent you from trying to get away if you see an opportunity.'

'Can't we both escape?'

'If I see the slightest opportunity I will let you know. But I fear that we are too closely guarded.'

For several hours Tom and I sat in that Siamese house, watched closely by the natives, discussing, in undertones, plans for escaping, but without settling upon one that appeared practicable.

At last, thoroughly tired out, and with a sickening headache, I lay down and slept, but not peacefully. In my dreams I saw myself being led to execution and torture. Three times I woke, bathed in perspiration, and vowed not to fall asleep again; but nature was exhausted, and at length I slept soundly until aroused by the cawing of crows. It was not yet daylight, but the crows are on the wing in Siam before other birds are astir, and take good care that every one shall know that they are early risers. Never in my life had I heard such a chorus of cawing. The Siamese themselves have a strong dislike to the uproar which the birds create, but tolerate it for the reason that the crows are the public scavengers. If it were not for the crows, many Siamese cities would be in a far more filthy condition than they are.

'There's no more sleep for us this morning,' Tom exclaimed. 'Get up and come outside.'

We had slept in our clothes, and, as there were no washing utensils provided for our use, we rose from our mats and went out on to the verandah just as we were. My custodians made no objection to my taking the air, but they showed plainly that if I attempted to escape I should suffer for it.

The force employed to guard me was absurdly large—there were fifty men armed with muskets, another fifty grasping spears, besides others in canoes. There were many more, Tom informed me, hidden from my view, but ready to rush out on an alarm being given. It was rather flattering to know that my captors considered it necessary to have two hundred men to guard me.

Bangkok itself was indeed a novel sight. The hut in which I had passed the night was one of many hundreds, built in long regular rows, on thick bamboo rafts. On each raft there were several palm-leaf thatched houses or huts, the rafts being fastened together by chains. Long bamboo poles driven into the river kept the various rafts in position. Along the front of the floating city was a covered walk, and here were many stalls loaded with fruit, rice, fish, and merchandise. But the citizens of Bangkok had not yet begun their daily buying and selling, all being intent just then on their morning swim. From the floating city to the banks the river was crowded with men, women, and children. It was a merry scene. Whole families were bathing together; fathers could be seen teaching tiny children of four or five to swim; boys and girls raced, dived, and splashed each other with the utmost good humour. I can assure you that I envied these happy people, and would gladly have given every *pice* I possessed to have been permitted to plunge into the cool water.

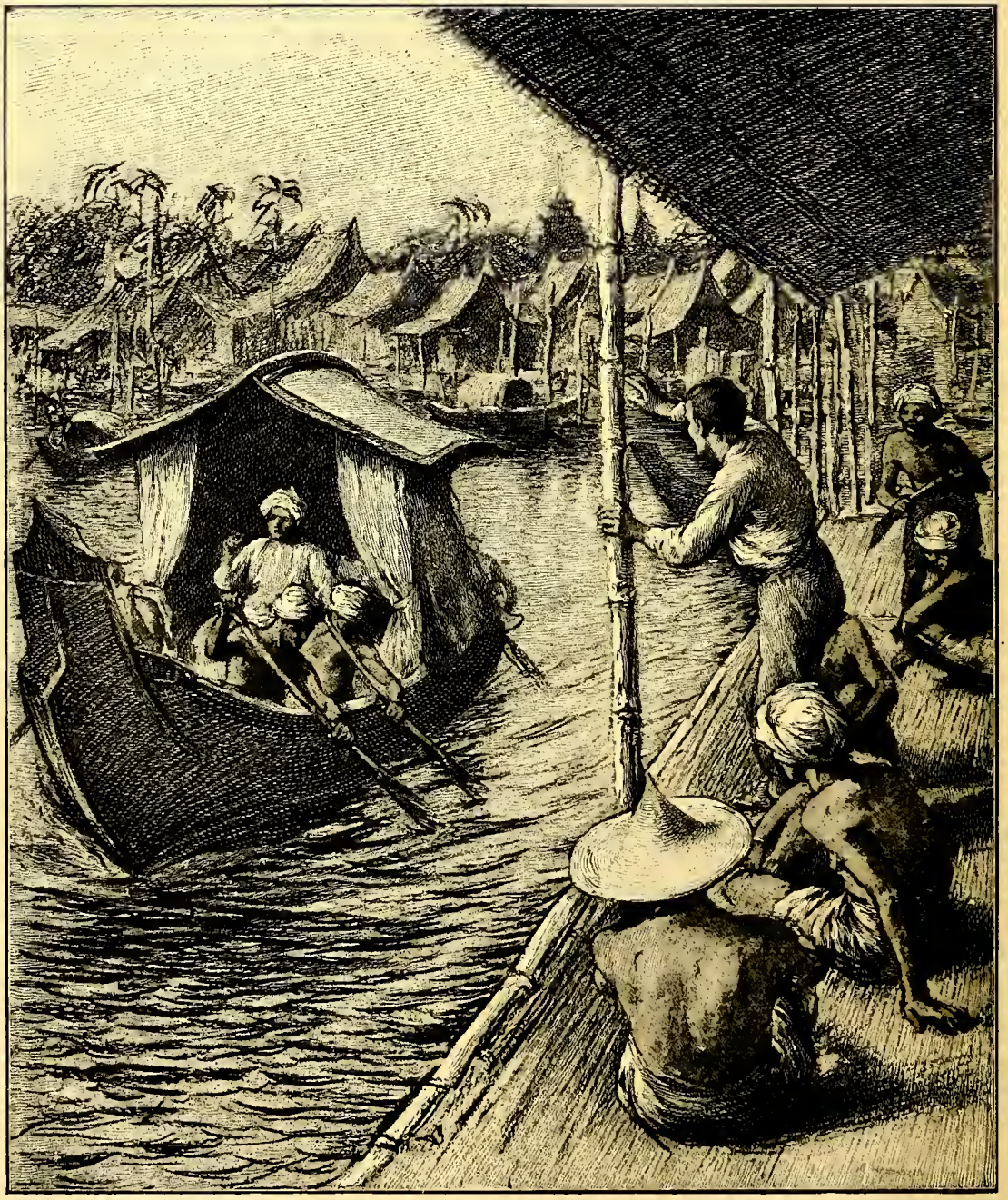
There were still hundreds of men, women and children in the water, when I saw several canoes approaching, in each of which was seated a yellow-robed, shaven-headed *talapoin*, or priest. These men, whom I recognised at once, for there is little difference between them and the *phoongyees* of Burma, had, I was aware, come round to collect offerings of food. They live entirely on the charity of the people, who give to them ungrudgingly, believing that by so doing they are ensuring for themselves a happier time in their next existence. They paddled their boats to the rafts, and, without glancing at the hut opposite which they had halted, waited for the expected gift. It was rarely that a *talapoin* had to wait more than a few moments before the woman of the hut hurried out and reverently placed some rice or other food in his canoe. Then, without a word of thanks, the *talapoin* would paddle on to his next halting-place.

I was watching the *talapoins* with great interest, wondering whether they were lazy rogues or really devout men who faithfully kept the vow of poverty which they had taken, when suddenly I noticed a very superior-looking canoe, rowed by eight men, coming up the river. Under a canopy reclined an Oriental, attired in a gorgeous Siamese costume. The boat was not travelling quickly, and, as it came nearer, I noticed that the occupant was scanning the huts somewhat eagerly. Then he caught sight of me and stared hard. At first I imagined that he was some high Siamese official who had come, out of curiosity, to catch a glimpse of the white prisoner, but in a few moments I recognised him. He was Menandez. Instantly I was filled with hope. Menandez was at liberty, and would surely help me to escape. He knew the country and the language, and was a very smart man; it would probably not be difficult for him to bring about my release. We had been great friends on the *Pride of Goa*, and I knew that he appreciated my treating him as if he were really a European. I remembered too, with satisfaction, that when I was alone on the burning ship, Menandez was the only man who showed any desire to save me.

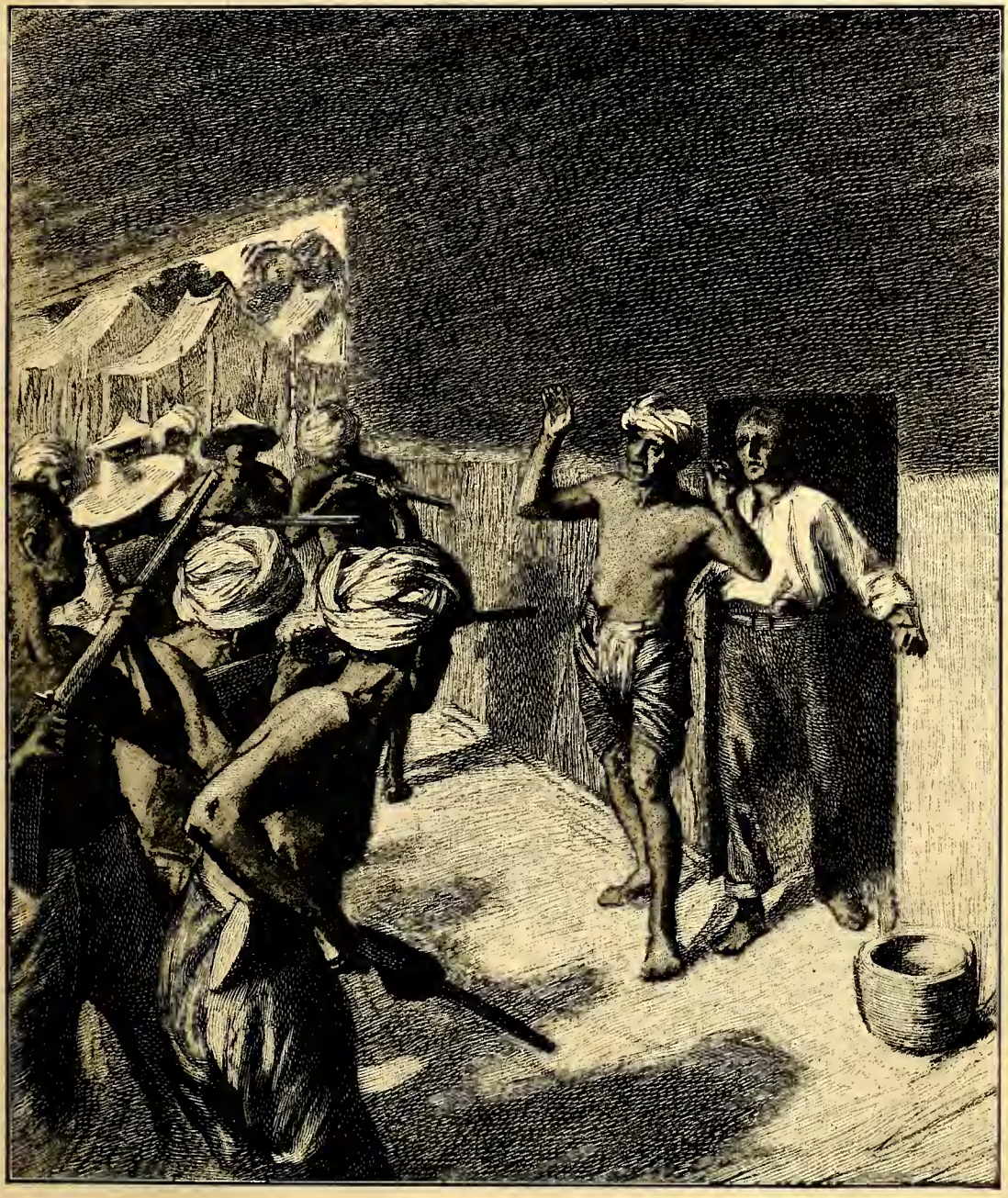
As the canoe came nearer, I waved my hand to Menandez, but to my amazement he took no notice of my greeting.

'Menandez!' I shouted, as the boat shot by, but he appeared not to hear me. Evidently he did not want it to be known that he was acquainted with me.

(*Continued on page* 58.)



"I waved my hand to Menandez, but he took no notice."



"Tom assured them I would not attempt to escape."

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 55.)

'WHO is that fellow?' Tom asked, noticing my excitement.

'Menandez, the skipper of the ship that was burnt near Paknam.'

'The black who says he's a Portuguese?'

'Yes.'

'Then you need not expect any help from him. I know these self-styled Portuguese; they are Portuguese among Europeans, and anti-Europeans when among their fellow-natives.'

'I believed that he was an exception to the rule.'

'They are plausible rogues. At any rate this fellow Menandez has shown himself in his true colours. I could tell you dozens of stories illustrating the rascality of these blacks masquerading as Europeans.'

'It's rather too late to warn me against any one,' I replied gloomily, more dispirited now than ever, and straightway returned to the hut, where, in spite of Tom's endeavours to cheer me, I sat for several hours brooding over the circumstances that led me towards an early and brutal death.

About mid-day, when the heat was terrible, I flung myself down on my mat to sleep, but I had scarcely lain there ten minutes when there was a terrific crash, a breaking of wood, and yells of fear and rage. I had been pitched off my mat by the shock, and before I had recovered from my surprise, Tom had looked out and discovered what had happened.

'A ship has fouled our raft, and broken it from its moorings,' he declared. 'We are now drifting down the river.'

My first thought was that this accident would possibly afford me an opportunity for escaping, and, jumping up, I hurried to the doorway, only, however, to find some thirty of my guards standing under the covered verandah.

On seeing me they raised their muskets to their shoulders, and they would have fired had not Tom assured them that I would not attempt to escape. I was somewhat indignant when he told me of the promise he had made on my behalf, but I soon discovered that his action had not robbed me of an opportunity for obtaining my liberty. To escape would have been impossible, for my guards were on the alert. Those who happened to be on the adjoining rafts when ours was cut adrift had taken to canoes and paddled after us, so that there were still two hundred men who were determined to kill me rather than let me escape.

Having satisfied myself that I was as closely guarded as before the accident, I gave up all hope of escaping, and turned my attention to the people who resided on the raft. They were half frantic; not because there was any great risk of their homes being wrecked, but because it would mean hard work getting the raft back to its moorings, and the Siamese hate hard work. Moreover, the people kept stalls, and it was a serious thing for them to find themselves suddenly drifting away from their customers. The men shouted and squabbled among themselves, as with long poles they guided the raft past the vessels riding at anchor in mid-stream. The women cried at being suddenly cut off from Bangkok society, and the children screamed with terror at the unusual excitement.

The tide was strong, and in spite of the efforts of the residents of the drifting huts the raft could not be stopped. Once it crashed into a big vessel, and the shock threw me and half-a-dozen of my guards into the water. I struck out instantly, but men, better swimmers than myself, soon seized me and dragged me back, with unnecessary roughness, to the raft, which was now free of the vessel and drifting rapidly down-stream. Entering my hut in which I was confined, I removed my clothes, and having wrung the water out of them, spread them in the sun to dry. While they were drying I slept, and did not wake until there was another shock, followed by a harsh, grinding sound. Hastily donning my clothes, I hurried out and found that my neighbours had succeeded in running the raft aground, and were now securing it by driving poles into the bed of the river.

'What will they do now?' I asked Tom Hutton.

'Wait until the tide turns, and then let the raft drift back to our old moorings,' he replied, and before twenty-four hours had elapsed my floating hut was back again in Bangkok.

CHAPTER IV.

It was early in the morning, three days after our raft had been brought back to its moorings, that Tom Hutton came to me, as I lay restlessly on my mat, and said in a quiet voice, 'Yahsley, you're to be taken before the King this morning.'

I sat up and looked at him. He was very pale, and turned away so that I should not see his agitation.

'Then before sunset I shall be dead,' I replied.

'Keep on hoping until the very last,' he urged, but I could see that he knew perfectly well that my chances of escape were gone.

Much to my surprise I did not feel alarmed now that the day, which I had been looking forward to with horror, had arrived. I had spent many sleepless nights thinking of the death in store for me, and praying for help and strength; but now I experienced a feeling of relief. Death, near at hand, did not appear to me so terrible as before. These were my feelings, and I have heard since of other men who have had a similar experience.

'Are you going to the palace with me?' I asked Tom Hutton.

'Yes,' he replied. 'I am to act as interpreter.'

'I suppose the King is not likely to be more reasonable than the Governor of Paknam?'

'I fear not. He will probably not permit you to speak, as you have already been tried. Nevertheless, I will say that you wish to make an explanation.'

'You have been a real friend to me, and I hope sincerely that it will not be long before you escape from this miserable country. If ever you do get back to England, I hope you will go to Plympton and tell my friends what became of me.'

Tom Hutton promised readily to do as I desired, and then busied himself in preparing our breakfast. When it was ready, I ate heartily, being determined to show the Siamese that I was not to be cowed by the prospect of torture and death. I even endeavoured to be cheerful, but poor Tom was in no mood to encourage me.

We had barely finished our breakfast when some of my guards entered the room and signed to me to pass out.

'The boat has come for you,' Tom said in a low tone.

'Perhaps we shall be separated and not have another chance of speaking to each other. Oh, Yabsley! I feel a miserable hound not to have managed to effect your escape!'

'My dear fellow,' I replied, 'it is not your fault that I have not escaped. If there had been the slightest chance of my escaping, I am certain you would have helped me. Good-bye.'

We grasped hands, but could not trust ourselves to speak another word. My guards, enraged at my delay, seized me and led me out of the building to a filthy-looking boat, in which sat six scantily-clothed oarsmen and steersman. Into this boat I was pushed, four men armed with *pras*, or hatchets, taking their seats round me. No time was now wasted. The boatmen plied their paddles and we shot out into the middle of the river, scores of canoes surrounding us. Tom, I noticed, was in a large canoe some fifty yards asteru.

(*Continued on page* 66.)

THE SEA-KINGS OF ENGLAND.

II.—JOHN HAWKINS: TWO VOYAGES TO THE WEST.

(*Concluded from page* 51.)

HAWKINS had by now finished his business at Rio de la Hacha, except for settling some accounts with the Treasurer. But he was not going to leave any opening for mishaps. He drew off his men at once, and took them aboard his ships. Early the next morning, he armed them, and set guns in the boat as before, and went ashore boldly. He demanded from the Treasurer a certificate saying that he had traded well and peaceably there; if it were not given, it was plain there would be fighting. Without any demur the Treasurer gave the certificate and came to terms with Hawkins over their accounts with one another; and the next day the English fleet set sail again, firing guns as a salute, and answered in a like manner by the townsmen.

Thus did John Hawkins find means to trade with the Spaniards, without coming to blows; and he made a great profit. But he was not only a trader, for in the later part of his voyage he came to the less-known parts of the mainland, and learnt what wealth awaited the man who would be bold enough to plant a colony there, where Spain had not yet made a settlement.

From Rio de la Hacha they sailed past Jamaica and Cuba, and got out of the course they had planned; for not only did they lose their bearings, but a storm came on and drove them west and north, to the coast of Florida. They crept along, hugging the shore, and presently came to a great Indian settlement. They wondered greatly at the customs of the Indians; they saw for the first time how to make fire by rubbing two sticks together, and how the skin could be tattooed in bright colours, and how the Indian bow could be shot off round a tree, the man standing behind the trunk with his arms round it, holding the bow on the other side, so that his body was shielded. They saw also another marvel which men at home in Europe had never beheld: the Indians used a hollow cane with an earthern cup at one end, in which they put a 'kind of herb, dried'; they lit the herb, and 'sucked through the cane the smoke thereof.' That was the first sight Englishmen had of tobacco-smoking: certain French settlers in Florida, who had actually tested this strange practice, said that it made them ill.

It was these Frenchmen who showed Hawkins how rich the land was. They were a party of soldiers, who coming out from France to plunder the Spanish treasure ships, had through pride and carelessness been surprised by the Spanish, and scattered. Some few, a little over twoscore, fled to Florida, where they lived in great want and in danger from the Indians, who were hostile to them. They were helpless as far as work went. 'Being soldiers,' says the man of Hawkins' crew who described all these things, 'they desired to live by the sweat of other men's brows.' But they knew enough to tell Hawkins that the country contained gold and pearls and silver, gum, myrrh, frankincense, all manner of herbs, corn and grapes in great plenty, deer and many kinds of game, and 'lions and tigers, as well as unicorns.'* In the rivers were fine fish—salmon, trout and sword-fish; and in the air were flamingoes, pelicans, and egrets, whose feathers were prized more highly than the ostrich's.

So Hawkins sailed along the shores of the wonderful New World, often in danger, often at a loss, yet never losing heart or ceasing to store in his clever mind the meaning and value of the things he saw. New riches were coming to Europe, new foods, new luxuries, new products which to-day are the necessaries of life. On he voyaged, wondering and planning; he came in August to Newfoundland, and thence he fared across the Atlantic, home again: and at last, says John Sparke, after a whole year's absence, 'with a good large wind the 20th September [1565] we came to Padstow, in Cornwall, God be thanked in safety, with the loss of twenty persons in all the voyage, and with great profit to the venturers of the said voyage, as also to the whole realm, in bringing home both gold, silver, pearls, and other jewels, great store: His name, therefore, be praised for evermore. Amen.'

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Events of the Year 1811.

II.—A CUNNING STRATAGEM.

THE *Times* of 1811 has a story of a Quaker living at Epping, who, being afraid (as were most Englishmen at that time) of the landing of Bonaparte, resolved to hide two hundred pounds in Epping Forest.

Being a prudent man, however, and thinking it possible that he might die, or be killed by the enemy, he thought he would let one other person know where the money was hidden, and he fixed upon his neighbour—a smith—who had a great character for honesty.

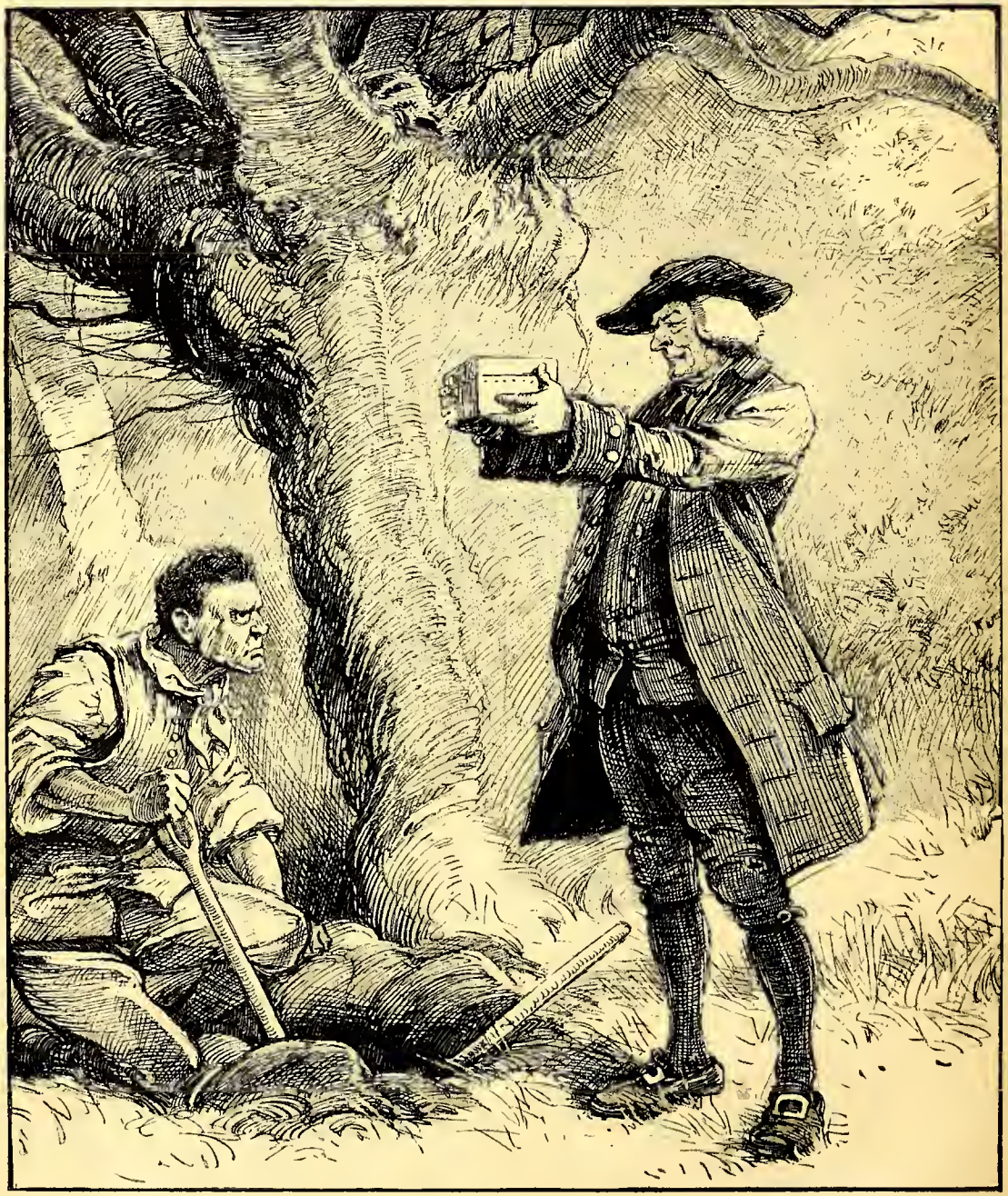
With this man as companion the Quaker buried his money beneath an old oak in the forest, carefully covering up the ground so that no traces of digging should appear.

The smith was by no means as honest as people imagined, and the next morning, very early, he went and took the two hundred pounds away, not thinking that the Quaker would be likely to suspect any one so soon.

But anxiety soon led the Quaker to visit his hoard, and of course he discovered his loss. Naturally he then suspected the smith, but instead of accusing him the crafty Quaker paid him a visit, and said he had thoughts of soon visiting the oak again, and putting fifty pounds more to his hoard.

The smith immediately went and replaced the two

* By the unicorn the American bison is probably meant.



"'I find thou goest and comest,' he exclaimed, addressing his little box of treasure."

hundred pounds, meaning by-and-by to fetch it away, with the additional fifty pounds.

So when the two men went together to deposit the fifty pounds, the other money was found safely there.

The Quaker was overjoyed at the success of his stratagem. 'Ah, my friend!' he exclaimed, addressing his little box of treasure, 'I find thou goest and comest; but for fear that thee shouldest go and never return, I will e'en take thee home, for I think thou art as safe in my house as in Epping Forest.'

"Agnes waved and shouted."

HARRY'S OBSTINACY.

'OH, what a glorious morning!' exclaimed Harry. 'I vote we take advantage of it. We have done nothing worth speaking of yet since we have been at Shingness. Let's go out in a boat.'

'If Claude will come with us,' said Agnes. 'But I believe he is going bicycling.'

'Oh, bother Claude! We shall never do anything if we wait for him. Come on, Agnes.'

'Mother said we were not to go alone.'

'I know. But to-day is so still, the sea will be like a duck-pond. If she were here I would ask her. As it is, I'll take the responsibility.'

Agnes hesitated, but the sight of Harry running gaily down the foreshore towards the sunny beach was too much for her. Smothering a qualm, she followed him. On the way she met her friend, Elsie Cameron, and of course she came, too.

Harry had bargained with the red-haired old boatman for a broad beach-boat when the girls joined him.

'You can take them all right, eh?' the boatman asked.

'Oh, yes,' answered Harry. 'I scull at school, you know.'

So they all scrambled in, and were pushed off. It was a delightful sensation to glide away through the green water, and, when the bathers were left behind, and they were skirting the pier-head, Agnes's last scruple died, and she gave herself up to enjoyment. Dahbling her fingers through the water, she watched the tiny fish that now and again swam past them.

'I am going to make for that headland we have seen from the windows,' Harry said. 'Don't lean over, Agnes. This old tub is pretty heavy as it is.'

Away beyond them lay the headland, its fascinating edge of red sandstone, fringed with overhanging vegetation, jutting out into the sea. After a quarter of an hour's steady pulling, however, Harry was surprised to see, as he glanced over his shoulder, that it seemed just as far from them as ever. Ten minutes more and he was obliged to give in for a time. Pulling in his oars, he acknowledged that the short stroke he had been trying to do was irksome after the long river one he was used to.

'Suppose we drift into that inlet,' he suggested, pointing at a sunny little cove that lay nearer than the headland.

The girls were pleased at the prospect of landing and exploring a new place. Harry turned the boat's nose round slowly and with some difficulty, and they began going towards the desired spot. It looked particularly smooth and inviting, and the sunbeams were dancing on the pebbly beach. When they were within a few yards of the shore Harry said, 'I see now that the headland is a much longer one than I thought. I dare say it runs half a mile or more out to sea.'

'Oh, surely not!' said Elsie. 'Why, I can see the ferns growing on the top.'

'Yes, but that is nowhere near the end. Look at that ship, how small it appears. It is just off the land there, anchored; and I think we had better land here, and not attempt to go on round the headland.'

So they pulled the boat through the shallow water, Agnes and Elsie having taken off their stockings and shoes delightedly. Harry secured it by ramming the hook at the end of the rope into the sand. Then they had a fine time. First one, then the other jumped on to the smooth slabs of rock lying in the warm, sunny water. Elsie found a small jelly-fish, and Harry was nipped by a crab.

'I'll race you to that green stripe in the water!' cried Harry.

Off went the girls, and found running in the stream was not half so easy as they thought. Down went Agnes, wetting her sleeves to the shoulder. She got up, laughing, and, seeing that the others had run towards a hole in the sands above, followed them. Behind the holes were fascinating little streamlets, filled with tiny fish, and with these the children played for some time. Then Agnes exclaimed, 'What can the time be? I'm sure we ought to go home!'

Harry evidently thought so, too, for he ran off round the corner to the boat. It was beginning to slip out to sea, and he thought they were fortunate when they had all managed to scramble in safely. But he changed his mind before they had well left the shore. Outside the calm water they drifted into a rushing current, and strive and struggle as he would he could not prevent the boat carrying them rapidly away towards the head and. The girls' faces became white with terror. A few awful minutes passed. How long the headland loomed before them, stretching its narrow neck far away! Would the current lead them straight into it? Would they smash? Would they stick on a sandbank? The possibilities darted through Harry's brain. His strength was giving way. Soon he must drop the oars and cower, helpless, before the eddying water that was drawing them on. Soon—and then an idea came to him.

'Stand up, Agnes,' he commanded, 'and wave your handkerchief and shout! If only that ship sees us we may be rescued.'

Agnes got up, trembling, and waved and shouted till she was hoarse. Then Elsie did the same, and suddenly, just as their hearts were sinking within them and hope was dying, an answering shout came ringing over the water. The ship was putting out a boat to their relief!

How long it took to reach them, how near they were to those destroying rocks, the children never knew. Worn out and sick, Harry crouched with his eyes covered. Terrified Agnes and Elsie fixed their eyes upon the oncoming boat. Then came the splendid moment when they were successfully pulled out of the rapid cross-currents, which had caught them, and taken, with easy strokes, to the anchored ship.

'Whoever let you out in that old tub and didn't warn you of the green headland deserves to hear of it,' remarked their rescuer, swinging Elsie on deck. 'Do you know it is one of the most dangerous spots on this bit of coast?'

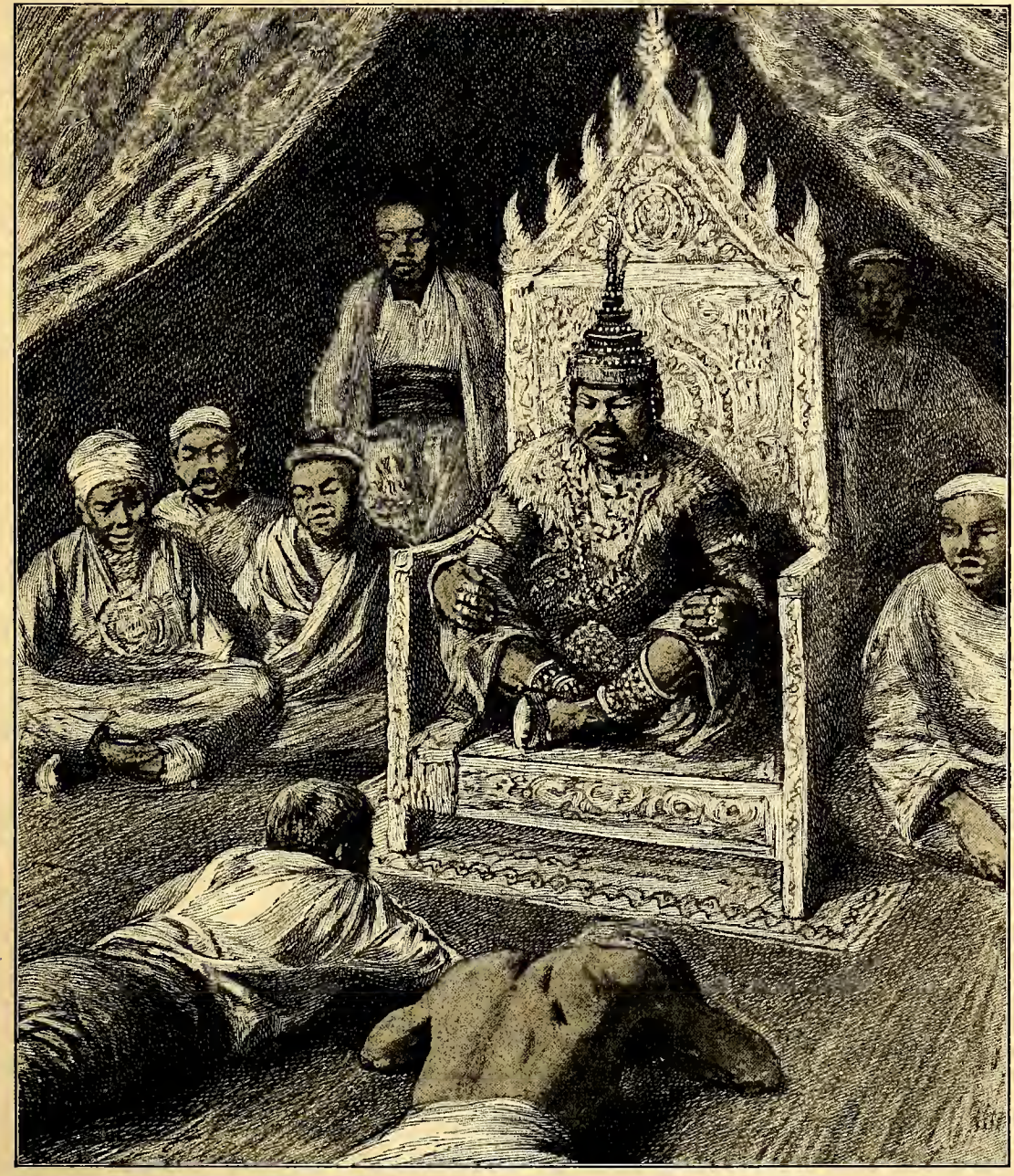
'No, I didn't know,' said Harry, climbing aboard himself, and looking very white and shaken. 'But I am afraid if anything more serious had happened it would have been my fault; for we had been specially told never to go out in a boat alone, and I was determined to see if I could not manage as well as anybody else. I shall never be such a fool again, though.'

STRANGE FOOD.

PERHAPS the most singular food for human beings is the larva of a fly which is common in parts of California. The insect is found in such vast quantities in Lake Mono that it is washed upon the shores, and can be collected in bushels.

The water of Mono is very singular, seemingly heavy and smooth like oil, so much so that it resists ordinary wind and refuses to become ruffled. When the larvæ begin to appear, Indians gather from far and near and scrape them up, place the worm-like creatures on cloths and racks in the sun and dry them, when they are beaten up and husked, looking then like rice. The Indians call the food 'Kooh-chah-hee,' and many bushels are collected at this time.

That larvæ are nutritious is shown by the condition of the Indians, who soon grow fat on the rich diet.



"The King was not very majestic in appearance."

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 59.)

OF my journey up the river to Bangkok there is not much to be said. The natives swarmed out in their canoes to catch sight of me, and from their actions I could see that they were jeering at me; but the only words I understood were those to which I had become accustomed—'water-rat.'

As we approached the bank I noticed several imposing-looking landing-stages, but our boat passed them and finally stopped alongside a broken-down and dirty platform. In spite of my weariness my guards hurried me along until the outer gate of the palace was reached. Here I was commanded to remove my boots and socks, and then forced to proceed bare-footed across the stony court to the next gate, where a military force was drawn up.

This body of men was the most comical military sight I had ever seen, and in spite of my serious position I could not refrain from smiling. The soldiers were of all sizes, ages, and shapes. Some were bent with age, a few were boys of about fifteen, one tallish fellow was knock-kneed, and near to him stood a fat, bandy-legged man proudly shouldering a flintless musket. The majority of the muskets were utterly useless, and, but for the men who carried spears and hatchets, the force would have been almost as harmless as a box of toy soldiers.

This strange force escorted me to a large enclosure, where I was handed over to the charge of a really smart-looking body of men armed with spears. Behind these warriors was a row of elephants, on each of which sat two spearmen, and in the rear of the elephants was a native band making a hideous noise with drums, trumpets, horns, and cymbals.

For fully an hour they detained me in this enclosure. I assure you that it was a terribly trying time for me, as some of the warriors were preparing for use, full in my sight, various instruments of torture. I grew desperate, and was watching for an opportunity to snatch a spear from one of the warriors and run amok, in the hope of being killed in the struggle, when a trumpet sounded, and I was roughly pushed forward to the entrance to the hall of audience. On the threshold I was forced down on to my stomach and compelled to crawl forward in this position. My progress was very slow, and in a few moments I was overtaken by another crawler. I glanced at him and saw to my surprise that he was Tom Hutton. The poor fellow was terribly pale. Neither of us spoke, but crawled onwards in silence until within a few yards of a gorgeous, gold-embroidered curtain, stretched across the hall, when we were commanded to halt.

For a few minutes I lay gazing at the curtain. Then suddenly it was drawn aside, and I beheld the King of Siam, the Brother of the Moon, seated cross-legged on a beautiful, red-cushioned, ivory throne. He was not very majestic in appearance, being fat and bloated. It was soon evident to me that his Majesty was as interested in me as I was in him, for, after staring at me for a brief space, he made some remarks concerning me to his high officials, who had now assumed a sitting posture. The nature of these I do not know, but I imagine that they were not complimentary.

'What are they saying?' I whispered to Tom. But he did not reply. I do not blame him, for the words had scarcely passed my lips when some official behind me gave me six smart cuts on the back with a cane.

Tom was now pointed out to his Majesty as the interpreter, but the despot did not deign to address him. The royal words were considered very precious, and had to pass through the mouths of several courtiers before reaching their destination. His Majesty whispered some words to the courtier nearest the throne, who in turn whispered them to another beside him. After being whispered by seven courtiers, the King's words reached Tom Hutton, who instantly interpreted them to me, 'Tell the presumptuous water-rat that he is to be thrown into a tub of boiling oil.'

'I am in his Majesty's power,' I replied, 'and must die the death he ordains; but I beg him to give me permission to state how it was that I chanced to land at Paknam.'

My reply was treated in the same way as his Majesty's words, not with the idea of showing respect to me, but so that the courtiers might judge whether the message was fit to reach the ears of their master. I waited anxiously for the royal answer to my petition. It came at last. 'The Brother of the Moon and the Lord of the White Elephant will deign to hear the lying words of the vile water-rat.'

'Tom,' I exclaimed eagerly, 'tell him why I landed at the Paknam fort; you know the story. If he possesses a grain of honour, he will release me when he has heard it.'

I have no doubt that Tom Hutton explained clearly my presence on the island of Paknam, but the story either became changed in the re-telling, or was regarded as an invention, for his Majesty received it with laughter, in which his servile courtiers joined.

My last ray of hope was gone, and I expected every moment to be seized and dragged away. My heart was beating wildly. I made a strong effort to become calm, and murmured a prayer to God to give me strength to bear whatever was in store for me.

The King, having ceased laughing, was now talking earnestly to two of his state officials, arranging, I imagined, the method of my punishment. But suddenly, in the middle of their conversation, I heard a familiar voice address his Majesty, and, looking round, I saw that the speaker was Ramon Menandez.

Remembering Tom Hutton's sweeping assertion that every black in Siam who wore European clothes was a rascal, I felt that Menandez's presence was not due to any friendly interest in me. In fact, it occurred to me that he intended to urge some new offence against me in the hope of currying favour with the despot before whom we were gathered. Certainly the King paid great attention to the speech which Menandez was uttering, and, glancing at Tom, I saw that he, too, was deeply interested—his air of dejection had given place to one of cheerfulness.

'What is he saying?' I whispered anxiously; but he did not reply, though he signed to me to remain silent.

At the conclusion of Menandez's speech the King entered into conversation with my former skipper, and for fully ten minutes they talked eagerly, the courtiers listening with rapt attention.

My anxiety to know what was being said became intense, and I was about to make another appeal to Tom for information when the curtain was drawn, and the King was lost to our sight. The Siamese made obeisance to the curtain which hid their sovereign, but

Tom sat up, and, grasping my right hand, exclaimed joyfully,

'You're pardoned! Menandez has saved your life!'

It is easy for you to understand my feelings on hearing the good news. Never was a man happier than I was at that moment.

'Tell me what Menandez said to the King!' I exclaimed.

Here is Menandez,' Tom replied; 'he will tell you.'

'You've had a narrow escape,' the skipper declared as he shook hands with me.

'I know it,' I replied; 'and I understand that I owe my escape to you.'

'There's no doubt about that,' Menandez declared. 'I have got you out of a hole and into a first-class job.'

(*Continued on page* 78.)

ANIMAL GEOGRAPHY.

II.—ANIMAL LIFE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

IN my school-days, Geography, of course, took its place with other dreary lessons, dreary because we had to commit to memory scores of uninteresting and meaningless facts. Some of them I happen to remember still, and they are quite useless additions to my stock of knowledge of things in general. But my teachers probably felt just as little interest in the subject. They could not have had a glimmering of an idea of what a fascinating theme they had within their grasp. But now all this is changed for me. I find the study of maps delightful, for I have gradually learned a new use for them. That is to say, I disregard political boundaries, and study the position of land and water as Nature has partitioned them out among the birds and beasts. This is the study of 'Zöo-geography.' It was first founded by one of our countrymen, Dr. P. L. Sclater, who is happily still living, though many other distinguished men have added to the store of facts that have been collected since the ball was set rolling, so to speak. Much of my meaning you will guess at once, having, I hope, read Chapter I. of this series,* giving an outline of the world divided, not by political boundary lines, but according to the animal life which distinguishes this or that area from neighbouring areas. Now we are to follow this out in more detail, and try and understand the why and the wherefore of it all.

Let us make a beginning by selecting a few illustrations from our own country—Great Britain and Ireland. In parts of Cornwall and Devon is to be found a curious little beetle, one of the weevil tribe: go to the nearest museum and ask to see a specimen—its scientific name is *Rhopalomesites tardyi*. It is very rare, but it is found also in parts of the south-west of Scotland, and the Isle of Man, and in Ireland, where, as you may gather from the map (fig. 1), it is exceedingly common, so much so as to be a positive pest. Why does it find the soil of Ireland so much more congenial, and why, if England and Scotland suit it so little, has it not disappeared altogether? Climate seems to have something to do with it, for you will notice that in Great Britain it haunts just those areas which have the mildest climate. Another beetle, the 'running beetle' (*Pelophila borealis*), in Scotland is only found on rare occasions in quite a small area; but in the north and west coast of Ireland it is common. Similarly, there is a beautiful dragon-fly (*Somatochlora asetica*) which is found only in Perthshire and Inverness-shire, and at Killarney in Ireland. Among plants we find a pipewort (*Eriocaulon septangulare*) which is met with chiefly in the south-west of Ireland in lakes and bog-pools near the sea, and further north in Donegal. In Scotland it turns up again in the islands of Skye and Coll, off the west coast.

Finally, in Ireland alone there is found a beautiful orchid, known as 'Irish lady's tresses' (*Spiranthes Romanzoffiana*)—(I give these dreadful-sounding Latin names for the benefit of those who may wish to look them up in books or museums). Take again the history of that charming little flower, the 'London Pride.' Few save the expert botanists know that this plant grows wild in Ireland, but probably fewer still know that it is found wild nowhere else in Europe save in the Pyrenees and in some parts of Spain and Portugal (fig. 2). How it travelled all the way thence to Ireland you may be able to see presently, after reading the history of the British Fresh-water Herring.

Among birds, the butcher-bird, or red-backed shrike (*Lanius collurio*), breeds in many parts of England, but in Ireland it will be sought for in vain. The common lizard is the only reptile found in Ireland. In England we have three species of lizards and three snakes. But the sand lizard, which is found only in England, is confined to Dorset, Hampshire, Surrey, and Lancashire, and is to be met with only in suitable localities. The handsome little roedeer is to be found only in Northern England and Scotland; it is absent from Ireland. The dormouse, the water-rat, harvest-mouse, and weasel, and the ptarmigan among the birds, are others which failed to gain an entry into the Emerald Isle. Why? The common newt is the only newt, and the Natterjack toad the only toad found in Ireland.

Now, from these samples it is clear there are many things to be looked into before we can hope to understand these curiosities of distribution. They are so many instances of 'discontinuous' distribution, in the first place. This term is used to express the fact that, though the area of distribution may be large, the animals in question are to be met with only in isolated parts of it. The house-sparrow, on the other hand, affords an instance of continuous distribution; for there are few spots in Great Britain and Ireland where it will not be seen. How are we to account for these breaks in the continuity of distribution? Climate in some cases, at any rate, is a factor. But this, in the case of the animals and plants now under discussion, only goes a very small way towards a solution. It can have had nothing to do with the absence of snakes in Ireland. The wide stretch of sea between England and Ireland may account for the absence of the mole in Ireland, but it does not account for its absence in the northern part of Scotland. The beetles which we have mentioned may have flown across from England, but this is unlikely. How did they get there?

The history of certain fresh-water herrings may help us. These are represented in fresh-water lakes in Great Britain and Ireland by several species, all closely related. How, being fresh-water fish, did they gain entrance into Ireland, guarded all round by the salt sea? How did they gain access to the various lakes in England and Scotland?

If you will turn to a good modern map of Ireland,

* See page 2.

you will probably find the sea mapped out in two colours—pale blue round the coasts, pale blue along the

Fig. 1.—Where the Rhopalomesites beetle is found.

Scotch, English, and Welsh coasts, and darker blue between. The pale blue indicates shallow water; the dark, deep water. And we have reason to believe that the pale-blue margin was once land, and that the deep middle portion of the sea was once shallower. More than this, we have evidence to show that in the dim and distant past there was continuous land between Great Britain and Ireland, and that this land stretched away southwards where now the English Channel is; so that what we now call the British Islands was part of a continuous land-surface with the Continent of Europe.

The map given here (fig. 3) will explain this. What are now the British Islands are white; the dotted area represents the land now under the sea. The lined part is the deeper water of the main Atlantic. In those far-off days there ran a great lake midway between Great Britain and Ireland, and into this drained rivers running from smaller lakes in what is now Ireland on the one hand, and Scotland, England, and Wales on the other. This being so, the fish in the Great Central Lake were free to migrate into the lakes lying east and west. This they did, and then gradually the sea ate up more and more of the coast of that great land, and finally cut off Ireland from Great Britain, and Great Britain from the Continent, and at the same time cut off all further

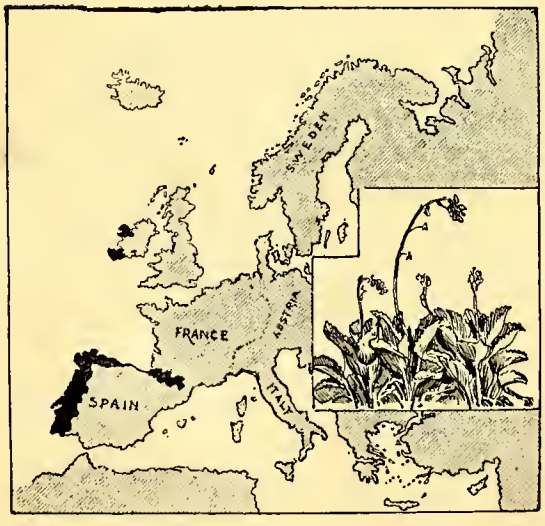


Fig. 2.—Where "London Pride" grows wild.

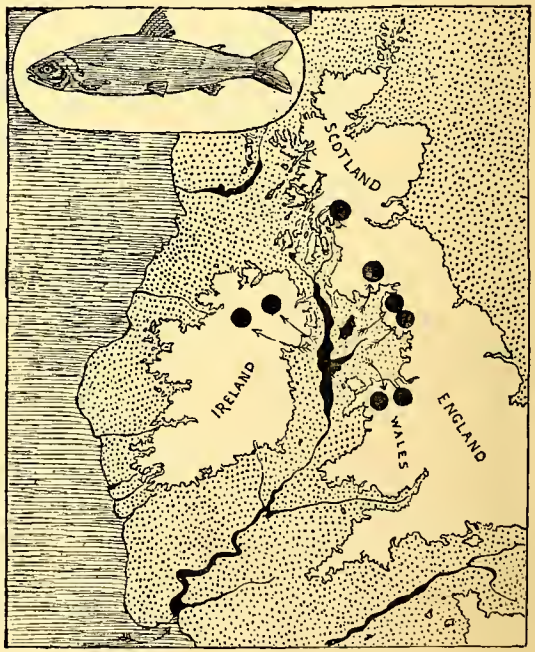
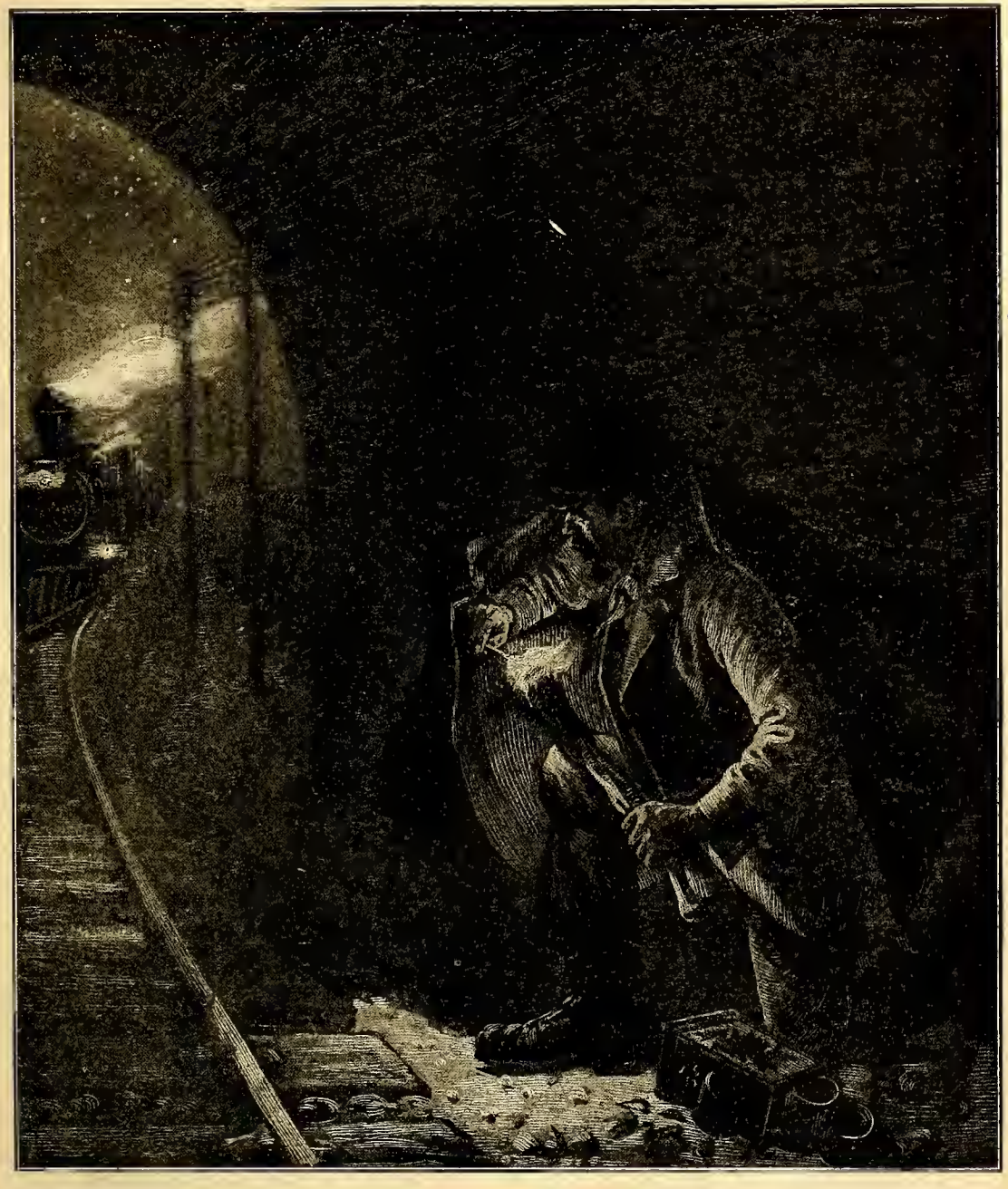


Fig. 3.—How the Fresh-water Herring found his homes.

migration of animals that could not fly or pass through salt water.

Thus, then, we have to look for influences of climate and barriers to migration in endeavouring to puzzle out the riddles of Geographical Distribution; and, in addition to these, we have also to take into account the question of food supply. Such are the problems we are to deal with in our further study of the distribution of animals over the world's surface.

W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.



"The flame caught the paper."

ONE MATCH AND AN OLD NEWSPAPER.

THIS is the story of what once befell a railway man in America.

The man's duty was to inspect a bridge and a tunnel every evening, and to see that all was safe. One night of bitter frost and high wind, he went as usual to his task, with his lantern in his hand. The bridge was close against the tunnel, and, as he examined the line, he found, to his dismay, that through the action of the frost a rail had become loose. He could not repair the damage himself, and there was no time to get any one

else to repair it, for within a quarter of an hour a fast train would dash through the tunnel, and on to the bridge. What was to be done?

At first the man thought of waiting where he was, and stopping the train by waving his lamp; but it occurred to him that the tunnel might be full of smoke, which would prevent his signal from being seen. He therefore hurried through the long tunnel, and had almost reached the other end, when a sudden gust of wind drove him against the wall, broke his lamp, and extinguished his light. He felt in his pocket, and found there one match—only one!—and an old newspaper. If, he thought, he could light this paper, and set it flaring in the darkness, it would attract the engine-driver's eye.

There were but a few moments left. On his knees, the anxious, trembling man implored the help of God on behalf of the approaching travellers who, all unconsciously, were rushing towards the danger ahead. And now he heard the thunder of the on-coming train. He held out his great-coat to shelter the light from the wind, and with a quivering hand he struck his one precious match. It flickered for a moment, then the flame caught the paper, and the man waved it above his head with hoarse, wild shouts. The engine-driver saw the flame; he understood that it was a signal. The whistle sounded, the brake was applied, and the train was saved! E. D.

THE CLOUD AND THE DAISY.

O CLOUDLET, rest above me,' a little Daisy said,
'For the sun has all day long been streaming down upon my head.
I feel quite faint and weary, and I long for something cool—
A breeze to blow about me, or some moisture from the pool.
If you could stay just where you are, between the sun and me,
I should feel so grateful, and quite happy I should be.
I know you're made of moisture, and could you but spare a few
Of your sweet, bright drops of water, I would grateful be to you.'

So the cloud that all the morning had been sailing through the sky
Just stopped above the Daisy, lest it should droop and die;
And the fierceness of the sunshine seemed altogether stayed,
And the cloudlet for the Daisy made a most refreshing shade.
Then by-and-by some drops of rain fell on the Daisy's face;
They freshened up its petals, and made them full of grace;
It really didn't seem the same poor, drooping little flower,
Such a wondrous change had taken place within one little hour.

Now, sunshine is a pleasant thing, as every child doth know,
And without it not a meadow-flower would ever bloom and blow;
But when the sun's been shining again and yet again,
Why, every one will welcome a little shower of rain.
And though the sky all black with clouds is not a lovely sight,
Yet clouds can be sweet ministers, and yield a pure delight;
For the realm of Love is very large, and varying in its aid,
And clouds that cannot give out light may yield a friendly shade. FRANK ELLIS.

THE FIRST ENGLISH ALUM-WORKS.

ALUM plays an important part in many industries. It is especially useful to the dyer. A first-class dye is not merely a coloured liquid which stains the cloth which is dipped into it, but one which at the same time combines with the cotton or woollen fibres, of which the cloth is made, in such a way as to give a permanent colour to them. Such a dye is said to be a 'fast' dye, because it resists the fading or bleaching action of the sun, and is not removed when the cloth is washed with soap and water.

There are many substances which, when they are dissolved in water, will give beautiful tints to cloth; but, unfortunately, as soon as the cloth is washed, the colour disappears, just as the ordinary soil-marks disappear, and the cloth is left without colour. As we might expect, some dyes are much more permanent than others; but when a dye has in itself no permanence it can sometimes be made 'fast' by the use of some intermediate substance which has an affinity for the cloth on the one hand and for the dye on the other. Such substances are called 'mordants,' and alum is one of them. If a piece of cotton be dipped in a solution of madder, it is stained a beautiful red, but the colour will wash out. If, however, the cotton be dipped in a suitable preparation of alum, and then in the madder, the colour will be 'fast,' or permanent.

Alum has been used in England for this and other purposes for several centuries, but down to the reign of Queen Elizabeth all our alum was obtained from abroad. At that time the greater part of it probably came from alum-works in Italy. These works, situated at Civita Vecchia, Puzzuoli, and other places, had at one time supplied most of the countries of Western Europe, and they were a source of great profit, in consequence of which many efforts were made to guard the secrets of the manufacture. But by the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign the secrets were leaking out, and alum-works were being established in other countries, such as Spain and Germany. There were also older works in Turkey and the Levant, with which England had a more or less uncertain trade.

It would be difficult to explain fully how alum was then made, but I may briefly outline the different processes carried on in the Italian works. A certain kind of earth, known as alum-stone, or alum-shale, was dug up and roasted. The earth, or what remained of it, was then dissolved in water, and the solution was boiled in leaden vessels, after which it was run into wooden vats, and allowed to evaporate. As the evaporation proceeded, crystals of alum formed from the solution, and these were collected for export and for use.

Knowing that Italy derived great profits from her alum-works, the English were anxious to set up alum-

works of their own. We know that many speculators were engaged in this enterprise, but they were baffled in various ways, chiefly because they could not discover the right kind of shale. The man who eventually succeeded was Sir Thomas Chaloner, the younger. He was the son of a soldier who had been knighted at the battle of Pinkie in 1547, and three years later had received a grant of the lands of Guisborough Priory, near Saltburn, in Yorkshire. His son was brought up as a soldier and a courtier, and spent four years in foreign travel. He, like his father, was knighted for his services in the field, but he was something more than a soldier. He knew a good deal about natural history and chemistry—enough, indeed, to entitle him to be called a scientist.

About the year 1597 he set out upon a tour, in the course of which he visited Italy, and saw the alum-works at Puteoli, or Puzzuoli. He made good use of his powers of observation, and he was especially impressed with one thing: the vegetation growing near the alum-shale was tinged in a peculiar way, and he thought that he had noticed the same peculiarity at home, near Guisborough. When he returned to Guisborough he made a careful investigation, and was rewarded by the discovery of a bed of alum-shale at a place called Belman Bank, near to the town. As no one at home knew how to manufacture alum, Sir Thomas Chaloner procured a number of workmen from Rochelle, and with their help he set up the first alum-works in England. The industry proved very profitable, and at one time as many as eight hundred workmen were employed.

Sir Thomas Chaloner received many marks of favour from James I., and was appointed tutor to his eldest son, Henry. In the following reign the alum-works were claimed by the Crown, and though at a later time Sir Thomas's descendants regained possession, rival undertakings had then greatly reduced their profits. Nevertheless, the making of alum was kept up in this district until far on into the nineteenth century.

THE SEA-KINGS OF ENGLAND.

III.—JOHN HAWKINS: THE AFFRAY AT SAN JUAN.

IT was in Hawkins' third voyage to the West that open conflict between him and the might of Spain broke out; but though the original fault was his, it was none of his doing that they came to blows. He set forth once again with the intent to sell negroes by trickery or by force to the Spanish colonists of the West Indies and the mainland. He sailed from Plymouth on October 2nd, 1567, with six ships—himself in the *Jesus*, Francis Drake in the *Judith*, and the *Minion*, the *Angel*, the *William and John*, and the *Swallow*. On the Guinea coast they collected, not without difficulty, some four or five hundred negroes—the story of their efforts shows what a merciful thing it is that slavery has been abolished—and in February of the following year they left Africa for the West Indies. On the way they lost the *William and John*, and heard no tidings of her during all the rest of the voyage.

In March they reached Hispaniola, and thence proceeded much as before, trading at various ports in spite of Spain's orders to the contrary, until they arrived again at Rio de la Hacha. Here the Governor firmly refused to allow any trade, and would not even permit the Englishmen to take in fresh water; whereupon Hawkins entered the town forcibly, and at night traded secretly with those of the Spaniards who dared to come to him. He sold two hundred negroes here.

Thence they sailed on to Cartagena, but trade was refused there also, and as Hawkins had now sold a good part of his cargo, and was anxious to avoid the hurricane season in those parts, they did not delay there, but sailed towards the coast of Florida. But as they rounded the west end of Cuba, they came in for a terrible storm, which lasted four days, and damaged the *Jesus* so sorely that they almost resolved to abandon her. They struggled on, however, and steered for San Juan de Ulloa, or Vera Cruz, the chief port of Mexico, which they entered on the sixteenth of September.

San Juan was the only harbour on all that coast, and even it was not good. The prevailing north winds were of great violence and force, and unless the ships were very securely moored, there was no escape from destruction in a gale. Opposite the town itself, two bowshots distant, lay a little rocky island, not more than three feet above sea-level at its highest, and hardly a bowshot across at its widest. This island was the only safe anchorage. It was not then defended, though after Hawkins' departure the Spaniards built a strong fort upon it.

Hawkins entered the harbour boldly, seized the island, and took possession of twelve treasure-ships which lay there; they were said to contain two hundred thousand pounds in silver and gold. But he did not keep them: he wished to give an appearance of peaceful intentions, especially as the Spaniards, who were expecting a strong Spanish fleet to arrive, had at first welcomed him under the impression that he and his men were their fellow-countrymen. He let the treasure-ships go, keeping only two men of substance as hostages. He sent off swift messengers to Mexico itself, the capital city, two hundred miles distant, to say that he had been driven to San Juan by stress of weather, and only sought to refit and revictual. He hoped (he added) that when the expected Spanish fleet arrived, the authorities would see that no cause of quarrel arose between his men and theirs.

The very day after his messengers went off, Hawkins saw at the mouth of the haven thirteen Spanish ships of war. 'Now,' said he to himself, 'I am in two dangers, and forced to receive one of them.' Either he must keep the Spaniards altogether out of the port—which in his strong anchorage he was very well able to do—or he must allow them to enter, and run the risk of attack. If they stayed outside, they would certainly be wrecked; and (since they had treasure on board) their value was great—one million eight hundred thousand pounds, a loss which would rouse great trouble between England and Spain, which were then at peace. Finally, he 'thought better to abide the uncertainty than the certainty,' and proceeded to make terms for the entry of the Spanish fleet. He proposed that (1) he should have freedom to trade; (2) he should be allowed to repair his ships; (3) he should keep the island in his possession all the time he was at San Juan (he had already, for safety's sake, planted eleven brass guns on it), and no armed Spaniard should land on it meanwhile; (4) twelve hostages should be exchanged on either side.

The Viceroy, who chanced to arrive at San Juan at this time, agreed to these terms. The two admirals met, and the agreement was proclaimed by the sound of trumpets.

(*Concluded on page* 74).

"The two admirals met."

"'Stand to your guns like men,' he cried to his gunners."

THE SEA-KINGS OF ENGLAND.

III.—JOHN HAWKINS: THE AFFRAY AT SAN JUAN.

(*Concluded from page* 71.)

FOR two days they laboured at making both fleets secure in the anchorage. But in that time Spain plotted treachery; a thousand men were secretly gathered together, and prepared to fall upon the English suddenly. It was on the morning of Thursday, September 23rd, 1568, that Hawkins grew suspicious. His men reported strange doings, the shifting of weapons from one Spanish ship to another, the planting of ordnance to command the English force on the island, the going to and fro of more men than were needed for the ordinary business of the day; and it was said that a number of men were hidden in a great ship of nine hundred tons that lay alongside the *Minion*. A message was sent to the Viceroy to inquire what was meant. He replied at once that everything that seemed suspicious should be done away with, and sent word that on the faith of a Viceroy he would defend the English against all villainy. But Hawkins was not satisfied. He sent Robert Barrett, sailing-master of the *Jesus*, a man who spoke Spanish well, to demand that the men in the great ship alongside the *Minion* should be at once withdrawn. Meanwhile the *Minion* was hastily made ready for sea.

Hawkins sat in his cabin awaiting the answer. With him were one John Chamberlain, and a Spaniard, Augustine de Villa Nova, at dinner. Hawkins suspected no treachery at his own table; but Chamberlain was watching the Spaniard. Suddenly a trumpet sounded. Though Hawkins did not know it, it was a sign that the Viceroy had seized Barrett and made him prisoner, and ordered an attack on the English. At the sound the Spaniard started up, and drew a poniard from his sleeve, and made as if to stab the English admiral. But before he could do any injury, John Chamberlain seized him, and wrested the dagger from him.

'Put him under guard,' said Hawkins, and hurried on deck.

All was confusion. Everywhere Spaniards were pouring into the English ships. On the island, a strong force set upon the English guard, slew them almost to a man, seized the guns, and in a little while turned them upon Hawkins' fleet. Three hundred men rushed into the *Minion* from the great ship alongside, and a fierce struggle for possession took place.

'God and St. George!' cried Hawkins to his men. 'Have at these treacherous villains! Rescue the *Minion*. I trust in God the day shall be ours!' And with that the sailors and soldiers leapt out of the *Jesus* into the *Minion* and drove out the Spaniards, and with a shot from the *Minion* fired the Spanish ship's magazine, so that well-nigh all the three hundred were blown to atoms.

The *Minion* and the *Jesus* cut their cables and fought their way towards the mouth of the harbour. Every ship had to fend for herself. They battled from ten in the morning till night. The *Angel* was sunk, the *Swallow* taken. Four Spanish ships were sunk, two set on fire; the flagship had seventy shots clean through her, and five hundred and forty Spaniards were slain. The *Jesus* had all her upper works and her mainmast carried away, and her hull so shattered that she was not seaworthy. But she placed herself between the *Minion* and the island, so as to take the brunt of the Spaniards' fire. Presently, as night fell, all the provisions and necessaries which could be moved were taken aboard the *Minion*, and Hawkins, with as many men as could find room, moved to her in a small boat. The rest had to be left to the mercy of the Spaniards, which was small: many were killed outright, the rest were captured; some of them were tortured, others sent to serve in the mines, or to prison; a few, after many years of hardship and suffering, found their way back to England.

The *Minion*, with the last of the fleet, the little *Judith*, in her company, was not yet safe. Presently she came to anchor out of range of the island, but within shot of the Spanish ships. Hawkins never ceased to cheer his men. At one moment he called to Samuel, his page, for ale. It was brought in a silver cup. 'Stand to your guns like men,' he cried to his gunners, lifting the cup to their health. Then he set it down on a barrel at his side. As he put it down, a culverin shot struck it clean away. 'Fear nothing,' cried Hawkins; 'God, who hath preserved me from this shot, will also deliver us from these traitors and villains.'

The night wore on. An off-shore breeze sprang up, and at last carried the two battered English ships out of range. For a day they made what repairs they could, at a safe distance; and on the Saturday they set sail.

They had little hope of life. There were many on board the two ships, with little victuals. Some desired to yield to the Spaniards: some sought to find a place where they could give themselves up to the savage natives: others had rather, with a little pittance, trust to the mercy of God at sea. So, with sorrowful hearts, they wandered in an unknown sea for many days, till hunger forced them to seek the land; before that time came, hides were thought very good meat among the starving men: rats, cats, mice, and dogs—nothing that could be got escaped; and parrots and monkeys, things of great price if they could have been brought to England, were valued only because they served a turn for one dinner.

On the eighth of October they landed at some unknown spot in the Gulf of Mexico. But they found neither people, victuals, nor haven of relief—only a place where with some peril they might land a boat. Such as desired to land were set ashore; the rest sought to continue the voyage homewards. There were a hundred in either party. Of those that chose to stay in the Spanish Main, all were captured by the Spaniards; only three are known to have survived: the rest perished miserably in various ways; and of those three only one, Job Hortop, saw England again, after twenty-three years of torture, persecution, slavery, and imprisonment.

The party that chose the homeward voyage sought to find water and victuals on shore. When, after long search, they found them, a storm arose, and it was three days before they could regain their ships. But after that they had fair weather for a month. They crawled miserably across the Atlantic, many dying of famine, hunger, and disease; and at last, on January 25th, 1569, they came safely into Mount's Bay, in Cornwall.

'Praised be God therefore,' says John Hawkins in his account: 'if all the miseries and troublesome affairs of this sorrowful voyage should be perfectly and thoroughly written, there should need a painful man with his pen, and as great a time as he had that wrote the lives and deaths of the martyrs.'

So ended Hawkins' third voyage to the West. The Englishmen had sought to trade by force and by stratagem; but the treacherous attack on them could not be forgiven. The news of it roused deep anger in England. Twenty years later, when the same two great captains, Hawkins and Drake, battered the vast Armada down the Channel and brought King Philip's pride to the dust, Spain had reason to be sorry for the affair of San Juan d'Ulloa.

HOW THE SPRING COMES.

A BLACKBIRD is trolling in yonder high tree:
'Ho! ho! Here is April, sweet April!' said he:
'The wind through the meadow is chasing with fun
The flocks of shy shadows, like sheep in the sun,
And if for the beauties of Spring you should search,
Come, climb it, come, climb it, and sit on my perch.'

A robin is piping, just hark to his glee:
'The Spring-time is with us, is with us,' says he:
'The elm leaves are budding so tiny and green,
And under yon lilac a bluebell is seen.
The Spring-time is with us, *again* I would say,
And Winter's last snow-wreath has melted away.'

The children are singing; how gaily they sing:
'Come out in the sunshine! Let's welcome the Spring!
Green field and blue sky! Gentle breezes that blow;
White drifts of sweet daisies, like Summer's first snow;
We love you, we love you too dearly for words,
But hark how your praises are sung by the birds.'

'Dear me!' cried the robin, as, checking his lay,
He peeped where the children were happy at play,
'I'd better start work, for it's easy to see
Those children don't want any lessons from *me*.
What songs ever piped with such praises can ring
As those of the heart that is gladdened by Spring?'

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

IN the Cathedral of St. Jean, France, there is an astronomical clock, which, although dating from the sixteenth century, is still at work. The exact date of its origin is unknown, but the earliest reference to it in the documents of the church is to the effect that in 1572 'the clock did not run any more.' This stoppage seems to have been but the beginning of many troubles, for it was not until twenty-six years later that a skilful mathematician of Basle set the whole affair going again. There are records of other repairs from time to time, and finally the old clock was completely restored in 1894. It has been going regularly ever since.

This clock is thirty feet in height. Its pendulum, about nine feet long, regulates the minute-hand of an oval dial, and also that portion of the astronomical works which comprises a calendar and an astrolabe. A small chime, tuned to the ordinary scale, is attached to the striking apparatus. But the most amusing part of this clock is its automatic figures. A crowing cock stands upon the summit of the structure. There is a beadle, who makes his rounds; there are statuettes to represent the days of the week. While the chimes are going, an angel beats time with head, foot, and wings. Another angel turns an hour-glass when the chimes have ceased playing.

SOME ENGLISH TREES.

II.—THE PINE AND FIR.

THE growth of trees of the pine family is so different from that of other trees, that it is recognised at a glance. The trunk is small in diameter compared with the great height, and full-grown trees have usually no branches up to a considerable distance from the ground. All firs as they grow older lose their lower boughs, and unlike most other trees, are unable to supply new ones. If an ash, elm, or poplar has its limbs lopped off, it will renew them as a star-fish grows new arms or an anemone new feelers, but the fir never reproduces what it has lost, just as a human being or an animal losing a leg or an arm goes without it to the end of life.

Pine-trees, however, have what I may call a compensation growth, for as the lower limbs decay, near the tree-top there appears a new growth of lateral, flat-spreading, horizontal branches which give these trees their peculiar umbrella-like appearance.

The leaves are long and narrow, shaped like needles, and prickly at the point, scaly where they join the stem. They grow in pairs, in threes, fours, and fives, according to the variety of tree. The sound of the wind sighing through this foliage is quite unlike that given by other trees, and is often alluded to by poets, the effect being a soft, continuous humming.

Pines usually grow in very exposed places, and seem indifferent to the fury of wind and storm; indeed, the timber of these trees varies according to the position of growth, those bearing the hardships of mountain-sides, poor soil and exposure, affording far more valuable wood than those grown in rich lowland ground, which has the effect of making the wood white in colour and weak in texture.

The pine with which we are most familiar in England is the Scotch Pine, or Scotch Fir, as it is often called, and the scent of these trees is considered good for chest and other diseases. Bournemouth in the south of England and Arcachon on the west coast of France owe their popularity to their sites amongst the pine-woods. The colouring of these pines is most beautiful, especially when gleams of sunlight penetrate the woods, and intensify the tints of the rich red-brown trunks and dark blue-green of the foliage.

Pine-trees flower in May, when the yellow pollen falls in gold-coloured showers, which were formerly considered to be showers of sulphur, alarming to the ignorant. The seeds grow in pairs at the base of each scale of the cones, which ripen at the end of the year, but are attached so firmly in their places that usually the cones have to be subjected to great heat in kilns before the seeds can be extracted.

This peculiarity makes them of little use for bird food, excepting in the case of the crossbill, whose beak seems specially adapted for picking out pine seeds.

Scotch Pines afford many valuable products—turpentine, tar, pitch, resin, and lampblack—all of which have uses in the commercial world. Highland peasants dig out the roots, which are full of resin, and split them up to serve as candles; the leaves are used to make pine-wool for surgical purposes, and oil of turpentine is distilled from the crushed-up cones. In the extreme

northerly regions of Asia, the inner bark after sundry processes is made into bread, and in more temperate regions is used for cordage.

Perhaps no other trees are so widely distributed over the world as the pines, the varieties of which are infinite. Few things can equal for charm a Rocky Mountain pine forest, and the writer has delightful memories of riding through such soon after sunrise when the squirrels and chipmunks made the woods resound as they crunched their breakfasts from their nutty stores, whilst conies and other little animals played under the very feet of the horses. In these regions forests go up to as high as twelve thousand feet, and the Himalayas and mountain ranges of China and Thibet are similarly timbered. South America and the islands of the South Seas, as well as the Mediterranean coast and islands, possess numerous species of this delightful tree, and Scotland has a full share of the benefits it bestows. In old times Ireland abounded in pine-forests, which are now lying deep at the bottom of bogs and morasses, but it is still quite common to dig out tall trunks in perfect condition to serve for building purposes.

Full-grown Pine-tree.

Pines are only rivalled by oak in their capacity for resisting damp, and have always been largely used for piles in building what may be termed water cities, such as Venice and the towns of Holland. The Stadhouse at Amsterdam alone took thirteen thousand trees in the construction of its foundations. Unfortunately just as this wood strongly resists damp it assists fire, and pine-forest conflagrations are terrible and of frequent occurrence. Amongst the many cruelties committed in Ireland by Cromwell none seem more horrible than on various occasions his ordering his soldiers to set fire to pine-woods in which numbers of fugitives had taken refuge.

Pine Needles.

Most of the timber which is known as 'deal,' is the wood of one or other tree of the pine family.

HELENA HEATH.

"A firm hand clutched him from above."

A NOBLE REVENGE.

'BOWIE-KNIFE BILL' was a wild, rough gold-digger, a most desperate character. His language and behaviour were utterly reckless, and he feared no man. He hated Indians with a great and bitter hatred. One day, when an old Indian—a hanger-on about the camp—happened to offend him, Bill, in a mad fit of passion, pulled out his always too-ready knife, and drove the man off, pursuing him fiercely.

The gold-diggers' camp was situated near a 'cañou' (or narrow gorge), in the far west of America. Along the side of this cañon the Indian fled. At first, the way was fairly wide, but soon it narrowed between the overhanging rocks, until at one point the rocks were only twelve or fourteen feet apart, while the depth beneath was more than a hundred feet.

As the red man reached this point, the diggers (who had come out of their tents to watch the exciting chase) saw that Bill was just behind him. With no hesitation, but uttering a terrified shriek, the hunted Indian made a desperate bound, and barely cleared the chasm. Bill, raging and shouting, sprang also. The distance was wider than he had calculated; his foot slipped. Frantically he caught at the tufts of grass which grew on the edge; they gave way, and he felt himself sliding over the brink of the precipice. As he gazed wildly into the awful depth beneath him, and thought that his last moment had surely come, a firm hand clutched him from above, and dragged him with difficulty up into safety.

When Bill found himself on solid ground again, and realised that his deliverer was the man whom he had been pursuing so furiously, his first impulse was to throw away his knife, and his next impulse was to grasp the saving hand which had grasped *him*. From that day there was a marked improvement in the character of 'Bowie-knife Bill.' Although rough still, he was no longer brutal. He tried to curb his temper, and listened to wiser counsels. The forgiveness of the Indian had touched his heart, and no doubt the fright which he had felt when brought face to face with death had also a sobering effect. E. D.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

3.—Decapitations.

1. To raise enormous piles my whole is able;
Remaining through the ages firm and stable:
Behead it, 'tis a sound in song or speech;
Behead again, the unit you will reach,
The single, solitary, only thing,
The first of all, from which all others spring.

2. You'll find my whole in every house and home;
You need it when, at eve, you homeward come;
You'll find it in the hall, the park, the church,
A place of state, or a mere ranter's perch.
Behead it, 'tis of beauty rich and rare;
See with what lustre it adorns the fair;
Behead once more, and live by that you gain;
To try to live without would be in vain.

3. Are you athirst? Then quench your thirst with me;
Remove my head, you shall have revelry,
Soft gliding motion, beauty and delight,
Ideal pleasure for an idle night;
Behead again, the magic fluid find
Which can alarm, enlighten, charm, and bind;
Which holds the means, in very little space,
To raise, or to degrade, the human race. C. J. B.

(*Answers on page* 107.)

Answer to Metagram on page 35.

2.—Dame, fame, game, came, lame, name, same, tame.

GOOD FROM EVIL.

GOOD things often come to us by means of apparently evil things. There is a story concerning the discovery of a South American silver-mine which well illustrates this truth.

With much toil, men had planted a large vineyard. They had carried up the soil, and made terraces on the hill. Carefully they had tended and trained their vines, and now it seemed that all their labour had been in vain, for, just as the fruit was ripe, a fire broke out, and all was consumed. Bitterly disappointed, the brave fellows did not 'give in,' but, after a time, began again to till the ground. Then, to their immense delight, they found that it was full of silver ore. Of course, the ore had been there all the time, but unseen. Now, fused by the fire, some of it, in a melted state, had appeared on the surface. Thus, through a seeming misfortune, a rich mine was discovered.

GOLDEN GLORY.

EVERY day—'tis an olden story—
In fair and radiant colours drest,
The bright sun leaves a golden glory,
As down it sinks towards the West.

Every day when its hours have ended—
'Tis a story older than the sun—
You may leave a radiance fair and splendid
From some sweet, noble action done.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 67.)

I LOOKED at Menandez inquiringly, for I did not understand the latter part of his remark.

'Hasn't the interpreter told you?' he asked, in surprise. 'You have been appointed an officer in his Majesty's army and navy. There is a good salary attached to the post, and you'll have nothing much to do but enjoy yourself. But we must not stop here. Come to my house. Hallo! why are these rascals hovering round us? The idiots must have been deaf not to have heard the King pardon and promote you.'

'They are waiting to take me back to Paknam,' Tom joined in.

'They shan't take you,' I declared promptly. 'Menandez, this is my friend, Tom Hutton.'

'A European—one of us,' Menandez exclaimed in surprise. 'Why, sir, I thought that you were a native. You are well disguised. Are you, also, in trouble?'

'He is,' I answered, and having told him as much of Tom's story as I deemed advisable, I urged him to use his influence and obtain permission for Tom to remain with me.

'With pleasure,' Menandez replied, and then turning to my late guards, he spoke to them sternly in their own language, and awed them into permitting Tom to accompany us.

Menandez's house, a very humble and dirty-looking place, was within the palace gates, and in less than five minutes after leaving the hall of audience, we were safe beneath its roof. 'It's not a palatial house,' Menandez admitted; 'but I shall have a better one before long.'

'Apparently, you are an important man in Bangkok,' I remarked. 'You never told me that you were a friend of the King of Siam.'

Menandez laughed. 'I will tell you how I made his acquaintance,' he said.

'Soon after I left the burning ship, my rascally crew decided that the boat was too heavily laden, and to lighten it, coolly pitched me overboard and rowed away. Well, I am a good swimmer, and got ashore at Paknam without the slightest difficulty. I should have preferred to have landed at some other spot, for I was well aware that the Governor of Paknam has a hatred of Europeans, and never loses an opportunity of maltreating any who land in his district without having obtained his permission. Fortunately, no one had seen me swim ashore, and therefore I remained in hiding near the river-bank until I saw a solitary boatman approach. I accosted him and promised him handsome payment if he would row me to Bangkok. He consented readily, and in a few minutes I was on my way to the capital. While proceeding up the river I made my plans. To return to Rangoon after having lost my ship and her cargo was out of the question, so I decided to remain in Siam for a few years and grow rich. The only difficulty was, that to become rich in Siam it is necessary, first of all, to have a high position. I determined to take a bold step. On arriving at Bangkok I craved an audience with the King, and to my surprise it was granted me within an hour. I made the most of my opportunity by declaring that I had heard of the gold and silver which abounded in his territory and had come to offer to bring it to the surface. His Majesty became deeply interested, and in spite of the fact that I know scarcely anything about mining, I persuaded him to give me authority to start mining operations on his behalf in any part of his kingdom. Of course, I stipulated for a large salary, and I was fortunate to be able to persuade his Majesty to give me several thousand pounds to purchase the necessary machinery. That money forms the nucleus of the fortune which I intend to make.'

'Do you intend to retain for your own use the money you have received to buy machinery?' I asked.

'Certainly,' he answered. 'But I will purchase a little useless stuff for appearances' sake.'

'Menandez, you are a scamp,' I declared, hotly.

'At any rate, you have no cause to complain of me,' he replied. 'I saved your life.'

'I am deeply grateful to you for having done so,' I assured him; 'but I wish that you had not spoiled my high opinion of you, by telling me of your intention to rob the King of Siam.'

'You are unreasonable,' he declared. 'If I had not deceived his Majesty I should not have been in a position to have interceded on your behalf. Moreover, I knew very well that if I did not convert to my own use the money for purchasing machinery, it would be stolen before the ship taking it to India cleared the river. In fact, it was attacked a few hours after quitting Bangkok, and the chest which was supposed to contain my money, but which I had filled with stones, was carried off. The news reached me last night, and I shall now be under the necessity of asking his Majesty for more money.'

'Perhaps the thieves will declare that there was no money in the chest,' I suggested.

'His Majesty would not believe such a statement, even if the thieves were bold enough to confess their robbery.'

'Menandez, you are indeed a scoundrel,' I declared, disgusted with his callous confession of dishonesty.

'I have lost everything on the *Pride of Goa*, and now I intend to make as much money as I can in the shortest possible time,' he announced, not in the least offended at my opinion of him.

'As you have so much influence,' Tom joined in, 'I shall be glad if you will obtain for me a commission in his Majesty's service.'

'I will try to do so if you will promise to pay me thirty per cent. commission on your yearly salary, Menandez answered promptly, and Tom agreed to his terms.

'By-the-by, Yabsley,' Menandez said, turning to me, 'I think that you ought to pay me a similar commission.'

'With pleasure,' I answered, and a few minutes later Menandez left us to have an audience with the King concerning the mining enterprise.

'What do you think of him?' I said to Tom, when Menandez had departed.

'He is a thorough scamp,' Tom replied, 'and it is my opinion that it was not friendship which moved him to intercede on your behalf, but simply a desire to have an Englishman near at hand to help him if ever he gets into difficulties; but I will not aid him in any of his underhand schemes.'

'Nor will I,' I said. 'He has saved my life, but he must not think that by so doing he has purchased my honour.'

Tom and I continued to talk of the future until hunger made me think of the present.

'I am half-starving,' I declared. 'Let us have some dinner.'

'It is too early,' Tom answered. 'The King has not dined yet.'

'Surely that does not prevent our dining?'

'It does. Until the King has finished his dinner, no other mortal may begin his.'

'But how are we to know when his Majesty has dined?'

'As soon as he has finished, a trumpet is blown as a notification to the kings and queens of the earth that, his Majesty the King of Siam having dined, they, and all other people, have his gracious permission to eat.'

'As that is the custom, I hope that his Majesty will hurry through his meal.'

'Usually he dines about one o'clock, so we shan't have long to wait.'

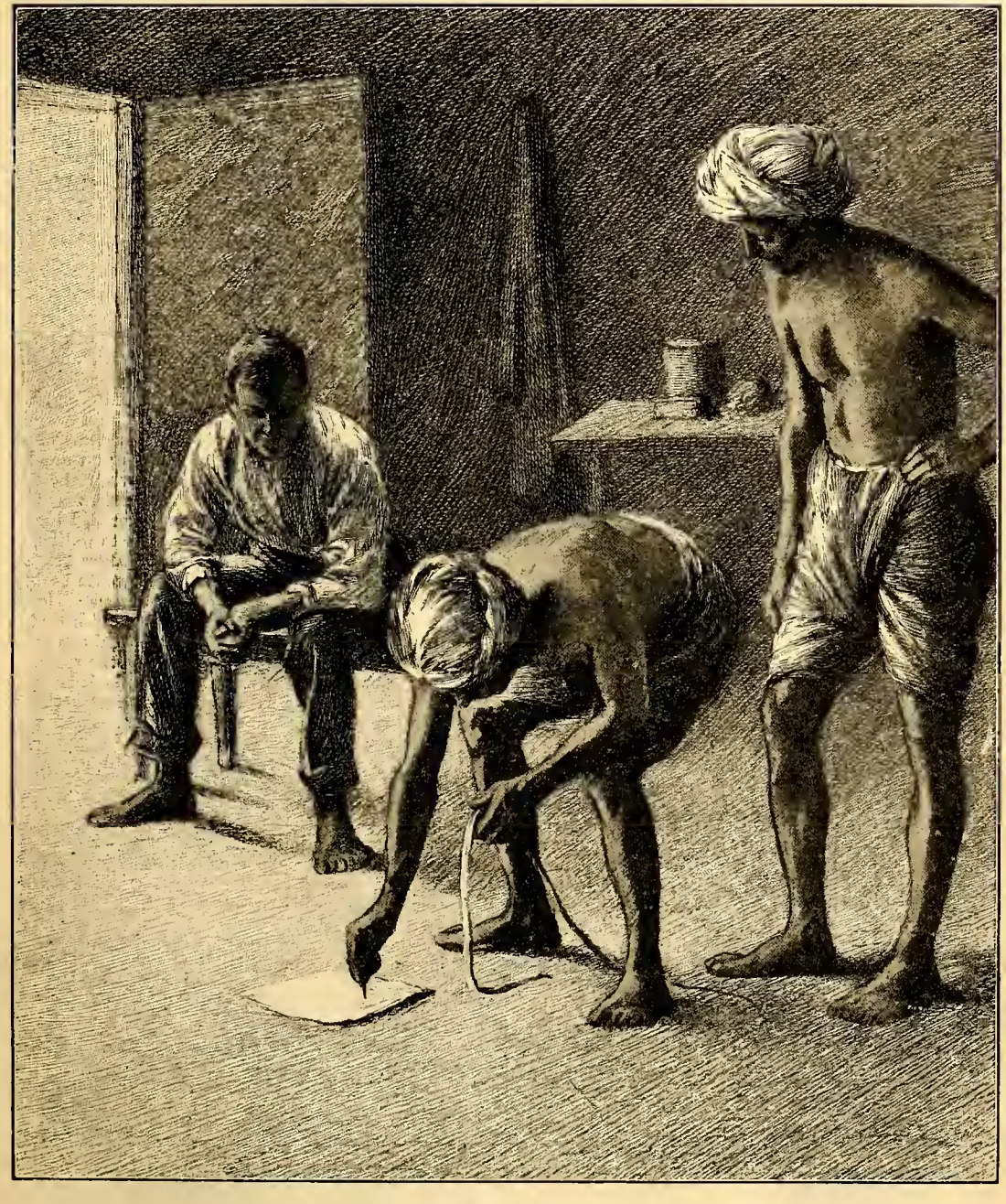
Tom was a false prophet—we had to wait two hours. For some reason unknown to us, his Majesty did not begin his dinner until one hour and a half after his usual time, and consequently there was much discontent in Bangkok. I became ravenous, and firmly believe that if there had been any food near at hand, I should have eaten it in spite of the royal edict. No doubt it was fortunate for me that there was none.

At last the trumpet was blown, and shouts of delight burst from the throats of hundreds of hungry Siamese.

Tom had previously told the menial who had been appointed to wait on us to bring us a good dinner, and no sooner had the trumpet sounded than he hurried to us with a huge supply of roast pork. It was not very good pork, but nevertheless Tom and I made a hearty meal.

(*Continued on page* 82.)

"He spoke to them sternly in their own language."



"The tailor recorded the measurement on the piece of paper."

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 79.)

CHAPTER V.

ROAST pork is not an ideal midday dish for Europeans residing in Siam, and Tom and I felt uncomfortably hot and sleepy when we had appeased our hunger. We lay down to sleep for an hour or two, but we had scarcely closed our eyes when Menandez entered.

'His Majesty was in a charming mood this morning,' he declared, as we raised our heads. 'He has promised me the money I want, and was not at all annoyed at the first payment having been stolen. But the old rascal intends to take precautions against a second robbery.'

'Have you obtained a commission for Tom Hutton?' I asked, sharply.

'Yes. You and he are to share the command of a new regiment which is to be raised. The tailor will be here shortly to measure you for your uniforms.'

'You said this morning that I was to be an officer in both the army and navy. I suppose that is not true.'

'Oh, yes, it is. You will both have to act as naval officers when required.'

'But I have no naval knowledge whatever,' Tom protested.

'And I have had no military experience,' I said. 'It would have been much more sensible if his Majesty had appointed Tom to the army and me to the navy.'

'The Lord of the White Elephant believes that Europeans can do everything, and it would be unwise to undeceive him.'

'We won't,' I said. 'I will teach Tom how to manage a ship, and he shall teach me how to drill a regiment.'

'You will neither of you need to be very proficient to satisfy his Majesty,' Menandez said, and then began talking of his schemes for making a fortune in two or three years. He did not ask Tom and me to join him in any of his shady undertakings, but it was evident that he hoped we would offer to associate ourselves with him. This, of course, we did not do. Menandez did not, however, show any signs of annoyance at our unwillingness to help him, and, ceasing to speak of fortune-making, he amused us with an account of his last interview with the fat, unromantic being who bore the title of Brother of the Moon. Then, having spent about an hour in our company, he left us, promising to return before sunset.

He had not been gone more than half an hour when I noticed a dirty-looking native walk along the plank from the roadway to our hut, and after prostrating himself at the doorway, begin to crawl in.

'Who is our visitor?' I asked Tom, who looked round and questioned the man.

'He's the military tailor,' Tom explained with a smile.

'But how in the name of goodness is he going to measure us while on his elbows and toes?' I asked.

'I will tell him to stand up when he gets a little closer,' Tom replied.

'Why not allow him to do so at once?'

'That would be a mistake. He would not regard it as kindness on our part, but as a sign that we were nobody of any importance.'

'Are we anybody of importance?'

'Of course we are now—in Siam. You will have to get accustomed to seeing your fellow-creatures grovelling in front of you. It will not be so hard as it was for me to get accustomed to grovelling before the Governor of Paknam.'

By this time the military tailor had crawled to within a yard of us, whereupon Tom commanded him to rise. But the tailor only half obeyed him. He assumed a squatting position and then produced from the folds of his skirt a piece of dirty paper and a pencil. These he laid on the floor. Then he pulled out a tape measure and stood up. Tom was measured first, and I thoroughly enjoyed watching the operation. Every time the tailor had taken a measurement he bent over, as if he were going to touch his toes, and recorded it on the piece of paper on the floor.

I suggested to Tom that he should tell the fellow to place the paper against the wall while writing on it. Tom did so, but I soon found that my suggestion was not as good as I expected, for the tailor took up the paper and pencil, wrote against the wall, and then replaced them on the floor.

I could not refrain from laughing, and Tom, who was also amused, said to me, 'This will be a warning to you not to attempt to alter the customs of the country. I dare say this fellow fancies you are half mad for suggesting writing on the wall when the floor is quite as convenient to him.'

When Tom and I had both been measured, I became anxious to know what our uniforms were to be like, but the tailor had no pattern of the cloth to show us. All we could gather was that our uniforms would be blue, and would be ready for us in two days' time. Having delivered this information, the tailor placed his paper, pencil, and measure, in his skirt, and, going down on his elbows and toes, crawled backwards from the room.

'Now, Tom,' I said, when the tailor had departed, 'are you ready to give me some military instruction?'

'Quite,' he replied, 'but we haven't a musket.'

'Won't a stick do as a substitute?'

'No. I could not teach you how to grasp the musket that way.'

'Then let us ask for a musket; as we are officers in his Majesty's army——'

'And navy,' Tom joined in.

'They will surely supply us with any weapons we may require.'

'I am by no means confident of that. However, I will ask for muskets.'

He called our servant and instructed him to obtain two muskets for us immediately. After an absence of about half an hour he returned with two rusty old things, the best that he could obtain. However, Tom declared that they were good enough to practise the manual exercise with, so I shouldered one and received my first military instruction.

Tom not only knew his drill thoroughly, but he was a good instructor, and when we laid aside our muskets I felt that my position as a military officer was not quite so ludicrous as it had been an hour earlier.

It was now my turn to give Tom some nautical instruction. I did my best, but I fear that Tom was not much wiser when the lesson came to an end. I apologised to him for my inability to impart knowledge, whereupon he laughed and declared that he did not think it mattered much if he knew nothing of the management of ships, as he was quite certain that, if

he went to sea, he would be too ill to make use of any knowledge he possessed. We had a hearty laugh at the idea of the absurd figures we should cut if we were sent on active service, I as a soldier and he as a sailor.

'Is there any prospect of a war?' I asked eagerly.

'I don't think so,' he replied. 'Siam and Burma have been fighting each other with varying success for two or three centuries, but they have now reached the "you touch me again and see what I will do" stage. Burma is frightened of Siam and Siam is frightened of Burma. Therefore each nation boasts of the victories she has won against her rival, and makes no mention of the defeats she has received at her hands. But if the King of Burma were to hear that the King of Siam had obtained a particularly good white elephant he would summon up courage and make an excuse for invading this land in the hope of gaining possession of the sacred animal. If ever you see a white elephant in the jungle capture it—if you can. The man who captures a white elephant has made his fortune.'

'You had better tell that to Menandez,' I suggested.

'He would never attempt to catch a white elephant,' Tom declared in a tone of conviction. 'It would be much too dangerous an undertaking for him.'

When we had chatted about white elephants for some time, Tom suggested that we would stroll out and see those which his Majesty possessed. On our way we met Menandez, who, hearing whither we were going, decided to accompany us.

(*Continued on page* 95.)

A LITTLE RULE.

THIS is the rule old Nursie gave
.—Oh, years ago, 'tis true—
To her charges three; but it seems to me,
'Twill do just as well for you.

'Smile in the morning when you get up,
'Twill make things nice and bright;
Smile again in the afternoon,
And go on smiling at night!'

A REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

THE captain of a large coal barge, on a voyage round the coast, had taken with him his wife and two little daughters. Whilst they were below, the vessel was capsized in a sudden squall, and those on deck were swept away and drowned. On the following day the barge, floating bottom upwards, was observed by the crew of a passing steamer, who, in anticipation of 'salvage,' attached a rope to the wreck and towed her into the harbour at Hull.

None, of course, dreamed that any living being remained on board, but after some time had elapsed, a man who was looking at the barge heard a faint sound of knocking from within. The vessel was still upside-down. A hole was made in the hull as speedily as possible, and the poor woman and her children, fearfully exhausted, were taken out. When the barge had been overturned and partly filled with water, a small space of air had still been left; the woman's head came just above the water-line, and for many hours of intense suffering she had been supporting her clinging children as best she could.

THE DOG THAT GAINED THE V.C.

A True Story.

THUD! Something was flung over the high wall, something that gave a low moan as it struck the ground.

'Eh, what's that?' muttered the sentry, peering into the dusk. 'It's a dog, I'm thinking.'

Another moan reached his ear; the soldier looked round hastily. He was very fond of dogs, and a kind-hearted man into the bargain. No one was in sight, and, leaving his post, he strode across the barrack yard to the wall.

Yes, it was a dog sure enough, and a pretty badly used dog too, the wretch who had so ill-treated him having probably thrown the poor creature over the wall to die. He feebly licked the hand of the sentry as the man bent over him.

'Poor laddie, what will I do with you?' murmured the sentry; and just then a harsh voice called to him in an authoritative tone, and in alarm he sprang to 'attention.'

Alack! a sergeant of the regiment had caught him away from his post, and the next thing was that the sentry found himself marched to the guard-room and under arrest. Looking down he saw, to his surprise, the dog limping after him.

The man deserved punishment: no doubt about that. But when the sentry was brought before the commanding officer, the latter, touched by his tale of the unfortunate dog, let him off.

'But it must not occur again,' said the officer, gravely.

'No, sir. Thank you, sir.' And the dog's protector saluted, and marched out of the room with a happy face.

Jack, as the dog was soon named, gradually got well, and attached himself so firmly to his adopted regiment that when the gallant Scots Guards were ordered out to the Crimea, there was no question of leaving him behind.

Soon he showed himself a born soldier's dog, for he went into action with his friends; and not only that, but at the battle of Alma he saved his first protector's life. The latter would have gone down before the onslaught of a couple of Russians had not Jack flown at them fiercely and diverted their attention for a moment.

The Guards' pet, indeed, was a tremendous fighter: he went for the enemy with tooth and nail, and at Inkerman charged with his regiment. After the battle of Alma, Jack also did duty in another way, by carrying a flask round to the wounded. At Inkerman the dog had his right foot injured, but this was not the worst. He had always attached himself especially to his earliest friend, who had risked arrest for his sake, and after the battle he could not find him. Jack sat to work to hunt about over the field, and there, alas! he came upon his master, dead.

'Regimental Jack,' as he was often called, did not seem to care much about living after that. He sailed back to England with the Guards, and shared their honours, for Queen Victoria presented the four-footed hero with a tiny V.C., and also the Crimean medals. Jack had covered himself with glory, but he did not know that, and nothing his other friends could do con-

"He feebly licked the hand of the sentry."

soled him quite for the loss of the one hand whose touch made his happiness. It was in winter that he first 'joined' the Guards, and it was in winter that he left them. One of the men found him fast asleep one day in the snow, but it was the sleep from which there is no awakening. The Guards had lost their brave and faithful little comrade, but what a splendid record he left behind him!

Spectacle Reef Lighthouse: an Ice Resister.

DANGER SIGNALS.

[Second Series.]

II.--ICE RESISTERS.

THE sentinel light on Minot's Ledge, of which we have already spoken, besides performing its duties well, furnished a good example to the builder: for when in the year 1870 the Lighthouse Authorities of the United States decided that a danger signal was necessary on Spectacle Reef, Lake Huron, they also decided to build it in accordance with the design of Minot's Ledge.

Spectacle Reef is two small shoals of rock connected in such a way as to make them resemble the very useful

article which the name represents. But they never peep above the surface of the water, lying seven feet down at the shallowest part. Thus they were the terror of those captains who had to sail their ships in and out of Lake Michigan. The water that constantly flows over them is, of course, fresh water; their position is a comparatively sheltered one, being close to the narrow straits that join Lakes Michigan and Huron, and, unlike the stormy rock of Minot's Ledge, there is no rising and falling tide to fret them every day. Then why was it necessary, in such a quiet corner of the world, to build a tower that no ocean gale could shake? Because, to Spectacle Reef, the ice comes every year, spreading itself in huge white boulders, like transparent rock, till the straits and neighbouring waters are choked with them. They stretch round the shoals in thousands of acres, groaning and splitting with the strangest noise, as the currents in the lake urge them into closely pressed masses. Under the attack of such weight as this, it is easy to understand that only a very stalwart tower could hold its own until the pressure itself drives the ice down to come in contact with the reef below. When this has taken place, of course no *further* strain will fall upon the tower.

The engineers who surveyed the spot, noticed that over the Spectacles the currents flowed at a speed of nearly three miles an hour. All the tempests of the Atlantic beating on Minot's Ledge, though awe-inspiring to view, are less destructive than these gentle, murmuring currents with the ice-pack in their power. Therefore, when the builders came, they came well armed. The actual place chosen to erect the tower upon, lay eleven feet below the surface of the lake. To reach this a special plan of campaign was adopted. First of all the engineers constructed a huge square frame of wooden beams, called a 'crib,' to be floated over the spot in question, and then sunk so that its upper portion remained above the surface of the lake. We can easily imagine that the water within the four walls of the frame was more tranquil than the water outside, and that the 'crib' thus formed a protection against the larger waves that occasionally flowed over the reef. It was a stalwart 'crib,' measuring ninety-two feet square on the outside, and forty-eight feet square on the inside. The tops of its four walls were useful for erecting workmen's shelters, windlasses, and cranes upon. Within the square a large iron vessel called a 'coffer-dam' was constructed. In shape this is somewhat like a gas-holder without a top to it, and, of course, no bottom. The one at Spectacle Reef was thirty-six feet from side to side, thus leaving a space of about six feet all round between it and the outer protecting crib. Once the coffer-dam was in place, it was pumped dry of water, and the masons went down to level the bed of rock at the bottom in readiness for the men with the trowels to lay the first stones of the tower.

And now the lesson of Minot's Ledge was put into force. Each stone was dovetailed to the foundation and its neighbour, and when the first 'course' or layer was completed, a quantity of cement was laid between it and the inside walls of the coffer-dam to exclude every drop of water that might have squeezed its way in underneath. The tower, which is thirty-two feet in diameter at its foot, was continued in solid masonry to a height of thirty-four feet; then comes the sill of the front door, which is thus twenty-three feet above the surface of the lake, since the tower stands in eleven feet of water. Above the front door it rises in five storeys, the top of the lantern room being eighty-two feet from the water. The whole work was completed in about four years, for on June 1st, 1874, the light from the summit first shone, and five years later a duplicate fog-horn lifted a voice of warning when the light was shrouded, as though to say: 'Beware! beware! This is Spectacle Reef!'

One would have thought that a doorstep twenty-three feet high would have been enough to check unwelcome intruders; but it is not so in Lake Huron; for when the light-keepers went back to the reef in the early spring of 1875 (the lighthouse takes an entire holiday through the winter, because the ice stops all navigation), they found the tower closely surrounded by massive blocks of ice thirty feet high. They had to cut a tunnel through it to reach the door. It was the tower's first winter, and it had stood the strain.

But twenty-five years of such onslaught told another tale. In 1900 it became clear that help was wanted, and a 'relief fund' was granted by the Government to pay for strengthening foundations. Year by year the wooden 'crib' which, contrary to the original builder's intention, had remained round the tower after its completion, dropped into decay, crushed and twisted and broken by the attacks of the ice. Furthermore, the tower itself had not passed through the wintry wars unwounded.

The plan now adopted was to remove the worn-out 'crib,' replacing it with solid blocks of concrete, the whole being encased in a sheath of steel. This sheath is, in itself, a piece of fine engineering work. Unlike the square 'crib,' it is oval in shape, its lower portion consisting of narrow panels of steel, each driven down to the rock so as to embed themselves securely on the uneven surface. They are bolted together, side by side, divers being sent down to perform this task. The old 'crib' was left until the work was completed, so that supporting beams might be extended from it to the outside of the steel sheath, and thus prevent the latter from bulging under the irregular pressure within. The concrete blocks were so inserted as to leave chambers and cellars for the accommodation of lighthouse stores, and when the whole sheath was filled to the top, it constituted a fine, spacious platform right round the tower with plenty of room for the signal station and fog-horn. Thus fortified the Spectacle Reef Light is equal to all emergencies.

With the rapid development of commerce and navigation in the Great Lakes, both the United States and Canada have found it necessary to scatter broadcast their lighthouses and fog-horns, but the more modern houses are generally built on concrete foundations, formed more or less in the manner last described. The ponderous weight and solidity of these saves all the labour and skill of dovetailed masonry, and yet offers an equal defiance to ice pressure.

CRYPTOGRAMS.

IN countries where people are oppressed by their rulers, efforts are, of course, often made to throw off the burden of tyranny. Such efforts always begin in secrecy, and those who apply themselves to the task find it necessary to communicate with one another in such a way that no outsider can understand what is said. Sometimes these secret languages are very cleverly invented, and messages pass to and fro between the

plotters for quite a long while before the authorities are able to find the key that will help them to read the riddle. Letters or communications written this way are called *cryptograms*, and may consist of any signs, figures, or marks which have been agreed upon with the person to whom the message it addressed.

For instance, supposing that I say to you, 'Let us turn the alphabet upside down, and call A–Z, B–Y, and C–X, and so on, in this way:—

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
Z Y X W V U T S R Q P O N M L K J I H G F E D C B A

and then I write a letter to you in which this funny word, XSZGGVIYLC, occurs, you will at once know what it is by just looking out each letter in the alphabet, and turning it into the one that corresponds to it in the reverse order. This, of course, is a very simple cryptogram, and we should not be able to keep our secrets long if we could not think of a more difficult plan.

Some people use figures instead of letters, and some arrange that, though a great many letters are written down, only certain ones among them are to be taken any notice of. Here is a message in which you must only read every third letter:—

ATIWCLPUITVKONENTCKJHOJACBTDDTFGEDIR
. . . . . .
SWBYXOLMX
. . . .

But this is a lot of trouble for a short message, and not very clever. So when you feel inclined to invent a cryptogram, think of something better. There are heaps and heaps of other methods that we might speak of, but there is not room here; so we will hurry on to say that cryptograms may also take the form of curious sounds as well as signs.

Many years ago, a traveller in Russia told of the way that prisoners in the gaols there sometimes communicated with one another. Through the thick stone walls that divided the cells no voice could penetrate, though a sharp tap might be heard with little difficulty. Without knowing if the neighbouring cell was occupied, a prisoner would tap a signal of inquiry, perhaps to receive a reply. Sometimes, however, he would discover that his neighbour in trouble was unacquainted with the particular meaning of the taps he used. In this case a very clever device was resorted to. Taking a piece of some hard substance in his hand (perhaps part of the fetter that bound him), he would scratch, as high as he could reach, a long horizontal line on the wall of his cell, repeating the action till he heard a similar line in a like position being drawn by his unseen companion on the further side of the wall. This operation was continued till a large square was marked off, and this in turn was divided into as many smaller squares as the number of letters in the alphabet. The table being completed, it was a simple, though somewhat lengthy, matter to spell out little messages through the wall by tapping the letters of each word. It required, no doubt, the keenest attention on the part of the listener to determine the particular square through which the sound came, but practice soon surmounted the difficulty. Of course, the alphabet on the wall in one of the cells would have to be partly written backwards, so as to correspond with the position of the same letters on the wall of the other cell, but this would be governed and directed by the prisoner who gave the first sign for placing the letters after the squares were made.

JOHN LEA.

HOW WE GOT THE DAHLIA.

ABOUT one hundred and twenty years ago, Doctor Dahl, a Swedish naturalist, introduced some Mexican tubers into Europe. He did this with a purely commercial purpose—that of supplementing the potato. But these tubers as an article of food did not 'catch on,' and the dahlia disb soon disappeared from British tables. The flower, however, found favour with our gardeners, who soon produced the double dahlia and other variations. The tubers of the dahlia, too acrid for our English taste, are, it is said, still eaten in some parts of France.

THE FAITHFUL SCULLION.

THERE was once a scullion who saved his master's life. He lived in the fourteenth century, his name was Gibbo, and his master was a very grand gentleman indeed—no less a person than the Doge of Venice. This ruler's enemies had engaged a notorious assassin, named Lascaris, to murder him. Lascaris began his wicked work by seeking, in disguise, a situation as cook in the Doge's country house. Having obtained the post, he managed by degrees to introduce several accomplices into the mansion. But he reckoned without Gibbo.

The quick-witted lad made a discovery which aroused his suspicion. He found that the head cook wore armour under his clothes, and also that he possessed a richly-decorated dagger, bardly in keeping witb the station and habits of a cook.

Therefore, when Gibbo once heard Lascaris stealthily leave his room in the middle of the night, he followed him, taking great care to make no sound. The cook had gone to meet bis fellow-conspirators, and the young scullion overheard them plotting to kill his master. They intended, by removing a panel from a wall to enter the Doge's bedroom on the following night, and to murder him there.

The boy determined to warn his master; but how was he, a poor scullion, to obtain the means of speaking with such an exalted personage as the Doge?

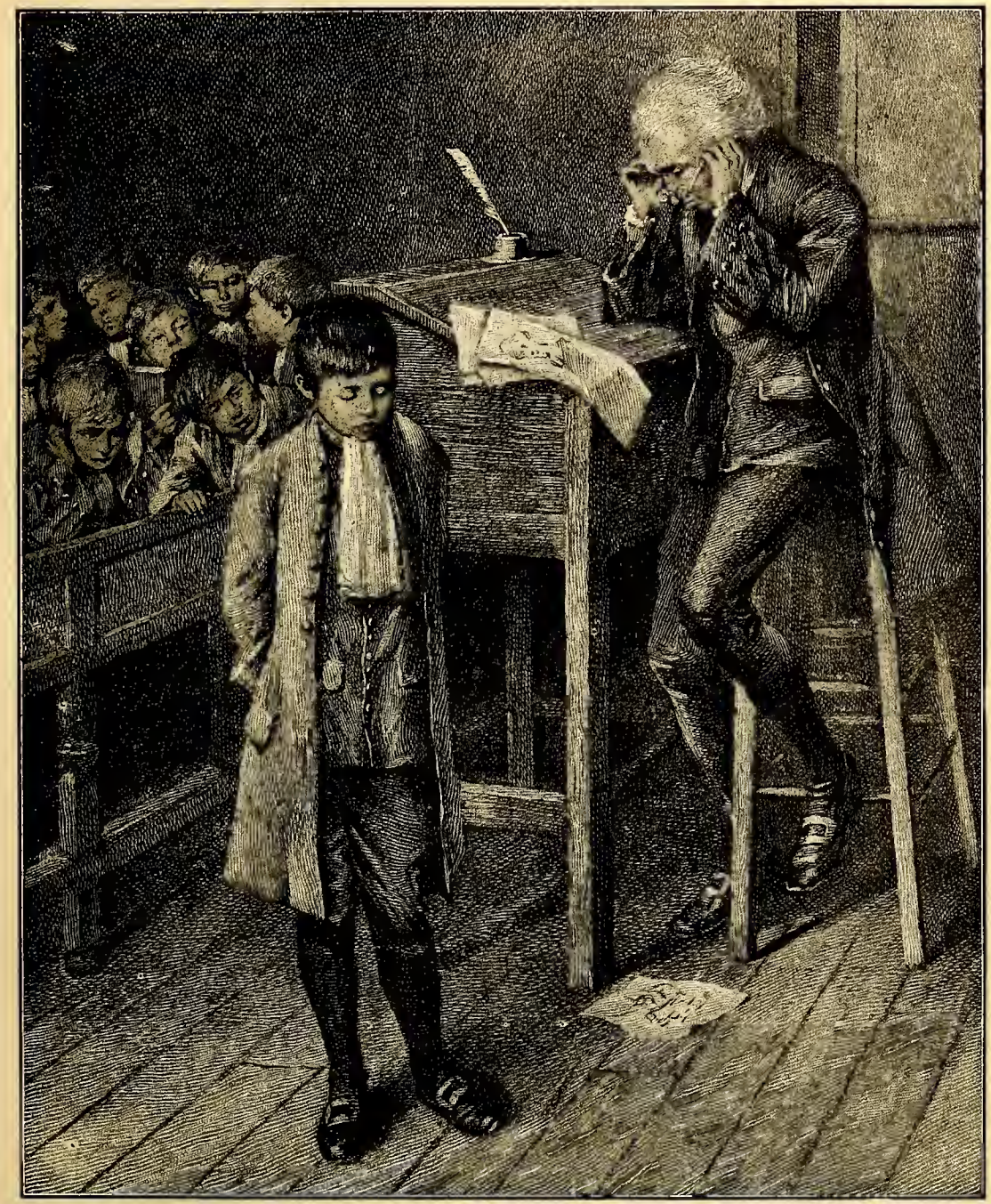
Where there is a will, there is often—if not quite always—a way, and Gibbo was not going to be beaten. He would get into the Doge's sleeping-room by way of the chimney. That is, he would *try* to do so; for, unfortunately, when he had climbed one chimney, and found himself on the roof, he could not feel sure as to which chimney was that of the Doge's room. However, he made a guess at it, and came down a chimney which he hoped—oh, so earnestly—might prove the right one.

It *was!*—and the Doge must have been greatly startled at being aroused from his slumbers by a soot-covered boy. But he quite believed Gibbo's tale. He immediately gave secret orders that some of his men-at-arms should station themselves in his room, and there lie in wait for the conspirators. When the appointed time had come, a faint sound told that the panel was being removed; in another moment, a picture which hung over the woodwork (where it had been carefully sawn through) was pushed aside, and Lascaris and his companions, armed with daggers, entered the room. They made a rush for the bed, but before they reached it were seized and disarmed by the Doge's men.

The faithful scullion was duly rewarded. Raised to high position, he became in time a member of the Great Council of Venice.

E. D.

"The Doge must have been greatly startled."



"He looked long at his likeness."

OUT OF PURE IDLENESS.

THE Reverend Samuel Reynolds, Head Master of Plympton Grammar School, Devon, in the year 1734, was far from being an inspired teacher, and his pupils were not slow in recognising this fact, for boys in the eighteenth century, or indeed any century, are 'very much of a muchness,' as the old saying goes.

So, whilst the Head Master was listening to one lad, who was painfully stumbling through an Ode of Horace, the rest of the form were huddled together watching with intense amusement the attempts of one of their number to sketch the master as he sat at his high desk before them.

'Joshua has got him to the life!' whispered one lad.

'Spectacles and all!' added another.

'You might count his hairs!' said a third, bending over the paper.

Each and all had something to say or some suggestion to give to the young artist, and at last the talking and tittering became so ungarded as to rouse even the easy-going Head.

He looked suddenly up from the Horace: 'Joshua! bring your exercise-book to me!' came the order.

It was his own son, but the Master was a just man, and would show no favouritism on that account, so the twelve-year-old Joshua slowly left his place, and handed up his sheet—which should have been filled with a Latin exercise—and then stood by the side of the desk, with downcast eyes and a shamefaced look on his round, rosy face, awaiting a punishment which he felt was well deserved.

The Reverend Samuel Reynolds fixed his glasses more firmly on his nose, and looked long and fixedly at his likeness.

'Did you do this?' he asked, sternly.

'Yes, sir,' said Joshua, falteringly.

The boys meanwhile looked eagerly on, feeling sure that a caning was in prospect, but instead the Master took up his quill pen, and wrote at the bottom of the portrait, 'Done by Joshua, in school, out of pure idleness,' and then handed the sheet back to the boy.

'Go back to your place, sir,' he said severely, 'and for the future waste no more time in idle sketches!'

This sketch is still in existence, and is of course greatly valued as being the earliest known drawing by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who became the first President of the Royal Academy, and perhaps the greatest portrait-painter that England has ever possessed.

Sir Joshua was born in 1723, and was one of eleven children, all of whom were fond of drawing; but paper being scarce in that large family, the children were allowed to draw with a burnt stick on the white-washed walls of a long passage in the house.

Sir Joshua's first attempt in oils is still extant; it is a likeness of the Reverend F. Smart, and is done on a bit of sail, with common ship-wright's paints which he found in a boat-house.

Sir Joshua did this in his thirteenth year; but before he was eight years old, he had acquired the knowledge of perspective from a book which fell into his hands, and was able to draw the Plympton School House according to rule; no easy matter for any one, as it has a colonnade of pillars supporting the upper part of the school. These pillars are still there as when the boy Reynolds drew them.

Sir Joshua was knighted by King George III., and died in 1792, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, full of honours, and so universally beloved that it was said he had not an enemy in the world.

A PLUCKY LORD MAYOR.

PLUCK and perseverance seem to be strongly marked characteristics of London's Lord Mayors. One of the Lord Mayors, who particularly emphasised these traits, was Brook Watson. His story reads like romance.

Watson was left a penniless orphan at the age of eight years. He had no near relatives to care for him, but through the kindness of a friend of his father's he obtained a nomination to the Bluecoat School. His few years there were put to good account, for the boy knew the necessity of soon being obliged to work for himself.

A distant connection in Boston, Massachusetts (then an English colony), offered the lad a position in his office. The Boston man was engaged in the West India trade, and Watson, as super-cargo, went back and forth between Boston and Havana. While the ship was lying in the latter harbour, Watson went over the side to swim; as he was moving lazily in the warm water he was attacked by a shark. He pluckily kept the brute at bay until help arrived. Just as his rescuers were drawing him into the boat, the shark made a furious snap and bit off his leg. The American artist, Copley, has made this the subject of a remarkable painting, which hangs in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and a similar painting is owned by the Bluecoat School.

For many weeks Brook Watson hovered between life and death in the West Indian town. When he was at last well enough to return to Boston, he found that his employer had failed and had left the country. Troubles followed thick and fast. Lame, penniless, with nerves shaken by the shock of the accident, unemployed, and almost friendless, he still kept a high heart and faced the situation with undaunted courage. His next move was to Nova Scotia as clerk to Mr. Huston in the commissariat business of the province. He remained in his employ for eleven years. He was stationed in the county of Cumberland, where the muddy little stream of the Misseguash divided English territory from that of the French. Between the hostile forts was a wide marsh, neutral territory, and a rich pasture for cattle. In the long twilight of a summer's evening Watson went to the marsh to bring home the cattle. Several had strayed beyond the neutral strip into French territory, and the lame lad hobbled after them. Presently a cannon-ball whistled through the air and buried itself beside him, another danced in front, and the screaming shot began to fall on all sides. He was the target for the French gunners. Watson, realising that speed cannot be made on crutches, walked quietly out of range When the war between England and France was over, Watson entered into partnership with a Halifax merchant. Their business prospered, and Watson was soon a well-to-do citizen.

A haunting desire for his native city was responsible for his selling out in Halifax and setting up in business in London. His ability, honesty, and foresight soon gained recognition in the world's greatest market. He held important posts in the commissariat department of the British Army, became an Alderman of London, represented the City in Parliament, and, later, filled with great distinction the honourable position of Lord Mayor.

LONDON TOWN.

II.—LINCOLN'S INN.

ON the left side of Chancery Lane, going towards Holborn, is an old gateway, or rather gatehouse, consisting of two massive towers, four storeys in height, united by a lower structure, having an arched doorway in the centre. This is the entrance to Lincoln's Inn. Above the arch are the royal arms of Henry VIII., encircled by the Garter, and crowned, on the right side, with the purple lion of Lacy, Earl of Lincoln (the founder of the Inn), and on the left with the arms and quarterings of Sir Thomas Lovell, reader and treasurer to the Society, who built the gate. Beneath is the date 'Anno Dom. 1518.' The stout oak doors were erected in 1564, the year of Shakespeare's birth and the sixth of Elizabeth's reign. The massive bolts and hinges are worth examination.

Passing under the arch, which formerly had a vaulted roof, we find ourselves in a court surrounded by ancient buildings. This is called Old Square, as distinguished from New Square, or that portion of the Inn which lies to the westward, and which was built at a somewhat later date. On the right is the Chapel of the Inn, a building with flying buttresses and supported by arches forming a crypt, or cloister, through which we obtain a glimpse of a patch of greensward lying beyond. On the left is a cluster of old buildings, huddled together with gabled roofs and small-paned windows, one building standing out from the rest by reason of its curious turret shape. Dark, frowning doorways open upon narrow winding stairways leading to the various chambers above. There is an air of seclusion about the place, suggestive of studious retreat, and the rattle of busy life outside in Chancery Lane sounds subdued. As we stand with our backs to the gatehouse we catch a sight of waving trees in the gardens of New Square, and are pleasantly reminded of the association of learning with the delights of the country.

The gardens have indeed always formed a great feature of the London Inns of Court. The spot on which we are standing once formed the garden of the Earl of Lincoln, who gave his name to the Inn, and whose town house stood here. The ground was then laid out as orchards, and according to the accounts rendered by the Earl's bailiff in the reign of Edward I., there were grown here apples, pears, nuts, and cherries sufficient not only to supply the owner's table, but to yield by sale in one year 13*l.* In addition the land produced a great quantity of kitchen vegetables, while the cuttings from the vines were much prized; but the only flower mentioned is the rose.

At a later time the building of the garden wall next to Chancery Lane is said to have been associated with Ben Jonson, the poet, who worked upon it as a bricklayer. Tradition has is that Jonson used to carry a learned book in his pocket whilst at work, and that one day a bencher of the Inn, walking in the garden, overheard Jonson quoting some passages out of Homer, and fell into discourse with him. Finding the bricklayer to be possessed of 'wit extraordinary,' the bencher provided the money to send him to Cambridge to be educated. There used to be a certain 'walk under Elms' which has been celebrated by Jonson, but it disappeared with the growth of the buildings of the Inn.

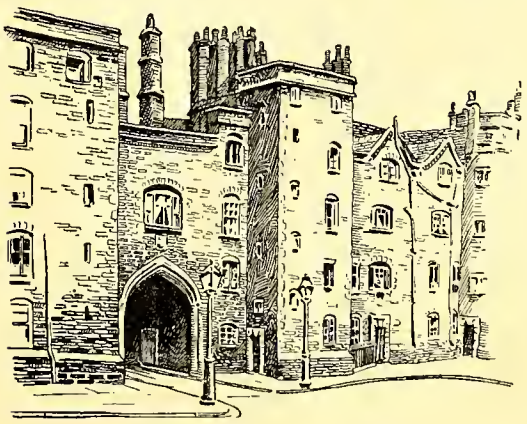
The old Hall close by is of more ancient date than the gatehouse, for it was built in 1506; but it has seen much alteration in later years. The 'Loover or Lanthorne' on the roof was set up in 1552, and the account of the money paid for the work is still preserved by the Society of the Inn. Before the present Law Courts in the Strand were built, the Lord Chancellor held his court in this Hall, and readers of Dickens's *Bleak House* will not need to be reminded that the Hall was the scene of the famous trial of 'Jarndyce and Jarndyce.' In more ancient times its walls echoed the sounds of festivity and hilarity, when the benchers of the Inn assembled to hold their masques and revels and their dancings on Candlemas-day, recreations which, we are told, tended 'to the making of gentlemen more fit for their books at other times.'

Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty under Charles II., writes in his *Diary* about the revels here at Christmastide, 1661, when the King was present, 'there being, according to custom, a prince and all his nobles, and other matters of sport and charge.' Hither, also, at the same time, came William Prynne, a gloomy Puritan, to frown upon the levity and to denounce in bitter terms the wickedness of plays and masques, for which he was made to suffer the cruel punishment of having his ears cropped.

The ghosts of many famous personages, long since passed away, might almost be said to haunt the staircases and dimly-lighted chambers of this ancient Inn. In the turret-house already mentioned, lived Thurloe, Secretary of State to Cromwell, and it was in these rooms, as tradition asserts, that Thurloe and his master discussed in secret the plot for seizing the person of Charles II., in 1659. The story goes that Thurloe's assistant, Morland, was present in the room, apparently fast asleep at his desk. Cromwell was for killing him there and then, in case he should have overheard the conversation, but desisted at the request of Thurloe, who assured him that the youth had sat up for two nights and was certainly asleep. Morland, however, was only shamming, and afterwards divulged the plot to the future King, whose life was thus saved.

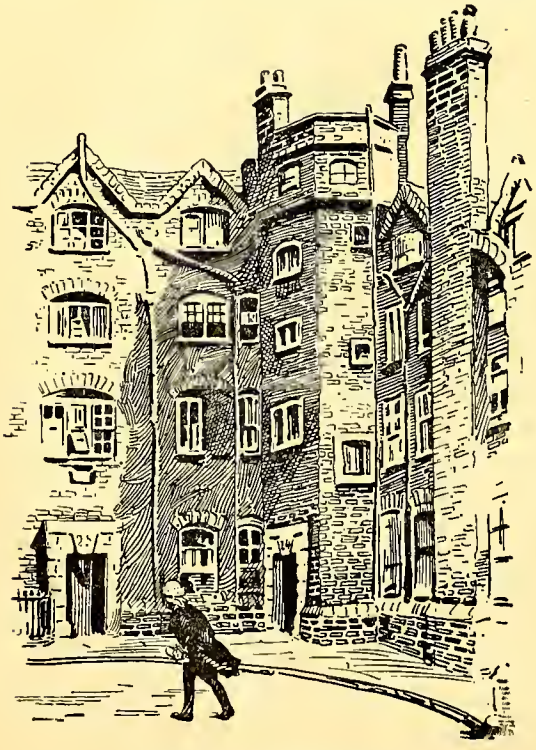
Among the great men connected with the Inn, there can be none more worthy of our remembrance than Sir Thomas More, who became Lord Chancellor on the downfall of Wolsey in 1529. More entered as a student at this Inn in 1496, when he was seventeen years old; but the chambers which he occupied are unknown. His progress was rapid, and at the age of twenty-six he became a member of Parliament, where he at once made his mark. The King had applied to the Commons for a large sum of money, and More opposed the grant in a speech of such force and justice that the House refused to pass the measure. Whereupon the Court declared that 'a beardless boy had disappointed the King's purpose.' More was the author of the remarkable book called *Utopia*, in which he described an imaginary people living happily under laws that were equal for rich and poor. The book aimed at exposing the cruelty and injustice of many of the laws of England at that day, and showed by what means they might be improved. More was himself destined to be a victim of those unjust laws to which he had called attention. He fell under the royal displeasure by his refusal to countenance the King's acts, and after being imprisoned in the Tower, he was executed on July 6th, 1535. He was a great lawyer, a man of pure and upright character, and of a happy disposition that

endeared him to all. Those who have read Miss Manning's charming book, *The Household of Sir Thomas More*, will realise the love and happiness which prevailed in the family home at Chelsea. Erasmus, the



Entrance, Lincoln's Inn.

great Greek scholar, and friend of More, who was for some time an inmate of the Chelsea house, wrote of it: 'No quarrelling or ill-tempered words are ever heard, and idleness is never seen.' It was beneath that roof that Erasmus wrote his book, *The Praise of Folly*.



Thurloe's House, Lincoln's Inn.

More's tomb may be seen in the old parish church of Chelsea.

Dr. Donne, the famous preacher and poet, and sometime Dean of St. Paul's, who was born in 1573, was partly educated in the Inn, where at the request of the benchers he undertook the duties of preacher at the Chapel for two years. Donne is chiefly known to us from the life which was written by Izaak Walton, his friend, whose residence was close by in Chancery Lane.

Another well-known preacher in the Inn, belonging to more recent times, was Reginald Heber, first Bishop of Calcutta, and author of the famous hymn, 'From Greenland's icy mountains.' The hymn was written at Wrexham, in 1819, a year when collections were

The Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn.

authorised in all the churches for aiding the work of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in the East. Heber was then on a visit to Dr. Shipley, the Dean of St. Asaph and Rector of Wrexham, and the Dean asked him to write some appropriate verses to be sung at morning service. To this request Heber replied by producing the hymn which has since attained a world-wide popularity.

London is justly proud of her old Inns of Court. They have been well called the cradles and nurseries of our greatest lawyers; and as seats of learning they have produced and sent forth into the world not lawyers only, but men of letters whose works have found a place amongst the most treasured of our national possessions. Small wonder, therefore, that such memorials of the greatness of her citizens should be regarded by Londoners with pride and affection.

F. J. Rowbotham.

"'Would you take Bobs?'"

DON AND HIS DOG.

TO-MORROW was Mother's birthday, and Vera gazed with longing eyes at a gorgeous purse made in green leather, with gilt bands at each corner of the clasp.

'Come along,' cried Don, who, because he was in charge of her, felt that he must be a little bit strict; 'we must get home.'

'How much is that purse, Don?' asked Vera, hurrying after him. 'There, that green one?'

'Thirteen and sixpence,' replied Don, glancing carelessly through the shop-window at the one thing which Vera longed with all her heart to have.

Her father was a rich man, and she could usually afford expensive things out of her pocket-money. But just now she happened to have very little.

At her brother's words her face fell. 'Thirteen shillings and sixpence!' she said slowly. 'That is a lot of money, isn't it?'

'What do you want to worry about a silly purse for?' asked Donny, who, now that he was twelve, wished to scorn all the things that little girls love.

Vera explained. To-morrow was Mother's birthday, but she had as yet nothing to give her. The purse was, she felt sure, just the present that would please Mother, who had lost her old purse the day before.

Donny, hearing that it was for Mother, grew more interested. 'How much money have you in your box?' he said.

'Only three and ninepence halfpenny,' answered Vera sadly.

Donny whistled and put his hands in his pockets—things which were forbidden, but he forgot for the moment; he wanted to think, and they always helped him. 'You leave it to me, Vera, and I will manage,' he said at last, with a very important air. 'Give me the three and ninepence halfpenny when we get home, and I will get the purse somehow.'

He did not know quite what he could do, but Vera's face was so troubled that he felt he must cheer her in some way.

They were both rather silent the rest of the way home. Don was busy thinking, and Vera was wondering what he could do.

Then he cried, 'I have it!' but he looked so serious that Vera did not think he had, especially as he would not answer when she asked him what he would do.

As soon as she had taken her hat and coat off she ran to him with her money-box, and poured the little heap of silver and copper coins into his hand.

'What will you do?' she asked again. 'They will never give you that lovely purse for three and ninepence halfpenny when it is thirteen and six; and I don't like anything else,' and her face was so sad that Don thought she would cry.

'You wait till I come back,' he said, 'and then see what I bring you.'

So Vera tried to smile as she turned away in answer to a call from Mother.

Now was Don's chance. He whistled softly for Bobs, and, pulling his cap over his head, slipped out of the back door. Down the road he ran at full speed, with his little dog at his heels.

For once his master did not seem to notice Bobs, but ran his fastest, with his cap pulled well over his face and his head, while every now and then he screwed a rather grimy fist into each eye.

Bobs could not understand it, and gave short, sharp barks to remind Don of his presence, but it was no use: and the pair did not stop till they came to a large fancy shop in the High Street, in the window of which Vera had seen the purse.

Donny gathered Bobs up in his arms and went in. 'Please,' he said, speaking very quickly to the first assistant he saw, 'I have only got three and ninepence halfpenny, and I wanted that purse marked thirteen and six. Would you take Bobs for the rest?'

Then, to his great shame, two tears rolled down his cheeks on to the white head of Bobs, but the girl did not seem to notice them; she only stroked the dog, and asked Don very kindly if he would come outside and show her the purse. Don pulled himself up very straight and let no more tears fall, while he walked quite steadily out of the shop and round to the front of the window.

'There, that one,' he said, showing the purse Vera wished for.

Then he stared, and stared, and stared again, for marked on it, as plainly as could be, was—

REAL LEATHER.
3/6.

The girl smiled. 'I think you must have looked at the wrong ticket,' she said. 'See, that one near it is thirteen and six.'

'Oh! so it is,' cried Donny, hugging Bobs in his joy. 'I have enough money to pay for the green one, thank you, and I can keep my little dog. Dear old Bobs! I wonder how I should have gone home without you?'

A few minutes later Donny came out of the shop with a neat little package tucked away inside his coat, and Bobs dancing at his side.

Together they ran home, but this time they were a joyous pair, and Bobs received so many caresses and endearing words from his master that he forgot to bark, and nearly wagged his tail right off with happiness.

PROTECTION BY WATER.

LIKE the Bank of England, the Bank of France is now guarded every night by soldiers; but up to quite recent times it was protected in what seems to us a very curious way.

Each day, as soon as the money was deposited in the vaults of the cellar, masons walled up the doors of these receptacles. The water was then turned on, and kept running till the whole cellar was flooded.

This was certainly a very effectual protection. Before a burglar could begin to plunder the vaults, he would have had to get into a diving-dress, and break down a cement wall.

THE COVE.

THERE is a sheltered little cove,
Shut from the rough sea quite away,
Where quiet waters all day move,
And little wavelets come and play.
Outside, the rough waves beat the rock,
And hurl aloft their foam and spray;
But safe from strife and safe from shock,
This little cove rests night and day.

May life be like that little cove;
The world's rough sea may beat outside,
But sheltered still by care and love,
Through childhood's hour may I abide.
There, shut away from strife and stress,
Still may I live from day to day,
And find the quiet that will bless—
The peace that will not pass away.

FRANK ELLIS.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 83.)

THE elephant-house was a magnificent erection, and was more dazzling in appearance than the King's palace itself. The pillars and roof were covered with gold leaf and studded with precious stones and small squares of coloured glass. Inside the house, or stable, stood four elephants, their hinder feet secured by golden chains.

'Surely these are not the far-famed elephants?' I exclaimed.

'They are,' Menandez replied.

'But they are not white,' I said.

'Don't you let the King or any of his courtiers hear you express that opinion,' Menandez warned me. 'It is quite true that the brutes have only a few patches of white, but it is the duty of every loyal subject of his Majesty to pretend that they are pure white from the tip of their trunks to the end of their tails. Of course, it is a great sorrow to his Majesty that he is not as fortunate as his ancestors, who usually possessed two or three pure white elephants. But what worries him most is the knowledge that his hereditary enemy, the King of Burma, possesses at least one really white elephant. He invaded Burma in the hope of capturing it, but without success. Hunters are scattered all over the country searching for an elephant which shall equal, if not surpass, the one owned by the King of Burma, but, in the meanwhile, the King and his people declare that he possesses the best white elephants that ever were seen.'

'What good can such untruths do?' I asked.

'They are circulated in the hope that they will reach the King of Burma's ears, and make him envious. But probably his Burmese Majesty knows the truth and rejoices at the unkingly position of his rival. No King of Burma or Siam feels secure on his throne unless he possesses a really white elephant, for the natives of both countries believe that if their sovereign cannot obtain one, it is a sign that he is unworthy to reign over them.'

'I think you are right in believing that the King of Burma knows that the King of Siam is boasting,' Tom joined in; 'for if he knew that he possessed a good specimen of a white elephant, he would have made some excuse for invading Siam and attempting to carry off the precious animal. It is my opinion that the King of Siam is taking Europeans into his service because he fears a Burmese invasion will occur as soon as he obtains possession of a really white elephant.'

Having examined the elephants dignified with the adjective 'white,' we were turning to depart when, suddenly, a little white monkey climbed down from the roof on to the back of one of the elephants. It was pure white, and its presence in the elephant-house proved it to be a sacred monkey.

'That monkey is the only living thing in Bangkok that dares to treat the King with disrespect.' Menandez declared with a smile. 'I was told, yesterday, that he was captured and brought here about two years ago, and the King was so pleased with the little fellow that he raised his captor to high rank, and decreed that he and his descendants for three generations should be exempt from all taxes. But I imagine that the King wishes now that he had never seen the little rascal. On one occasion, when his Majesty was sitting in the Hall of Audience, the white monkey entered, and springing on to the throne, seized a silk shawl that was thrown over the royal shoulders, and scampered off with it up a pillar. Then, sitting on a ledge, he amused himself by tearing up the shawl and dropping the pieces down on the courtiers. The King, I understand, was half mad with rage, and had the white monkey not been considered a sacred animal would have had him killed instantly. As it was he ordered him to be chained up, but the little fellow immediately grew ill, and the King, fearing that he would die if not released, had him set free. When he had recovered he was placed in a cage, but again he became ill. The King then consulted the talapoins and the astrologers, who unanimously decided that the monkey must be permitted to wander about the elephant-house as he pleased. Since then the white monkey has had a very enjoyable time, but he is more feared than liked. On one occasion he escaped from the elephant-house and entered the Queen's sleeping apartment in the middle of the night, giving her Majesty a terrible fright. For this escapade the keeper of the white monkey was executed. His successor met with a similar fate, because the monkey bit a royal child who had pulled his tail.'

While Menandez was telling us of the white monkey's pranks, the comical little rascal was sitting on the elephant's back, blinking at me. Evidently he was attracted by my white face, for he took no notice of my companions. (Tom, I must mention, was so tanned by the sun that he was as brown as a native.) After surveying me for some minutes the white monkey ran down one of the elephant's legs, scampered towards me, and, to my surprise, sprang to my chest and clambered to my shoulder.

The next moment he tugged off my cap and gave it a close examination. Having tested it with his teeth and decided that it was not eatable, he looked at the inside, and apparently got much satisfaction from tearing out the lining.

When he had been perched on my shoulder for some five minutes I decided to catch hold of him and place him on the ground, but just as I was about to do so, he slid down my back and scampered to the elephant's, where he continued the destruction of my cap.

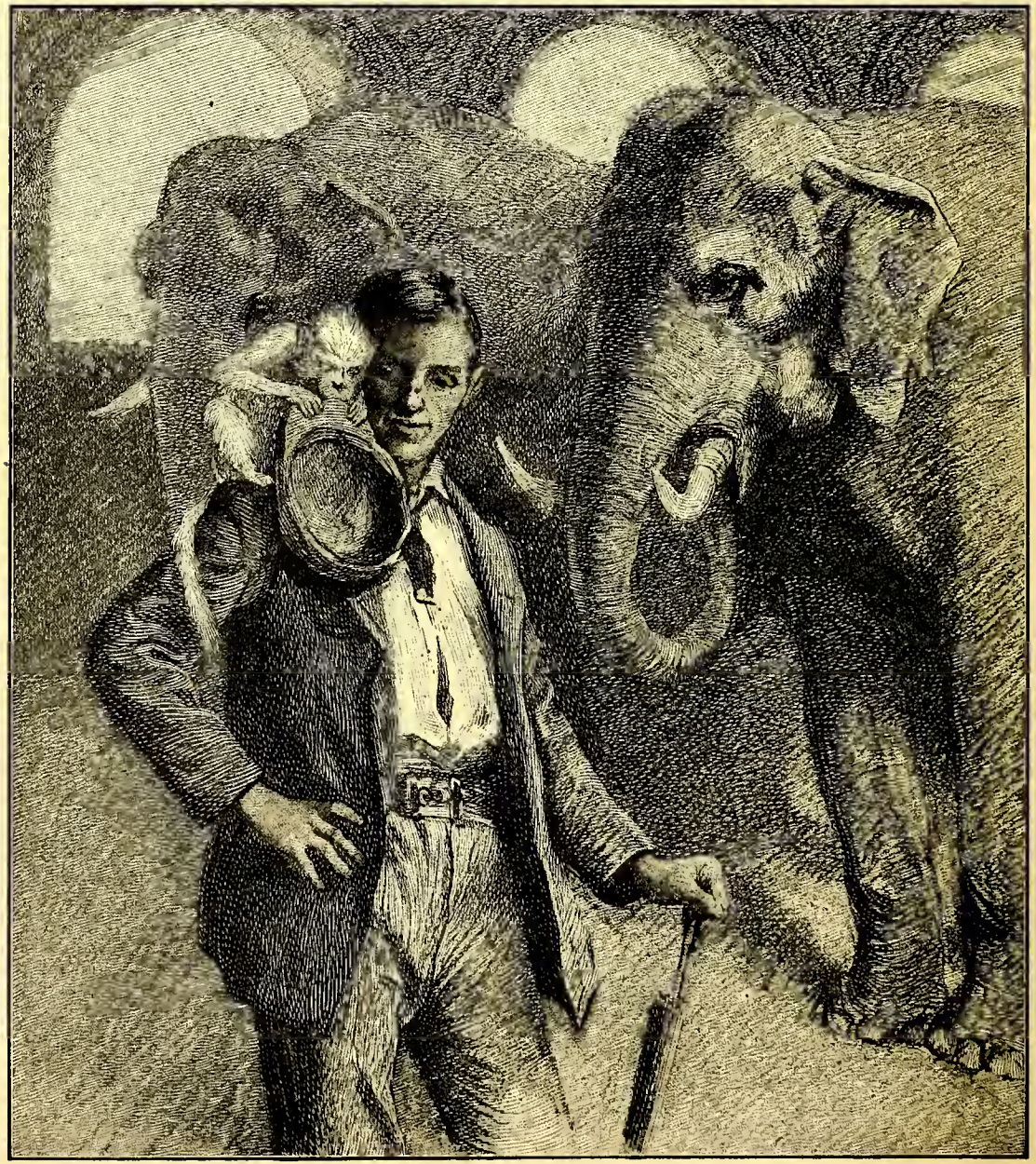
As I had a Chinese umbrella with me there was no need for me to be concerned about the loss of my cap. Moreover, the sun was setting.

We turned to leave the elephant-house, but the white monkey no sooner saw that we were departing than he left the elephant, and running after me again took up his position on my shoulder. The keeper of the white monkey and his two assistants now tried to coax the little rascal away from me, but without effect. Then one of the natives attempted to remove him, but the monkey quickly stopped his interference by biting his hand.

The agitated keeper now asked me, through Menandez, to win his eternal gratitude by proceeding to my (or rather Menandez's) house, carrying the white monkey on my shoulder. He and his assistants would accompany me and secure the monkey in our dwelling.

I had no objection to make, and therefore I walked home with the white monkey on my shoulder.

(*Continued on page* 98.)



"The white monkey tested my cap with his teeth."

If I treat him kindly, he will probably stick to me; if I chain him up, he will run away the first time he manages to break loose.'

It seemed almost as if the white monkey understood my words and wished to show his perfect agreement with them, for he jumped out of my breeches and sprang on to my chest, where he sat until, wishing to get up, I removed him.

At breakfast his manners were far from being all that could be desired. He made a raid on the fish, and in his efforts to escape with it upset a mug of hot coffee over Menandez's legs. Menandez flew into a passion and flung the tin mug at him, but his anger changed into mirth when the monkey picked it up and attempted to throw it back at him.

In spite of the white monkey's lack of manners he was a source of great amusement to us, and our shouts of laughter caused many a passing native to peep in at our door to see the reason of our merriment.

Throughout the day, Ted—for that was the name I bestowed upon the white monkey—never once showed the slightest wish to leave me. When I went out, he followed on all fours, resting himself occasionally by a ride on my shoulder.

To my great delight Ted proved to be a very teachable monkey, and before sunset he had learnt to shake hands with Tom and me. He absolutely refused, however, to shake hands with Menandez, of whom he had the greatest distrust. Menandez could not understand the reason of this, but I have no doubt that a man of Menandez's race had, at some time or other, ill-treated the monkey.

That night I went to sleep with the fullest confidence that Ted would not desert me, and when I awoke in the morning he was seated on the table, surveying me with a comically grave air. On seeing that I was awake he jumped down and frisked around me in a manner which proved unmistakably that he was anxious to continue our friendship.

Had it not been for Ted's company, Tom and I would have found the hours pass very slowly, as there was absolutely nothing for us to do until we received our uniforms. These were brought to us on the second day after our being measured, and I can assure you that we felt very happy when we exchanged our dirty, travel-stained clothes for clean ones. We also felt somewhat proud of our appearance, for the uniforms were, contrary to my expectation, by no means ludicrous. They were, indeed, very smart, having been made from a pattern of a British naval officer's uniform. The trousers were white, and the tunics blue with a small white elephant worked on the right front. We were also supplied with cocked hats, and the only absurdity was, that with this distinctly naval uniform we had to wear huge gilded spurs.

'Will our soldiers and sailors look equally smart?' I asked.

'I am afraid not,' Tom replied, and I fancy my question caused him some amusement.

An hour later I understood why he smiled. The tailor, who I must admit had cut our clothes with a skill which I should not have expected him to possess, had scarcely got clear of our hut when two high court officials entered, and informed us that they had been sent by his Majesty the Lord of the White Elephant and Brother of the Moon to conduct us to our men.

(*Continued on page* 110.)

LIFE IN THE COCOS ISLANDS.

THE Cocos or Keeling Islands are a group of ten or more small islands in the Indian Ocean, about midway between Ceylon and Australia. Some of these islands are only a few yards square, with half-a-dozen cocoanut-trees on them, and the largest of all is but six miles long and very narrow.

These islands are protected from the Indian Ocean by a reef of coral rocks which surrounds them, and at low tide it is possible to walk to every island—a walk which amply repays the naturalist, as many very rare shells can there be found and the coral is most fine.

One of these islands, Direction, is about a mile square, and has a population of about six hundred Malays and twenty-four Eastern Telegraph officials, who are Englishmen. The Malays earn their living by picking up cocoanuts and sending the copra to England for sale. The young telegraphists have plenty to do in their own profession, but yet find time for enjoyment, and in spite of isolation and hard work, these young men lead a very jolly life.

They are only sent to Direction for a year at a time, and as they get a mail only once in three months, they may be said to be cut off from civilisation; yet in spite of that and want of space, 'the time,' writes one young fellow, 'goes only too quickly.' Boating and fishing are naturally the chief amusements. 'We have five boats altogether, and have races for a cup every quarter, which is great fun. The fishing is simply splendid, and you need never be afraid when you go out for a day's sport that you will come back without catching anything. The only drawback to fishing here is the number of sharks, which, as soon as you take a fish on, take it off for their own consumption. Nearly a quarter of the fish hooked are lost in this way.'

The chief drawbacks to the island—which is a very healthy one—are the rats, which absolutely swarm there, and it seems impossible to get rid of them, as they enjoy poison and thrive on it! As for traps, the rats laugh at them! This same young fellow, from whose letter to his old school I have already quoted, says that he watched from his bed—with the light full on—a rat walk into a trap he had set for it: as soon as the rat found he was in a trap and could not get out, he started squeaking, and in a few seconds several other rats came round the trap and poked at the wires till they found the opening, when one of them got half-way into the trap so as to allow the other rat to get out, and then pulled himself out again.

INSURANCE PLATES.

WHEN we reflect how much injury and loss may be caused by an outbreak of fire, we can well understand why great precautions are taken to prevent such accidents, and to check as far as possible the damage when they do occur. When a fire is well ablaze, however, it is only by the efforts of many people, helping each other, that the fire may be checked.

Let us think what this means. Every large town now has fire-engines and firemen ready to go at a moment's notice to an outbreak of fire. As soon as the firemen receive an alarm they set off, and do their best to put the fire out as quickly as they can. Their services are almost entirely paid for out of the rates of the town, to

which rates every householder contributes; and thus you see that in a round-about way the unfortunate man whose property is on fire receives help from all his fellow-townspeople.

The "British" Insurance Plate.

But there is another way in which he may be helped by others. He may have insured his possessions. This means that he has joined with many other persons in a company, which agrees to pay for the losses which any one of them may sustain by an outbreak of fire. Each

The "Alliance" Plate.

person who insures his property, pays a small sum to the company every year, and the money thus obtained pays for the losses which are caused by fires, and also any other expenses which may be incurred in collecting or distributing the money. The damage occasioned every year by fires is in this way borne by all who have insured, and thus the insurers combine to help one

The "Guardian" Plate.

another. Be careful to remember, however, that while all the men in a town unite to pay the expenses of their fire-engines and firemen, it is only those who insure themselves who receive anything for the damage caused

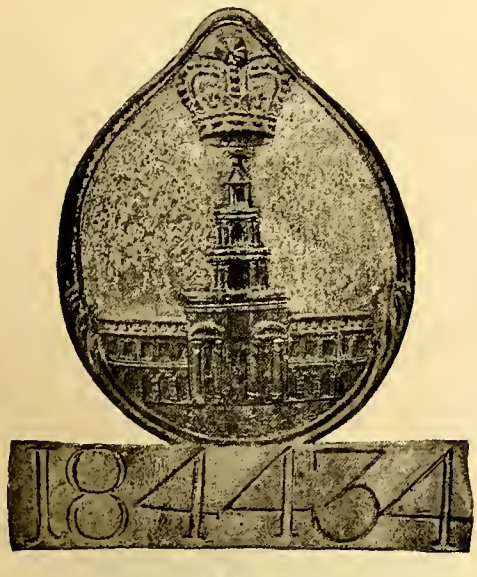
The "Protector" Plate.

by fire. The insurers may be scattered all over the kingdom, a few in this town and a few in that, but they all contribute their money to one central office in some large city, and only they get any benefit from this form of contribution.

Fire-engines of some kind have been in use for two or three centuries at least, though the early engines were little better than small wooden pumps mounted on

The "Sun" Plate.

wheels. Fire insurance companies have existed in England for a little over two hundred years. In early times, however, many of the fire-engines, if not most of them, were owned by the insurance companies, and the e



The "Royal Exchange" Plate.

companies had also their own firemen in various towns, who wore the badges of their companies. As the expenses of these engines and men were paid by the insurers only, the firemen were instructed to attend only those fires which broke out in houses which were insured by their company. If, upon reaching the fire, they found that the burning house was not insured by their company, they need not take any further trouble.

But perhaps you will ask, how were they to know when a house was properly insured? Every insurance

The "Hand-in-Hand" Plate.

company caused to be made a kind of metal badge or plate, and one of these was fixed upon the front of every insured house, in such a position that it could be easily discerned. These plates—insurance plates, fire-marks, and fire-plates, as they are called—were made of lead or copper, often prettily painted and gilded; and as each company had its own pattern, there are many different kinds of them. (*Concluded on page* 107.)

A COMPANY OF BENEFACTORS.

I.—WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

'Where Britain's flag flies wide unfurled,
All tyrant woes dispelling,
God make this world a better world,
For man's brief earthly dwelling.'

SO we sang in the great year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, when, looking backward thankfully and forward hopefully, we felt that, in spite of many failures and mistakes, the world is indeed moving 'nearer to the sun.' And the betterers of the world are the clear-sighted, earnest men and women, who, having recognised a goal to be reached or a wrong to be righted, set themselves patiently and untiringly to work for the good end. Here are the stories of a few of them, stories good to remember, of those who gave lavishly of their thought and strength and worldly goods, that they might leave the world better than they found it.

The reign of Edward III., though it helped to develop the military skill of our nation, brought England very little except a barren and short-lived glory

in return for a heavy expenditure of men and money in the foreign wars. At home a terrible scourge had been sweeping over the land, the Eastern plague, well named the 'Black Death.' Through cities and villages it passed, leaving mourning and desolation behind; the living were scarcely enough to bury the dead. The clergy—all honour to them—stood in most cases staunchly by their stricken flocks, and died in hundreds at their posts.

Parishes innumerable were left unattended, and the farm labourers perished in such numbers that the survivors began to demand higher wages and to rebel against the old conditions of labour; severe laws were passed to safeguard what the landlords considered their rights; old ways were changing, and there was a general feeling of unrest and insecurity.

In the early days of this reign there was growing up in the good city of Winchester a little lad named William, son to John Lang and Sybil his wife, of the village of Wykeham. He was a clever boy with a head for book-learning, and he had attracted the notice of Sir John Scures, the Governor of Winchester Castle, who sent him to the Priory School, where he learnt his Latin grammar and, I dare say, took his birching with the other boys, little guessing that he would one day be known as 'Wykeham, the great Bishop,' who 'stood at the King's right hand.'

One thing we do know of those early days which foreshadowed the man of the future, that the lad was daily to be found in the beautiful Cathedral, taking his part in the service beside a certain pillar, a spot which we can still identify.

It was his skill in architecture which brought the young man into notice and found him employment, first in the additions to Winchester Castle, and soon afterwards in special work for King Edward himself. That romantic monarch had just founded his Order of the Garter, in imitation of King Arthur's Round Table, and Wykeham was entrusted with the task of designing a suitable meeting-place for the Knights of the Order—the famous Round Tower of Windsor Castle.

After this, honours poured thick and fast upon him. In 1349, the dark year of the Plague, he had taken Orders, and we find records of one preferment after another, until in 1366 he became Bishop of Winchester and, the following year, Chancellor. And now the great plan of his life began to take form. We hear of a band of scholars maintained at Oxford at the Bishop's expense, and of a master engaged to teach a little company of promising lads at Winchester. In those days, when many a youth trudged afoot to Oxford or Cambridge and perhaps made his way thence to Paris or to Padua, and obtained licence to beg his bread while he pursued his studies, there could be no greater kindness than to give some eager young student the chance of an education.

Doubtless Wykeham remembered the helping hand that had been held out to himself in his early days, and was glad to give to others the opportunities he had used so well.

And now there came a change of fortune, one of those reverses which have their part in the making of a great man. The Bishop, as a friend of the Black Prince, was an object of dislike to the Duke of Lancaster, John of Gaunt, and, when the Duke's party came into power, a disgraceful attack was made upon Wykeham. He was impeached upon a number of false charges, banished from court, and deprived of the greater part of his income. The good Bishop bore the trial with dignified patience, grieving chiefly for his band of Oxford scholars, to whom he sorrowfully sent word that he was no longer able to maintain them.

But better days returned. Wykeham's friends found means to clear his character and to obtain for him his old offices and estates, and, with the return of prosperity, he threw himself with fresh energy into his beneficent work. Back came his scholars joyfully to Oxford, while their patron was planning for them a more permanent residence there. More than one wealthy friend of learning had built and endowed a college where students should be comfortably and safely housed—and also kept within bounds, for not a few of them were turbulent young gentlemen, loving a fight as dearly as they loved their books. And now, just within the old city wall, arose Wykeham's beautiful building, which has kept, through five centuries of useful work, its outgrown name of New College.

In his foundation at Oxford, Wykeham was following the footsteps of other benefactors, but, meanwhile, he was maturing a scheme which was all his own. His boys at Winchester must also be well housed. He would have a college there too, where little lads should be prepared to pass on to Oxford. The year after New College was occupied saw the foundation laid of St. Mary's College at Winchester. How near the scheme was to the Bishop's heart we can judge by the wise and loving forethought with which he planned every detail, laying down lines which have been followed more or less closely by all succeeding public schools. Probably his main idea was to raise up an earnest, well-taught body of clergy to recruit the ranks so sadly thinned by the Black Death. But he was wise enough to see how sorely education was needed in those dangerous days for the sons of the well-to-do landowners, and his scheme, besides providing for seventy scholars, allowed for a certain number to attend the College as Commoners, at their own expense. Another wise thought was the system of prefects, 'three scholars in each chamber, more advanced in age, discretion, and knowledge,' who should be responsible for the good behaviour of the rest. Surely the wise founder had studied boy-nature, and knew how the sense of responsibility develops the best side of the lad who feels himself trusted by the authorities, with the honour of his school in his keeping.

The spring air must have seemed very full of hope and promise on that 28th of March, 1393, when the Bishop watched his seventy boys, with their Warden, Fellows, and Master, winding in procession down from the green St. Catherine's Hill through Winchester, and, with chanted psalms, taking possession of their new home.

Even now, in spite of his threescore and ten years, the tireless brain was still busily at work, and the old architectural skill found employment in the altering and renewing of his beloved Cathedral. It was not till 1404 that the great Bishop, three times Chancellor, with stately buildings for his memorial, and young, vigorous lives blessing him for help and encouragement, entered into his well-earned rest. In his own Cathedral he lies, on the very spot where, as a lad, he loved to kneel at the daily service. It is good and pleasant to remember how, two hundred and fifty years later, the Parliamentarian army, rushing in the frenzy of destruction through Winchester Cathedral, was stayed at that tomb by their commanding officer, himself an old

Wykehamist. He had lost his reverence for many things, but no sacrilegious hand should touch the founder's tomb while he had voice to lift in its defence, and the good Bishop's stately effigy sleeps unmolested, saved by one of his own sons.

'Manners maketh man'—so runs the motto of England's first public school: a good motto, surely, to stand at the head of these sketches. It reminds us that character is the greatest of all possessions: that what a man *is* matters more than what he *has*.

The world owes much to those who have helped to lighten the burden of human suffering and to make life a safer and pleasanter thing. But perhaps the greatest benefactor is he who helps to train up men well equipped for the work of life, wise with the wisdom of both past and present, strong in the sense of duty and steadfast in the fear of God.

MARY H. DEBENHAM.

RAIN.

'AH! here's the gloomy rain again,'
Cried Alfred with a sigh,
As, frowning through the window-pane,
He watched the cloudy sky.
'Oh! here's the gloomy rain again;
And so, beyond a doubt,
Though ready dressed
In all my best,
I must not venture out.'

'Ah! here's the jolly rain again,'
The ducks went quacking by.
They liked the mud that filled the lane,
They liked the cloudy sky.
'Ah! here's the jolly rain again,
And so, beyond a doubt,
We soon shall tramp
Through mud and damp,
Instead of dust and drought.'

THE BIGNESS OF LITTLE THINGS.

An Eastern Fable.

A CERTAIN young prince was somewhat inclined to despise small and mean things. While he and the dervish who acted as his tutor were travelling through the borderlands of India they saw many strange sights. One day they came across some natives, who were feeding caterpillars with leaves from mulberry-trees.

'How very silly these people must be!' scornfully remarked the Prince, 'to waste their time in feeding a lot of contemptible worms!'

'Don't you know,' said the Dervish, 'that you are indebted to those poor worms for that shining silk dress of yours?'

'Oh!' said the Prince, in surprise.

By-and-by they came to the dried-up bed of a torrent, where men were searching eagerly amongst the pebbles in the sand, and carefully sifting the gravel.

'Idiots!' exclaimed the Prince, 'to grub about in that wretched sand when they might be tilling good, fertile ground!'

'Not such idiots as you think them,' replied the Dervish. 'You like to wear diamonds in your diadem, and those men are getting them for you.'

'Oh!' said the Prince again.

This story is an apologue: that is, a fable with a moral. It reminds us of another little Eastern story, which we may call 'Anomi's Lesson.'

It was Anomi who *gave* the lesson to his son.

'Bring me a fruit from yonder tree,' he said.

The boy obeyed.

'Now break it open,' said his father.

The boy did so.

'What do you see there?' asked the man.

'Only some tiny seeds.'

'What do you think is inside those seeds?'

'Nothing, Father.'

'You are wrong, my son; for inside each of those tiny seeds dwells the small beginning of a mighty tree.'

Both our Eastern stories have the same 'moral.' It may be prettily summed up in these two lines (by D. Everett):—

'Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.'

E. DYKE.

A MEXICAN HERO.

'FIRE! The train's on fire!' The wild shout of the brakesman was echoed by those standing about on the platform of the little mountain station. The engine-driver, James Garcia, a Mexican, sprang down from his post: an awful fear was upon all faces. There was a rush for water to quench the flames: men and women worked desperately, frantically, well knowing that their lives were in the utmost peril. For it was no ordinary freight that the goods train carried: it was loaded with machinery and blasting powder for the Pilares Mine, and if a spark touched the powder, there was enough on board to blow the whole place sky-high. The trucks with the machinery were already blazing fiercely; it was impossible to get the flames under; no wonder the faces of the townspeople looked white with terror. In a few minutes—it might be a few seconds—the end would come.

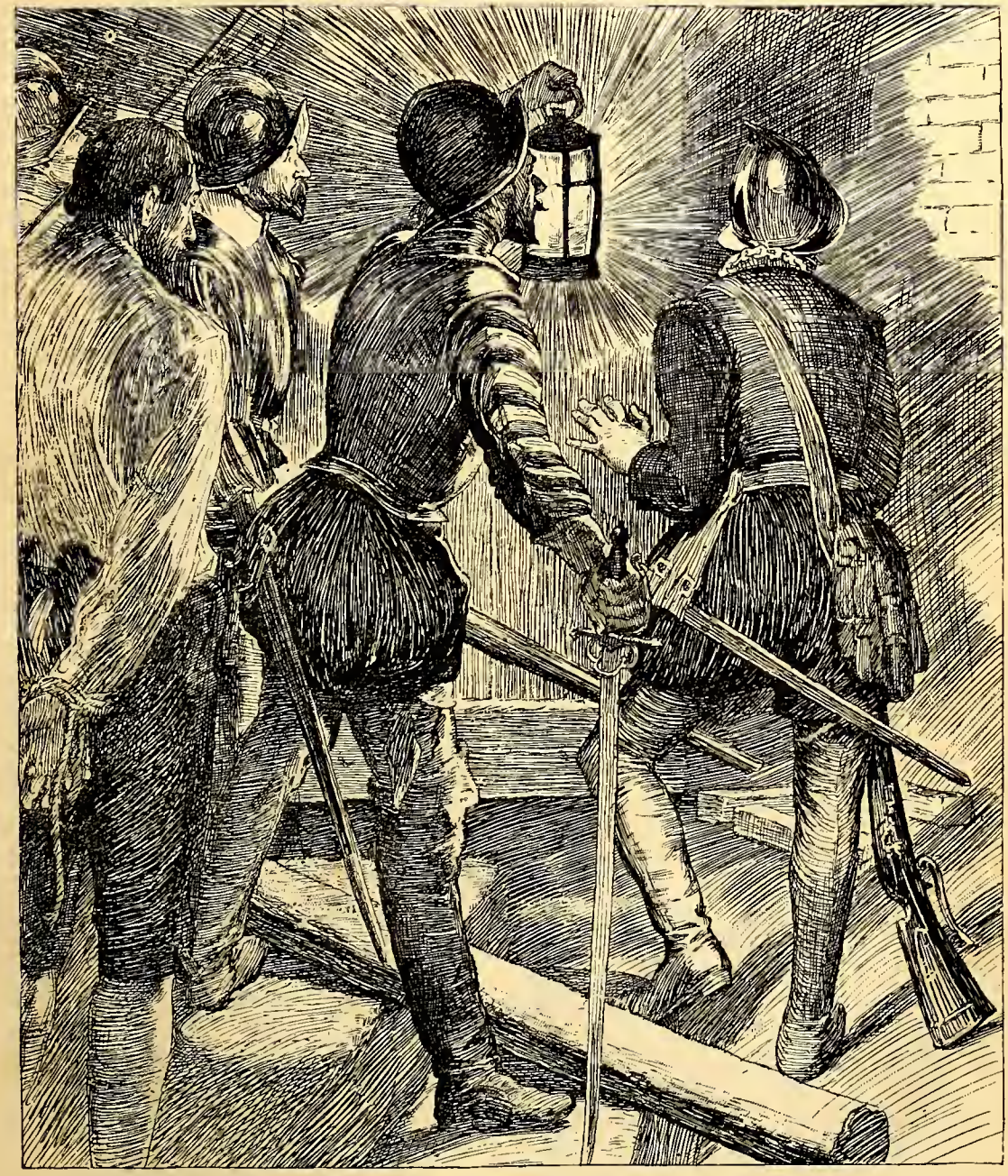
Suddenly, the engine-driver, who had been racing with water like the rest, threw away his bucket and rushed towards his engine. He climbed upon it, pulled a lever, sounded the whistle; the great black monster began to move. For a moment the people stood speechless, too distraught with fright to understand what was happening. The fiery trucks moved past them slowly, but the train got up speed, as Garcia frantically raked at the furnaces, and threw on more and more fuel. Could he but get clear of the town, it might be saved. He was driving on to his death, but he did not care for that, if the others might only be spared—he could hear shouts behind him; the men wildly cheering his brave deed. The heat of the furnaces scorched his face; it was mid-day too, and the sun overhead beat fiercely down

Faster and faster sped the burning train; heavy smoke poured out of its funnel and mixed with the pure air.

'We must be far enough now,' thought Garcia, dizzily. 'Oh, God, have mercy on us this day!'

A roar as of a dozen cannon! Smoke rising in volumes, dense and blinding! Great masses of wood and iron flung into the air with terrific force! The fire had reached the blasting powder; the end had come; and the soul of the brave Mexican engine-driver went home to Him Who gave it. But the little town of Nacozari, nestling among the mountains, was saved.

"He was driving on to his death."



"They saw a marvellous treasure.'

THE SEA-KINGS OF ENGLAND.

IV.—FRANCIS DRAKE: THE TREASURE OF THE WORLD.

BEFORE Drake went with Hawkins on the ill-fated expedition to San Juan d'Ulloa, he had been in the West, and had seen the wealth of Spain's dominion there. At San Juan d'Ulloa he suffered great loss, for he had ventured money and merchandise in the English fleet, and nothing would content him but to seek to get something of his own back from the Spaniards, by whatever means he could. He was already known for a daring navigator and a great leader of men. No seaman of his day had a stouter heart or a better knowledge of the difficult sea. It was not hard for him to get ships and support; he made several expeditions, of which no record was left, and at last, on May 24th, 1572, he set forth from Plymouth with the *Pasha* (a ship of seventy tons, holding forty mariners), and the *Swan* (of twenty tons, in command of his brother, John Drake). In all he had seventy-three men and boys, only one of them over thirty years of age. His ships were richly fitted out with provisions and necessaries for a year, and he took with him three 'dainty pinnaces,' the best small boats that could be made, in pieces, for putting together when the time came.

He sailed across the Atlantic without event. On July 6th—a six weeks' voyage—he sighted the hills behind the town of Santa Marta, and a few days afterwards he reached a little harbour on the Gulf of Darien, which on a visit a year before he had named Port Pheasant, because of the 'great store of those goodly fowls' which he found there. It was 'a fine round bay,' with an excellent anchorage, and full of good fish.

As the Englishmen drew near, they saw a thin smoke rising as if for a signal. When they landed, they found the place deserted. The year before Drake had cut paths and cleared the undergrowth; but now 'all was so overgrown again that we doubted whether this were the same place or no.' There was no sign of life, except the slow fire from which the smoke came: they judged that it might have been smouldering several days. Presently they found a strange warning, 'a plate of lead, nailed fast to a mighty great tree (greater than any four men, joining hands, could fathom about), on which were engraven these words:—

'"Captain Drake, if you fortune to come to this port, make haste away; for the Spaniards, which you had with you here last year, have betrayed this place, and taken away all that you left here. I depart from hence, this present 7th July, 1572. Your very loving friend, John Ganet."'

But they had no need of the warning. They found no danger and no Spaniards at Port Pheasant. Nevertheless, Drake fortified his encampment strongly, in case of need. His men set to work at once to put the pinnaces together, and when they had only been there a day they obtained aid. An English bark, with a shallop, or small launch, commanded by one James Rouse, arrived in the harbour, and joined forces with them.

On July 20th they left Port Pheasant. It was known that Drake meant to reach Nombre de Dios, the port on the Eastern (or Europe-wards) side of the Isthmus of Panama to which the treasure trains and trading caravans came across country from Panama itself, bearing the wealth of Peru and the Western coasts. On July 22nd the Englishmen arrived at the Isle of Pines, off Cuba, and there they arranged their forces for the venture. Drake and seventy-three men took the three pinnaces and the shallop; Rouse and the rest remaining behind with the ships.

It was a week before they reached Nombre de Dios. They came thither silently, late at night. The moon was not yet risen. The town was built upon a sandy bay, and contained some thirty households, besides a fort, the King of Spain's treasure-house, and a strong garrison. The harbour was a poor one; but Drake nevertheless found a large Spanish ship there, of sixty tons, newly come in. She sent a boat ashore to warn the town of his coming; but he intercepted it and prevented the news reaching land. His attack was a complete surprise. But his men were not eager to carry it out. They thought that they were too few in number for so strong a town, and they feared to wander in the unknown streets in darkness. But the moon was soon to rise; the sky was faintly light with the warning of its rising. Drake pointed to the light, and bade his men see that dawn was near. Thus encouraged, they took heart, and landed on a sandy beach, where they found six brass guns, which they dismantled. There was one gunner in charge of them; he fled, and got clear away, and warned the garrison, who were ever alert because of hostile Indians and Simaroons (or runaway negroes) in the neighbourhood. In a moment the town was awake, drums beat, bells rang, and armed men appeared from every house.

Drake left twelve men to guard the pinnaces. John Oxenham, who afterwards made a disastrous voyage to Panama on his own account, was sent, with sixteen men, to go round to the other side of the town, behind the King's treasure-house, and outflank the Spaniards. With the rest, Drake pushed on to the market-place, where a fierce fight ensued. But before long the Spaniards fled, and, Oxenham coming up, the Englishmen marched to the Governor's house, led by a prisoner whom they forced to show them the way. At this house the mules from Panama were always unloaded, and the gold checked. The invaders broke into it, and there, in a special room, they saw a marvellous treasure—'a pile of bars of silver (as near as we could guess) seventy feet in length, ten feet in breadth, and twelve feet in height, piled up against the wall; each bar was between thirty-five and forty pounds in weight.' The value was more than a million pounds sterling.

They gazed and wondered. But Drake bade them leave the treasure untouched. There was awaiting them in the King's treasure-house, he said, far more—'more gold and jewels than all our pinnaces could carry.'*

As they stood there, word arrived that the pinnaces were in danger. The Englishmen had seen something of the strength of the town, and though they had, by good fortune, been successful so far, they did not feel

* Drake probably did not exaggerate. The amount of gold, silver, and jewels at this time got from America and transported to Spain was enormous. Twenty years before this, King Philip had visited Queen Mary of England, his wife, at Winchester, with twenty-seven chests of bullion, and ninety-nine horseloads and two cartloads of gold and silver.

safe. They murmured that the task was too great for them.

'I have brought you to the mouth of the treasure of the world,' cried Drake. 'If you will now go without it, henceforth blame no one but yourselves.'

But they would wait no longer. As if to defeat them utterly, a great thunderstorm suddenly arose, and wetted their powder and bowstrings, and rendered them useless. Drake, on the point of giving up, made one more effort. He bade his men go back to the water-side, and there, before embarking, break open the King's treasure-house. He led them up to the very door, urging them on. But even as they reached the door, 'his strength and sight and speech failed him, and he began to faint for want of blood.' He had been seriously wounded in the thigh in the fight in the market-place, but had said no word of it till now, when even he could hold out no longer.

At that his men wasted no more time. They had learnt that the pinnaces were in no danger, but they believed themselves outnumbered, so that it might be only a matter of time before they were overpowered and taken. They lifted up their leader, and, in spite of his protests, carried him to the boats, pushed off hastily, and sailed to the Isle of Bastimentos, a league from the shore. Thence, a day later, they returned to their ships at the Isle of Pines.

But, though his men had failed him at Nombre de Dios, Drake was not going back to England empty-handed. He sent off men to explore the mouth of the river Chagres, with a view to learning something of the way to Panama and Venta Cruz (a station on the treasure-route), and to treating with the runaway Simaroons, who were ever ready to join forces against the Spaniards. (*Continued on page* 142.)

ACCORDING TO NATIONAL CUSTOMS!

WHEN General Sir Charles Napier was Governor of Scinde he determined to suppress the horrible custom of *suttee*—that is, the burning alive of widows on the funeral pile of their husbands. The natives, however, strongly disapproved of his conduct, and came to the General to remonstrate with him about it.

'All nations have customs which must be respected,' they said, 'and suttee is one of our most sacred customs.'

Napier appeared to be much struck with this remark, and after reflecting for some minutes he said gravely: 'Be it so! This burning of widows is your custom. Prepare the funeral pile! But my nation also has a custom. When men burn women alive we hang them, and confiscate all their property. My carpenters shall therefore erect gibbets on which to hang all concerned when the widow is consumed. Let us all act according to national customs.'

But this arrangement somehow did not please the natives, and the practice of suttee was abolished.

WHAT THE KITE SAID.

'I THINK I have a perfect right
To hold my head up,' said the Kite,
'For in the sky, with tail uncurled,
I can look down on all the world,
And in my proper place, you see,
There's *no* one can look down on me.'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

4.—Bird Wedding Puzzle.

At a certain wedding everybody and everything had the name of a bird

1. What was the bride's name?
2. What was the bridegroom's name?
3. Who was best man?
4. Who signed the register?
5. What sort of ring did the bridegroom wear?
6. What did the bride wear round her neck?
7. How did the stout guests arrive?
8. What military rank was represented?
9. Who did most of the talking?
10. What king was present?
11. What did the rowdy guests do?
12. What did the guests do when they ate?
13. What did the guests fill the motor with?
14. Where did they go for the honeymoon?
15. On what river did they boat?
16. What did the bridegroom make with his money?

(*Answers on page* 147.)

Answers to Decapitation Puzzle on Page 78.

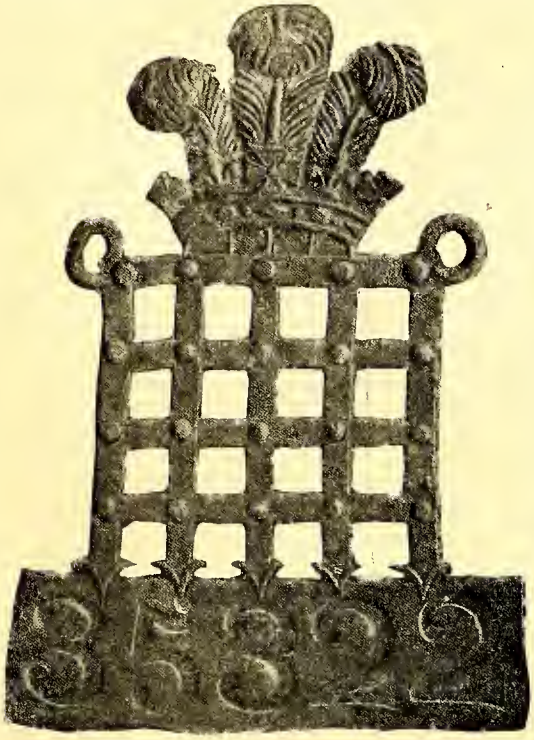
3.—1. Stone—tone—one
2. Chair—hair—air.
3. Drink—rink—ink.

INSURANCE PLATES.

(*Concluded from page* 101.)

ONE of the commonest Insurance Plates is that of the Phœnix Fire Office, which resembles a shield having a spear across the back of it. On the shield there is the embossed picture of a bird, the fabled Phœnix, rising from a number of flaming faggots, under which is the word 'Protection.' You will find a similar picture on the same company's posters to-day. The plate of the Hand-in-Hand Insurance Society shows two hands grasped together under a crown. The Union fire-mark has four hands grasped together cross-wise. The insurance plate of the Sun Fire Office exhibits a round full face with rays all round it—a comical representation of the sun, in fact. The British plate has a lion on it; the Norwich, a lion and castle; the Westminster, a portcullis and the Prince of Wales's feathers; the designs are very numerous. In some cases, of course, the plates belong to companies no longer in existence, for some have failed, and others have joined other companies and lost their original name.

In the Guildhall Museum, London, and in many museums in other towns very good collections of these old insurance plates may be seen. But it is much more interesting to pick them out on the fronts of the old houses, where they were placed, it may be, a hundred years ago. Though you will not find one in every street, nor even one at all in some modern towns, they are still fairly numerous, especially in the country. Within the last four or five weeks I have seen a score or more, some here, some there, in about half-a-dozen towns. As they are usually dull with age, and sometimes painted or plastered over, they will often escape observation until they are searched for. They are placed as a rule on the middle of the front of the house, between the bedroom windows, or over the principal entrance. As it is nearly a hundred years since they were put up to any great extent, it is useless to look for them on modern houses.



The "Westminster" Plate.

The "Union" Plate.

The "London" Plate.

The "West of England" Plate.

The oldest marks have usually a number at the bottom of them, which is the number of the agreement, or policy, as it is called, under which the house was insured.

The "Imperial" Plate.

For our illustrations of these plates we are indebted to the fine collection of Mr. H. W. Fincham, who has also very kindly read this article before its appearance.

SOME ENGLISH TREES.

III.—THE SYCAMORE.

ON a really hot summer day, few trees afford the weary traveller more satisfaction than the sycamore, for its dense foliage gives the complete shade he longs for. The leaves are large, cleft into five sections, and of a very deep green, whilst the blossoms are in form like huge sprays of mignonette; both leaves and flowers are rich in honey-dew, owing to secretions of sugary substance. Sycamores have been in favour in Britain from very early times, but in Scotland are usually known as plane-trees, although quite unlike the real plane family. In North America also, sycamores are known sometimes as planes, but more often as Great Maples, and indeed these trees really belong to the maple tribe. Whittier, the poet, wrote a charming

Sycamore Leaf.

A Well-grown Sycamore Tree.

poem called 'The Sycamores,' in which he tells of one Hugh Tallant, 'the Irish Gleeman, who one hundred and fifty years before planted a group of them in his own township,' and Whittier uses equally the name of Sycamore and Occidental Plane.

'But still green and tall and stately,
On the river's winding shores,
Stand the Occidental Plane-trees,
Stand Hugh Tallant's Sycamores.'

In the Middle Ages the sycamore was regarded from a religious point of view, as the tree into which Zacchæus climbed to look at our Lord, and great numbers were planted on this account. It seems clear now, however, that the sycamore of the Bible was really a species of fig-tree common in Egypt (*Ficus Sycamorus*), which grows to a great size and bears quantities of figs. It is frequently planted in villages,

where its spreading branches often reach a width of forty feet, and afford a delightful shelter.

Our English sycamore is plentiful in the forests of Germany, Austria, Italy, and Switzerland. It is a tree of determined character, and having assumed a certain form retains it in spite of fierce winds, storm, or scorching sunshine, in a fashion which no other tree can manage. This makes it very valuable in positions where beauty of form is desired, and ensures it a place in ornamental pleasure-grounds.

The timber of the sycamore matures slowly, considering that it is a tree of quick growth as trees go; it often attains a height of twenty-five feet in ten years, and its full growth of seventy to ninety feet in as many years. When about sixty years old, the wood can safely be used, and is valuable for its whiteness, durability, and delicate grain. It is sought for to make spindles and loom fittings, and also for moulds for butter and such-like things, and the refuse wood in the form of charcoal is used for the finer kinds of gunpowder.

The life of a sycamore varies from one to two hundred years, though it sometimes attains a far greater age. In autumn its tints of deep rich brown and dark crimsons set off the gold and amber tints of lighter-coloured trees. In Scotland, in the days of old, the feudal lords were wont to single out a sycamore as near their gates as possible for the purpose of hanging refractory vassals, from which it took the name of 'Dool' or 'Grief tree.'

HELENA HEATH.

THE MAN IN CHARGE.

WHEN gold was first discovered in Australia, about sixty years ago, there was a great rush to the goldfields. Almost every man in the towns, which were at that time few in number and little better than settlements, threw up his ordinary work, and, regardless of all consequences, set off inland to the places where the precious grains and nuggets had been found. One consequence of this desertion of the towns was that ordinary work ceased almost entirely for many weeks, until new immigrants arrived from England and other countries to take the places of those who had turned gold-diggers.

For some time the gold-diggers were as a rule very successful, and found gold in sufficient quantities to pay them well. But they were not the only men who prospered. Those workmen who continued at their ordinary occupations received so many calls for their services that they were able to ask for, and obtain, much higher wages than they had received before gold had been discovered.

This fact is illustrated by a story related by a clergyman. He had the misfortune to break part of the harness of one of the horses which he was driving. He ordered his servant to bring the harness with him, and they went together in search of some one to repair it. They visited shop after shop, only to find in every case that the men had gone to the diggings, and only their wives, daughters, and little children were left at home. At last they found a shop in which there was a boy nine or ten years old, who thought he could mend the harness. He set to work, while the clergyman stood watching him; and in a few minutes the harness was properly repaired. The clergyman asked him how much he was to pay, thinking that a shilling would be a liberal price.

'Half-a-crown, sir, if you please,' the boy replied.

'That is a very high charge, my little fellow, for a few stitches,' said the clergyman.

'But, sir,' replied the boy, 'you must remember that nearly all the men have gone to the diggings, and we, who stay at home to do the work of the public, must charge accordingly.'

The clergyman was forced to admit the wisdom and the truth of this remark, and paid the money without further demur.

CUPS AND SAUCERS.

THE lily has a little cup,
The acorn has a saucer;
On sunbeams and on dew they sup—
No fare could e'er be choicer.

They all meet in the lane in spring,
And underneath the tree
The Canterbury bell doth ring
To show 'tis time for tea.

Sweet William by the rose doth steal,
And tender words doth utter;
The buttercup brings for the meal
Some little pats of butter.

So swiftly pass the sunny hours,
And sweet the sight must be
When all the pretty little flowers
Sit down each one to tea.

FRANK ELLIS.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 99.)

TOM and I did not delay our departure, for we were anxious to get out of the palace enclosure and enjoy a little more freedom. We had been forbidden to leave the enclosure until we were arrayed in our uniform.

Ted, who had been sitting quietly on the table while we were changing our clothes, sprang on to my shoulder as we were quitting the hut.

'I had quite forgotten Ted,' I remarked. 'What shall I do? I am his keeper, but it will look absurd for an officer to go on parade with a monkey on his shoulder.'

'Make him walk,' Tom suggested, but Ted strongly objected to this plan and flatly refused to remain on the ground.

'Let him have his way,' Menandez joined in. 'The ignorant natives will think highly of you for being the favourite of a white monkey.'

This I found was the case. As I marched along with Ted on my shoulder, the people prostrated themselves, and for the first time since my arrival in Siam I passed through the streets without having a single taunt of 'water-rat' hurled at me.

When we had marched about half a mile beyond the palace gates I noticed a crowd of about two hundred men ahead of me. They differed in one respect only from others whom we had seen—they held aloft about fifty flags, on each of which was drawn or worked a white elephant.

'That,' said Tom, looking round at me, 'is our regiment.'

'Good gracious!' I exclaimed in amazement, 'what a rabble.'

The nearer we drew to the men the less I liked their appearance. Many Siamese have not a very amiable expression, but these men, who were evidently the riff-raff of Bangkok, looked positively repulsive.

'What a gang of cut-throats,' I remarked, well aware that the court officials did not understand English. But I did not take into consideration the fact that the Siamese are exceedingly inquisitive. The officials requested Tom to interpret my remark. He hesitated, not wishing to tell an untruth, and equally anxious not to make known my unflattering comment. Menandez, who, as you are by this time aware, was an unscrupulous man, replied instead of Tom.

'The Keeper of the White Monkey,' he declared, 'rejoices that the Lord of the White Elephant has placed him in command of such brave men.'

The officials smiled approval, and advancing to the men made some remarks which, I discovered afterwards, were to the effect that they were to obey the commands of the great foreign soldiers whom it had pleased the King to place in authority over them.

Having finished speaking, the officials departed.

'I will leave you to enjoy yourselves,' Menandez said with a smile, and then hurried after the officials, with whom he was very anxious to become friendly.

'Now what are we to do?' Tom exclaimed, as he glanced from the ragged crowd before us to me.

'It is no good asking me,' I declared. 'I can't speak Siamese. Even if I knew my drill, I should not be much use to you.'

'Let us go nearer and see how they are armed,' Tom suggested, and we moved forward at once, but the inspection proved to be very unsatisfactory.

'There are not more than forty trustworthy muskets among the lot,' Tom declared.

'We must petition the King for some more,' I suggested.

'If we do he will probably reply that if we want any more muskets we must make them. His Majesty believes that every Englishman can make muskets and cannons.'

'Then we must on no account show that we are ignorant of the art. We must make forty muskets do for two hundred men. In time of war it will be more than sufficient, I fancy, for the fellows don't look the kind of men to fight.'

'That is my opinion also. However, we can't stand here staring at them. We must do something, or else they will all fall asleep. Two of them are asleep already.'

Tom strode over to the sleepers and stormed at them in true military fashion. The sleepers sprang to their feet and turned to run away, but Tom seized hold of both and held them tight, while he warned them that if ever they went to sleep on parade he would have them shot.

Tom was now warming to his work, and after considerable difficulty succeeded in forming our ragged regiment into two ranks, and made it advance and retire.

'I am afraid we shall never knock them into shape,' I said to Tom, after the men had been dismissed.

'Oh, yes, we shall,' he replied, 'but it won't be an easy job.'

Tom was right—it was not an easy job; but I will not weary you with an account of the trying time we had during the next month. But this I will say: the white monkey could go through the manual exercise with a stick long before many of our soldiers could do so with a musket.

The stupidity and laziness of our men had a somewhat depressing effect upon me, but Tom grew happier every day.

'It was always my ambition to be a soldier,' he said to me one evening, 'and I don't believe any officer loved his profession more than I. When I had to flee from India, I felt that I had nothing to live for. I was robbed of my ambition, and I was miserable, utterly miserable, until I began this job. It is not the real thing, certainly. No man can be truly happy in the military service of a foreign power. He may win great battles and have high honours bestowed upon him, but he will never derive one quarter of the satisfaction from them that he would have experienced had he been fighting for his own king and country. I shall never cease to mourn my severance with the East India Company, but I will do my best to make this rabble into a decent regiment, and, if I succeed, I shall be able to flatter myself that, if I had remained in the British service, I should have become a useful officer.'

As time passed on, I caught much of Tom's enthusiasm, and seconded him, to the best of my ability, in his efforts to make our regiment a credit to us.

At the end of three months we came to the conclusion that our men were sufficiently advanced to use blank cartridges, and consequently we made application to his Majesty for a supply of them.

His Majesty's Prime Minister honoured us with a visit concerning our application, and informed us not only that blank cartridges would not be given us, but that we were on no account again to ask for them.

'Will his Majesty deign to give us ball cartridge?' Tom asked.

'The Lord of the White Elephant will not,' the Prime Minister replied. 'Why should his Majesty's white officers desire their men to fire their muskets when there is no enemy to shoot?'

Tom explained that unless the men practised with ball cartridge, they would be absolutely useless if brought face to face with the enemy.

The Prime Minister admitted, somewhat reluctantly, that Tom's contention was sound, but, as he had been told to refuse our application, and apparently did not wish us to consider him an idiot, he informed us why we were to be denied both blank and ball cartridges. Nearly a year previously a white officer in his Majesty's service had insisted upon being supplied with blank cartridges, but the firing had terrified the King's wives and upset his own royal nerves. Therefore his Majesty had ordained that no cartridges were to be used in the neighbourhood of Bangkok. The Prime Minister concluded, however, by stating that very possibly his Majesty would, some day, permit us to proceed to a distant part of the country, where we would be able to use cartridges.

Tom and I were highly amused, for we had heard the King boast of his warlike qualities, and threaten to inflict a crushing defeat upon the King of Burma if that monarch could muster up courage to invade his territory.

(*Continued on page* 114.)

"Tom seized hold of both and held them tight."

"The King fled as fast as his legs would carry him."

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 111.)

TWO days later, as Tom and I were sitting in comfortable bamboo chairs, a Siamese sergeant brought word that a regiment commanded by a white officer had arrived at Bangkok.

'Is the officer an Englishman?' Tom asked.

'My lord, I do not know,' the sergeant replied.

'Has he a white face?' Tom inquired, thinking that the officer might be another Menandez.

'Yes, my lord.

'What is his name?'

'My lord, I do not know; but he is a great warrior.'

The sergeant spoke hesitatingly, and Tom guessed at once that if he did not know the officers's real name he knew the one which the Siamese had bestowed upon him.

'What have your people named him?' Tom asked.

'My lord, they have named him "the mighty water-rat."'

'Then he must be an Englishman,' Tom said to me, 'for it is only Englishmen who are called water-rats.'

When the sergeant had saluted and departed, Tom and I discussed whether or not we should go out and introduce ourselves to the new-comer. We decided to call on him, and, taking up our Chinese umbrellas, strolled towards the spot where the sergeant had told us the regiment was encamped.

But we had gone a short distance only when we saw a European officer, wearing a uniform similar to ours, riding towards us on a very respectable charger.

'He's an Englishman,' I declared; 'I don't believe any Frenchman or Portuguese could ride like that.'

As the other rode up to us Tom and I saluted him, but, to my surprise, instead of acknowledging our salute, he exclaimed, in a loud, delighted voice, 'By Jove! Walter Yabsley!'

I recognised the voice at once. 'Frank Aubyn!' I exclaimed. 'Hoorah! this is a grand surprise.'

Frank dismounted instantly, and the next moment we were shaking hands and gazing into each other's face.

'Well, have I changed in appearance?' Frank asked, in the merry voice which I remembered so well.

'Yes,' I admitted.

'Well, you have not. But I never expected to find you in Siam. I thought you were back to Plympton long ago.'

'And I have been thinking the same of you. But let me introduce my friend, Tom Hutton.'

Tom and Frank shook hands and expressed their pleasure at meeting each other; and they meant what they said.

'Where are you going?' Frank Aubyn said suddenly.

'We were on our way to call on you,' I replied. 'We were anxious to see if "the mighty water-rat" were a fellow-countryman. By-the-bye, why has that name been bestowed on you?'

'Oh, I will tell you all about that later. Is your house anywhere near?'

'Yes.'

'Then I will go back with you. I have had my audience with the King, and am free for the remainder of the day.'

So we returned to our house. We had left Ted fast asleep, but he was awake when we returned, and sprang on to my shoulder the moment I entered.

'Hallo!' Frank exclaimed, 'a white monkey!'

'Yes,' I replied: 'his Majesty has appointed me "Keeper of the White Monkey."'

Frank laughed heartily, and was more than ever amused when I told him that I was to be paid liberally for looking after my amusing little pet.

'Now, tell me how it was that you came to enter the King of Siam's service,' Frank said when we had settled ourselves comfortably.

As briefly as possible I complied with his request, relating everything of importance that had happened to me since we parted at Calcutta.

'And now,' I said, when I had finished my yarn, 'let us hear your adventures.'

'Well, to begin with,' Frank remarked, 'my experiences have been very jolly compared with yours. Soon after you left Calcutta my uncle got me a third mate's job on a very decent craft bound for Bangkok. On board was a Siamese gentleman who was returning to his country after a stay of six months in India. He was an exceedingly nice fellow, and we became very friendly. On arriving at Bangkok he invited me to stay for a few days at his floating house, and I accepted the invitation. While staying with him I made the acquaintance of an elderly Englishman named Jackson, who was an officer in the Siamese army. His subaltern, a half-caste, had recently died, and he offered me the vacant position. As I was not particularly fond of the sea, I accepted his offer, took French leave of my ship, and donned the King of Siam's uniform. Jackson had at one time been in the British army, but his reason for leaving I never knew. He certainly was a good soldier and succeeded in raising his Siamese regiment to a standard of efficiency that would have been creditable to some European armies. Moreover, he took a great interest in me and never tired of teaching me my drill. Greatly to my sorrow he died when I had been six months with him. I succeeded to the command of his regiment and have, so far, held my position with satisfaction to the fat little Brother of the Moon.'

'Have you seen any active service?' I asked, for I felt that there must be some reason for his being known as the 'mighty water-rat.'

'Yes,' he replied, 'I quelled a rebellion. The rebels fought bravely, but they were no match for my disciplined regiment and received a crushing defeat.'

'At present we are not fit to go on active service,' said Tom. 'Our men have never even fired blank cartridge, and his Majesty refuses to let us have any.'

'I am afraid that I am responsible for that,' Frank said with a smile. 'Last year I persuaded his Majesty to review my men on his birthday. Everything went off splendidly until I ordered a grand salute. The effect was exceedingly funny. The King uttered a cry of terror and fled to the palace as fast as his fat little legs would carry him. His wives, of whom some twenty were present, shrieked and screamed as if they were about to be massacred, and started off after their lord and master in most unqueenly haste. The courtiers naturally followed in the royal footsteps, and in a few moments I was alone with my men. Seeing that there was no prospect of his Majesty returning to witness the remaining manœuvres with which I had hoped to delight him, I marched my regiment back to its quarters. I fully expected to be executed before sunset, but, to my astonishment, the only notice that was taken of the fright I had given the King was an intimation that as

his Majesty had always important matters of State to be considered, his royal mind must not in future be disturbed by the firing of muskets. It was also intimated to me that it would be wise if I marched my men away from Bangkok to some place where I should be easy to get at if my services were required, and where my men could fire their muskets without upsetting his Majesty's nerves. So the following morning I marched my regiment to a spot ten miles away, and there we remained until yesterday, when I received a command from the King to return so that my regiment might act as his guard during the "Festival of the Sun and Moon."'

'What is that?' I inquired. 'I have never heard it mentioned.'

'I suppose you know of it?' Frank said to Tom.

'I have heard the people at Paknam refer to it,' Tom replied, 'but I could never understand why it is held. I wish you would tell us the origin of the festival.'

'I will, with pleasure,' Frank declared, but just as he was about to begin Menandez entered the room. I introduced him to Frank at once, and could not but notice that the latter seemed by no means pleased to make his acquaintance. Menandez, however, was very gushing and declared that it was a great pleasure for him to meet any friend of mine. His affectation of European manners was, evidently, very distasteful to Frank, and for fear that my old friend should make some remark which would cause discord, I asked him to tell us the story which he was about to begin when Menandez entered.

(*Continued on page* 126.)

ADVICE TO A TRADESMAN.

OH, tradesman! in thine hours of e e e,
If on this paper you should c c c,
Take our advice and now be y y y,
Go straight ahead and advert i i i.
You'll find the project of some u u u,
Neglect can offer no ex q q q.
Be wise at once, prolong your da a a,
A silent business soon de k k k.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PUNCTUATION.

A SEMI-COLON and a comma inserted in the right places will convert the following old rhyme from nonsense to sense:—

'Every lady in this land
Has twenty nails upon each hand
Five and twenty on hands and feet:
All this is true without deceit.'

Here is another rhyme of the same kind, which becomes sense if a semi-colon is placed correctly in each line:—

'I saw a pack of cards gnawing a bone
I saw a dog seated on Britain's throne
I saw King Edward shut within a box
I saw an orange driving a fat ox
I saw a butcher not a twelvemonth old
I saw a great-coat all of solid gold
I saw two buttons telling of their dreams
I saw two friends who wished I'd quit these themes.'

LONDON TOWN.

III.—ST. GILES'S, CRIPPLEGATE.

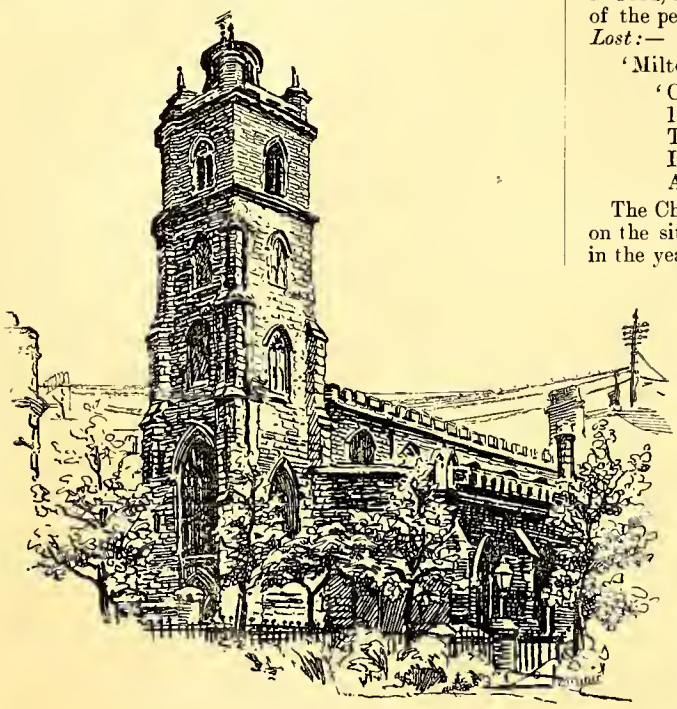
IN a house in Artillery Walk,* Bunhill Fields, was seated a blind man, who was also infirm beyond his years, for he had reached no more than the middle age of life. His sightless eyes were turned towards the window, as one who was expectant and fearful of something that was happening without. Ever and anon they brought him news of the progress of the Great Fire which was sweeping over the City, licking up houses, churches, and halls that lay in its path. At one hour the flames were at a given spot, and seemingly had well-nigh spent themselves; at the next the news came that the fire had broken out afresh in a different spot, and was devouring the space of buildings which lay between the two points. The terrified citizens were driven hither and thither like frightened sheep, not knowing which way to go, and fearful of being themselves engulfed in the roaring furnace which sent out tongues of fire into the narrow streets on every side. The spectacle of St. Paul's wrapped in flames had struck awe into the beholders; now Cheapside itself had gone in one short hour of blinding light, which had turned 'all the sky of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven.' And the blind man knew that Bread Street and the home of his childhood lay a heap of smoking ashes. Gone, too, was his school—St. Paul's School—close against the Cathedral, where his boyish days had been spent, and where he had so often spelled over the legend inscribed upon the window-panes, *Aut doce, aut disce, aut discede* ('Either teach, or learn, or leave the place'). The city which had been the scene of his youth and of many years of his after-life had disappeared, and hour by hour the fire was creeping nearer, until the blind man, seated in his room, could smell the burning timbers and feel the hot air fanning his face. Then, after four days and nights, the fire spent itself, and the blind man turned once more to his labours, and bent his mind upon the great poem which he was composing.

The name of the blind man was John Milton, and at the time of the catastrophe he was dictating *Paradise Regained* to young Thomas Ellwood the Quaker. At this house in Artillery Walk, some three years before, he had finished the masterpiece with which his name is ever coupled in our minds, *Paradise Lost*, though to the world it was as yet unknown. Beneath this same roof, too, he later on wrote by the same hand the dramatic poem *Samson Agonistes*, which, for dignity and pathos, is hardly excelled by the greater work. In this house Milton continued to dwell until his death on November 8th, 1674.

When the Great Fire was spreading to the eastward, there was a church in that quarter of the City which stood in imminent peril of being destroyed. The flames, indeed, had reached almost to the doors of the church, and those who watched were in despair; but at that point their progress was checked, possibly by the width of the churchyard and the roadway; and the good vicar, who, in company with his neighbours, had worked with might and main to save the church, had the satisfaction of seeing his efforts rewarded with success. This church was St. Giles's, Cripplegate, and here, eight years after the Fire, Milton's body was laid

* Artillery Walk has disappeared, but the name survives in Artillery Place, Bunhill Row.

to rest. The place of burial was in the chancel under the clerk's desk, where his father had been laid before



St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

him; and a bust of the poet, with an inscribed tablet, was placed on the north wall of the nave in 1793.

About seven years ago some old buildings abutting

Part of Old London Wall.

upon the north front of the church were pulled down, and the space thus gained was added to the churchyard. On this spot a bronze statue of Milton was erected in 1904. The head was modelled from a clay bust carved in 1654, and is considered a good portrait. On the front of the pedestal is the inscription taken from *Paradise Lost*:—

'Milton, 1608–1674. Buried within this church.

'O Spirit . . . . what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.'

The Church of St. Giles is itself very old, but it stands on the site of a much older church, which was founded in the year 1090. In the churchyard is still to be seen a portion, though no more than a fragment, of London Wall—the great wall which in Roman times extended from a fort on the site of the present Tower through the Minories to Aldgate, Houndsditch, and Bishopsgate, thence along the street called London Wall to Fore Street, through Cripplegate and Castle Street to Aldersgate, and thence by Newgate and Ludgate to the Thames, where it ended in another fort. The situation of the various gates in the wall is indicated by the names borne by the different wards of the City at the present day. Cripplegate formed one of these posterns in the wall, and close to it stood the ancient church of St. Giles. The origin of the name has been ascribed to a hospital for lame people which stood near this spot, or it may have arisen from the numbers of crippled men who gathered here to beg for alms.

The church has a peal of twelve bells, said to be the finest in all the City churches, which were constructed by a poor working man. Curfew was formerly rung on these bells, and one of the charges to the City wards during the mayoralty of Sir Henry Colet, in 1495, enjoins: 'Also if there be any parish clerk that ringeth curfew after the curfew be rung at Bow Church or St. Bride's Church, or St. Giles-without-Cripplegate, all such to be prevented.' This charge was continued down to the year 1649.

The Milton Statue.

It is of interest to note that, beside Milton and his father, Sir Martin Frobisher, one of the earliest of the Arctic voyagers, who died in 1594, and John Fox, the author of the *Book of Martyrs*, are buried in this church.

F. J. Rowbotham.

"The stranger put his finger warningly on his lips."

A GIFT FOR GRANDMOTHER.

'STOP! Stop! Oh, please stop!'

The man walking slowly up the highway paused, and looked round. Some distance behind him raced a boy and girl, both hatless and very breathless. He waited for them to overtake him, wondering whatever they could want. They did not leave him long in doubt, for as soon as they were within speaking distance, the boy cried anxiously:

'Wouldn't you like to go over Mailynd Hall? It's—it's most interesting. It was built hundreds of years

ago, and Queen Elizabeth's room is just as it was when she slept there, and—and it's only a shilling for admission.'

The man hesitated, and the little girl, seeing his frown, broke in eagerly. 'Or we will do it for sixpence, if you think a shilling too much,' she said.

'Oh, Vida, we can't,' cried her brother. 'To-day's the last day, you know, and perhaps no one else will come along.'

'Sixpence is better than nothing,' persisted Vida. 'Besides, Harvey, he may think it's worth a shilling.'

In spite of his apparent sternness, the stranger could not repress a smile at the argument carried on as though he were out of hearing, but his face quickly grew grave again. 'Now, young people,' he said quietly, 'tell me just what this means. It is impossible that Mailynd Hall should be thrown open to public inspection.'

'Any one who pays us a shilling,' insisted the boy, 'can see everything; and it's far more interesting than the ruins of Chilham Castle, yet people pay half-a-crown to look at *them*.'

But despite the firmness of his speech, Harvey's eyes wavered a little as the man looked at him.

'Suppose you tell me the whole truth,' said the elder, quietly, and although Harvey was doggedly about to repeat his statement, Vida interrupted him.

'It's the very only way we could think of,' she said, 'and if you don't want to go over the Hall, we can't possibly give Grandmother her birthday present. We're not doing any harm, really,' she added, 'because you look quite honest, and I'm sure you wouldn't hurt anything.'

'Thank you,' said the gentleman, gravely. 'I suppose you have spent all your pocket-money without remembering the birthday?'

'We don't have pocket-money,' said Vida, sadly. 'It's all Uncle Gerald's fault. He has been an awful bother to us, although he went away from home before we were even born. You see, he was Granny's youngest son, and she was so fond of him that she gave him all the money he wanted, and that made him so extravagant he spent not only that, but some of other people's, and——'

'Hush, Vida,' broke in Harvey, 'you oughtn't to tell family things to strangers. Besides, Grandmother didn't tell us that; it was only what we heard Nurse say.'

'Well, Nurse said that Grandmother wasn't going to let *us* get spoilt, so we have no pocket-money, and hardly any new toys and things. We may have money sometimes if we explain exactly what it is for, and Grandmother is pleased with the explanation, but we can't go to her and ask for money to buy her a present, can we?'

'But your grandmother can hardly expect a gift in those circumstances.'

'Of course not. But a long time ago we asked her when her birthday was, and she smiled in a sad sort of way, and said no one remembered her birthday now-a-days. So Vida and I found out the date in an old Bible, and we made up our minds to get a present, and show her that somebody thought about her birthday.'

'She is so nice,' added Vida, earnestly, 'but she always looks sad and lonely somehow. Nurse says she is worrying about Uncle Gerald, but——'

'I will give you a shilling each if you will show me over Mailynd Hall,' interrupted the stranger, quietly. 'I can promise to do no harm, and I should like to see it. I suppose we shall meet no one?'

'Oh, no! Grandmother is having her afterooon nap. We waited for that, and that's why we nearly missed you this afternoon. We have watched for ever so many afternoons, but every one seems to go past in the morning, when we can't ask them in.'

Triumphantly the children led the way into the old Hall, skilfully avoiding any encounter with the servants. It was undoubtedly a very interesting old building, and Harvey and Vida knew its history thoroughly. They could not complain of any lack of interest on the part of their guest, who examined everything lingeringly, even though he did not always seem to listen to the explanations of his guides.

They were in the long picture-gallery when the sound of footsteps made all three start, and Harvey looked round anxiously for a way of escape. But to his amazement the stranger put his finger warningly on his lips, stepped back a few paces, and pressed the moulding of a panel. Instantly the panel moved, revealing a cupboard-like space, into which the man stepped, closing the panel behind him. A moment later Nurse came into the gallery, and, finding the two children, scolded them for being indoors when they were supposed to be in the garden. In her firmest manner she ordered them both out of doors at once, and, neither being able to frame a reasonable excuse, they went unwillingly, leaving the stranger concealed.

The children were bewildered and dismayed. How could the man have known so exactly the presence of a hiding-place they had known nothing about? And suppose he came out before Nurse left the gallery, what would happen? Thus a very anxious boy and girl waited fearfully as near the house as they dared, resolved to return again to the gallery as soon as Nurse was likely to be away. Five long minutes they waited; then, taking their shoes in their hands, Vida and Harvey crept back to the picture-gallery, and found their worst fears realised. But though the man had come from his hiding-place, and been caught by Nurse, apparently the two were on the best of terms, and the children stared in astonishment, which was increased when Nurse turned to them with a smile.

The man spoke first, very apologetically. 'I am so sorry,' he said; 'I did not mean to get you into trouble. I had come down here on purpose to get a glimpse of the old house from outside; but your offer was too good to be refused, and I took the risk. But it seems that Nurse here caught sight of us as we came to the house, and she recognised me, although it is many years since we saw one another. Knowing me of old, she guessed at once where I was hidden, and, when she had sent you away, came at once to the sliding panel and opened it.'

But Nurse showed no inclination to scold. She beckoned the children to her, and re-tied Vida's sash, and pulled Harvey's sailor-blouse straight.

'This—this gentleman,' she said, speaking in quite a new kind of voice, 'has explained why you brought him in here. Now, without any money you can give your grandmother the most wonderful present she has ever had. Go down to her, both of you, and tell her that you remembered her birthday, and say why you couldn't get the present you wanted. But tell her that instead you have brought her what she longs for more than anything else in the world, and that is——'

But, speaking together, Vida and Harvey, suddenly understanding, called out, 'Uncle Gerald!' And they were right.

I. A. Davison.

THE PURSE.

A CELEBRATED French doctor having successfully treated a little child during a dangerous illness, the mother of the patient went to his house to thank him.

'Doctor,' said the lady, with tears in her eyes, 'services such as yours are beyond reward, and therefore I scarcely know how to express my gratitude towards you. May I offer you this purse, which has been embroidered by my own hand?'

'Madam,' replied the doctor, brusquely, 'the study of medicine is not a matter of sentiment, but one which demands reward in hard cash. Little presents may serve to win friendship, but they are of no assistance in keeping up an establishment like mine.'

Deeply hurt by these words, the lady said in a constrained tone: 'May I beg you, then, to name your fee?'

'Two thousand francs, Madam!'

Opening the embroidered purse, the lady drew out of it five one-thousand-franc notes. With a slight bow, she handed two of these to the doctor; then she replaced the remaining three notes in the purse, and left the room.

A CHILD'S WISH.

I WISH I were a drop of dew
To fall down in the night,
And rest upon a sleeping flower,
So soft and sweet and light.
I'd freshen up each little leaf
Grown weary with the sun,
And its bright beams would lighten me
After the night was done.

I wish I were a little flower
Within a secret place,
To blossom in the Spring-tide hour—
A thing of light and grace—
A violet growing on a bank
Where little ones might pass,
And see me open in the morn,
And think how sweet I was.

I wish I were a little star
To shine above a hill,
And see the sleeping earth afar
When every sound was still.
Then might some sailor on the wave,
Travelling across the foam,
Be guided by my little light
And safely steer for home.

FRANK ELLIS.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Events of the Year 1811.

III.—A CONTRACTOR'S FALL.

IT was a cold winter's night in the year 1811, when Mr. Hutton, contractor for meat to Dartmoor Prison, was returning home from Tavistock Market.

He passed a small stream on his way, and got off his horse to rest the animal for a short time, and to let it have a drink.

A sudden gust of wind blew a rotten bough across the animal's back, and so startled it that it dashed off wildly, with Mr. Hutton in pursuit.

Away they went, 'up hill and down dale,' for some little time, till, in the darkness, Mr. Hutton missed his way, and fell down a lead-shaft some sixty-eight feet in depth.

There was a little water at the bottom of the shaft, which doubtless broke his fall, for, though dazed and stunned, he had no bones broken, and had enough strength to shout vigorously for help.

But none came. Though the shaft was not far from the high road, and the sound of cart-wheels and even the voices of passers-by could be plainly heard by the imprisoned man, yet the side of the shaft so kept in his cries that they were unheard by any one.

'I shall have to effect my own rescue, that is very clear,' said Mr. Hutton to himself, 'but—how? That is the question!'

He managed to lay hold of one of the beams of wood, which formed the cross-pieces of the shaft, and thus lifted himself out of the muddy water at the bottom.

Then he turned out his pockets, hoping to find some food; but though he had had some sandwiches on leaving home in the morning, nothing was now there but a few crumbs.

There was, however, a large pair of cutting-out scissors, which he had bought in Tavistock for his wife.

'The very thing!' said Hutton joyfully, as he grasped the scissors. 'I shall be able to dig foot-holes in the side of the shaft, and get to the surface step by step.'

It was slow work, for scissors are somewhat awkward things to dig with; but he dug on, and gradually got nearer to the surface. He was, in fact, but a few yards from the top, and felt his safety to be almost within his grasp, when the earth suddenly gave way and, falling on him, swept him down to the bottom once more—and the precious scissors were lost in the fall!

Now, indeed, the poor man was discouraged—he had no other means of digging foot-holes—for though he tried with his fingers, he soon wore them out, and had to face the fact that escape by that method was impossible.

The leaden-footed hours passed by: he lost all count of time in that dark grave, where it seemed almost as if he was to end his life. Suddenly (after years, it appeared to him, though really it was only thirty-six hours), he heard the welcome sound of a human voice.

'We will save you! Keep a good heart.' Words such as these reached his ears, and the next thing he knew was that a man was beside him, and was busily fastening a rope round his waist. Almost before he realised what was happening, he found himself once more in the blessed daylight, and with friends at hand with warm, nourishing food.

The story of his rescue was very simple. He was, of course, missed, and no time was lost in searching for him across the moor: some men noticed footsteps leading towards the mouth of the old shaft, and one of their number was lowered by ropes, and thus discovered the imprisoned man.

Hutton was none the worse for his adventure, and was able to give a graphic account of his fall to the local newspaper.

'It was slow work, but he dug on.''

The First Flight from London to Manchester.

CRUISERS IN THE CLOUDS.

II.—NEW FLIGHTS: LONDON TO MANCHESTER.

EVERYBODY knows how, at the close of a certain summer day in 1588, the mounted couriers sped northwards from 'Hampstead's swarthy moor,' to spread the news of a peril that threatened England. Since that thrilling moment there has, perhaps, been no departure made from the same northern parts of London to equal in interest the one that took place a little before dusk on Wednesday, April 27th, 1910.

A daring attempt had been made by Mr. Grahame White, a few days before, to travel from London to Manchester (one hundred and eighty-three miles) on an aeroplane, a prize of ten thousand pounds being offered by the London *Daily Mail* to the first man who should accomplish this feat, under certain conditions. This attempt failed through the breakdown of the machine.

All England waited eagerly for a fresh effort, but the weather was not favourable and, indeed, on the very day in question, there seemed no likelihood of a start being made. Meanwhile, a second competitor had put in an appearance—a young Frenchman named Louis Paulhan, already renowned for his astonishing feats with flying-machines. He took up his position at Hendon, a little north of the great heath. Mr. Grahame White was at Willesden. One of the conditions of the flight was that each competitor in starting must pass over a certain point at Hampstead, where the judges were posted. The path for them to follow was represented by the London and North-Western Railway, and that the great steel road might be more clearly visible from the skies, the sleepers between the rails were splashed with whitewash for a certain distance wherever a junction might lead the flyers astray. Furthermore, it was arranged that a special train should set out for Manchester to act the part of pilot.

And this train was called for at an unexpected moment. M. Paulhan suddenly made up his mind to take flight. It was twenty-one minutes past five in the evening when he rose into the air from a large field at Hendon; ten minutes later he swept like a huge bird over the starting-point and sped away to the north-west. He had been in the air for more than an hour before his competitor was informed of his departure. The moment the news reached Willesden, Mr. Grahame White set off in pursuit, and the strangest race ever undertaken across England had begun.

We may guess that in every town which lay upon the route, eager eyes were turned skywards to catch the first glimpse of the travellers. Half an hour after the first aeroplane had left the field at Hendon, the people in Watford, eighteen miles away, saw it sailing towards them at the giddy height of a thousand feet. There was time for no more than a shout of welcome and farewell, before the gigantic bird had passed over and faded into the distance. Thirty minutes later it was gliding rapidly over Leighton Buzzard, forty-one miles from the start, and at the moment when Mr. Grahame White was leaving Willesden, M. Paulhan, fifty-three miles away, was watching the town of Wolverton gliding towards him, five hundred feet below.

Rugby was passed at such a height that the people in the streets could scarcely hear the whirr of his engine, but the traveller could hear their shouts of welcome and waved a greeting in reply. A moment more and he had disappeared to the north. For nearly an hour longer the strange flight continued; then, the daylight failing, M. Paulhan decided to settle for the night. It was nearly an hour after sunset; already lights were twinkling here and there on the surface of the earth. Below, and a little in advance, he could see the three grey spires of Lichfield Cathedral. Hampstead Heath was one hundred and seventeen miles behind him, Manchester only sixty-six in front. He stopped the engine, dropped like a settling bird, and with a skilful movement of the ailerons (two little movable wings at the back of each plane), alighted near the railway station. It was ten minutes past eight o'clock—he had been in the air for two hours and forty minutes.

Mr. Grahame White, unfortunately delayed a little by missing his way in the dusk, had come down fifteen minutes before at a place near Northampton—fifty-seven miles behind the leader. In order to make up the lost ground he started again, nearly an hour before dawn, rising in the darkness, to the terror of his friends, who could only follow his flight for a little way by the sound the engine made. The moonlight, breaking through the clouds for a moment, gave them a passing glimpse of the great white wings; but they were soon out of sight and hearing.

This courageous effort, however, was doomed to failure. The wind rapidly increased, and its erratic gusts, like a 'choppy sea,' became too difficult to navigate, and Mr. Grahame White, after a perilous journey of some fifty miles, came to earth again at Polesworth, ten miles from Lichfield, just four minutes after his rival had left Lichfield for Manchester.

M. Paulhan started on this second stage of his journey at nine minutes past four in the morning. He reached Crewe, forty-one miles away, in less than an hour, and then his troubles began: he struck a region of troublesome air currents; his machine swayed and pitched in a most dangerous manner. He sought in vain, by higher flights, for smoother 'waters.' He was almost entirely at the mercy of the winds, and at times the descents were so rapid that the aeroplane seemed to drop from beneath him. For nearly twenty-five miles he had to steer a course through this treacherous district, and that he did so successfully is only a proof of his remarkable skill.

If the people in London had watched the start with interest, those in Manchester awaited the arrival with a tenfold eagerness. In a large field within five miles of Manchester Town Hall, a sheet of white canvas had been stretched, and near this an anxious crowd had collected since midnight, all eyes turned to the southern horizon. The canvas sheet was the spot on which the sky travellers were expected to settle—the first of Manchester's airship stations for passenger traffic from London. At half-past five the very clouds re-echoed with a mighty shout, for far down in the dim distance, no larger than a gnat, the aeroplane had come into sight. With amazing swiftness it swept on, and two minutes after its first appearance was wheeling round to face the wind, in order to descend more safely. So skilfully did M. Paulhan manage his rudder and ailerons that he brought his ship to anchor even on the sheet of canvas.

Thus ended the first flight to Manchester, bringing with it one of the best, if not the earliest, proofs of the practical utility of the aeroplane. Against wind and weather it had fought its way from one point to another,

without divergence from the arranged route. The time occupied in actual travelling had been four hours and three minutes, and as the distance was one hundred and eighty-three miles, the average speed was forty-five miles in an hour, though, of course, it was sometimes much more and sometimes much less. The machine used was a biplane, which, before making this historic journey, had performed wonderful flights elsewhere. Its captain had stated that he had learned by experience where improvements are necessary, and as these advance the aeroplane will, of course, become more useful, just as the locomotive, the bicycle, and the motor-car did. It is difficult, however, to conceive that the aeroplane will ever be adapted for carrying a number of passengers at one time, and in this particular it is hardly likely to overtake the dirigible balloon, though the latter is far behind it in speed and accuracy of navigation.

A SILVER SPOON.

'NO, I will not have it in the house at all; it makes more work and clutter than all you children put together. Take it away now, and if I catch it inside again I shall wring its neck!'

Mrs. Mackie paused in her sweeping as she gave this order, to see it carried out, and to watch the little girl in her shabby black frock pick up the jackdaw, tuck it under her arm and walk slowly down the narrow garden path. Then she went on again, muttering something about 'some folk having more than their fair share of good-for-nothings, and what to do with all the children *she* didn't know.'

It was hard, truly. She had five little ones of her own, and recently her sister in London had died, and Mrs. Mackie had felt herself bound to undertake the charge of little Ellie, her sister's only child.

And Ellie, when she came, did not live up to her aunt's expectations. She could sing and dance to a barrel-organ in a way that made her country cousins gape, but for feeding chickens, hunting for eggs, or gardening, she was useless; even in the house she could do very little, until, out of patience, her aunt would send her out to play, declaring 'she never had seen a child brought up so in all her born days.'

Ellie's one pet was the jackdaw which she had brought from London, and to which she was devoted. She wandered along the pathway with it now sadly enough, for how could she expect to keep it tame if she must not have it in the house?

The woods looked cool and shady this hot afternoon: if Blackie had to go, better here than anywhere else, thought the little girl as she turned into them.

'Good-bye, Blackie,' she said, opening her arms. 'I will come every day and see you and bring you something to eat, but you mustn't come home.'

The bird hopped on to a spray, and looked at her knowingly out of his bright black eyes.

'Do you understand?' She stroked his sleek head as she spoke, and he squawked in answer; then he suddenly spread his wings and flew away, high among the trees, where she could not follow. Ellie cast herself on the ground and cried as if her heart would break. By-and-by she fell asleep, and slept until the long shadows began to show in the wood. She awoke with a start to the call of 'Ellie! Ellie!' and one of her cousins came tearing through the undergrowth.

'Oh! Ellie, come quick, it's so exciting; there has been a robbery up at the Hall, and ever so much has been stolen!'

Ellie scrambled to her feet and the two went back together. She was, after all, only faintly interested in robberies; they were common enough where she came from, but here in this little country village every one was talking about it; even Blackie could have transgressed without remark, so absorbed was Mrs. Mackie in the losses at the Hall.

For days it was the only thing talked about, and on Sunday every one went to gaze through the gates and wonder whether the robbers would ever be found.

And where was Blackie all this time? Why, rejoicing in his freedom, revelling in the green trees, and above all, finding a mate and building a nest.

They chose an old ruin with a crumbling tower and took possession, there being no one to say them nay, and here Mr. and Mrs. Blackie spent the day-time, carrying and arranging sticks and straws in an untidy bundle they were pleased to call a nest.

But one day, from below came the sound of a voice which touched the jackdaw's hard heart.

It was Ellie, calling piteously, 'Blackie! Blackie! where are you?'

'You had better go down,' said Mrs. Jackdaw, giving him a push; so he fluttered through the branches into the little girl's outstretched arms.

Oh! how she hugged and kissed him! 'My dear,' she said, 'I haven't seen you for ages! Why didn't you come before?'

'I'm making a nest,' Blackie squawked proudly, as if Ellie could understand him.

'I wish I could stay with you in the woods,' the little girl went on, with a sob in her voice. 'Nobody wants me here. Aunt is dreadfully cross, and says I'm no good. I wish I could live with you, Blackie.'

He comforted her in his bird way, rubbing his sleek head against her cheek; then he fluttered out of her arms, flew a short distance, and looked back.

Ellie was on her feet at once and followed; the bird seemed satisfied, for he flew on to the foot of the tower and began to hop up the crumbling stones.

'I can't climb that, Blackie,' she said. 'Oh! well, perhaps I can.'

She tried, and found it easier than she thought. Up, up they went, until at last the jackdaw paused, with the air of a showman, beside the untidy bundle of sticks.

Ellie thought it lovely. 'Oh! you darling, clever bird,' she cried. 'But, Blackie, what's that shiny thing?'

Very carefully she pulled it out, a quaint silver teaspoon with a little figure on the handle. Ellie stared. She remembered her aunt describing spoons like these as part of what had been stolen from the Hall. 'Blackie, where did you get it?' she cried. 'Why, here's another!'

A few minutes later the little Londoner burst in upon Mrs. Mackie and poured out a tale which made that good lady think she had taken leave of her senses.

But Ellie's uncle took a different view. 'The thing is to watch where the birds go,' he said. 'They're sure to get some more. Of course it may be only a stray couple the chaps dropped, but it's ten to one they have hidden the things in the wood and the birds have happened on them. You stay here, Ellie; I will go and fetch the Squire.'

"'I haven't seen you for ages,' she said."

So the Squire was fetched, and, amid great excitement, Ellie led the way to the old tower.

'Your fortune's made, my lassie, if your pet has found the silver,' said the Squire, laying a big hand on her head. 'My wife's broken-hearted about the tea-spoons; they have been in the family for years.'

Surely a jackdaw's flight was never watched so eagerly as Blackie's, when he spread his great wings and went sailing away—but not far. There was a woody knoll and an old hollow tree hidden in undergrowth, but through a hole in one of the branches the birds had got down to the hoard below.

"There, lying asleep, was his son."

It was all there! The robbers had evidently intended to come back and fetch it later; but when they did return, if they ever did, it was to find their store-house rifled, and all through a jackdaw!

M. E. HEWARD.

A BORN SOLDIER.

Founded on Fact.

'YOU are not strong enough for a soldier, Henri; you could not bear the hardships of such a life,

my child,' the Duchess of Bouillon told her youngest son.

Henri de Turenne was only nine, a delicate boy, with a pale little face, and eyebrows which met over a pair of dark, brilliant eyes, and gave him rather a curious expression. He was often ailing, but this made no difference to his determination to be a soldier when he grew old enough. The Chevalier, his tutor, had told him of the battles of the Greeks and Romans, and it seemed to the boy, who himself lived in a warlike age, that there was nothing so splendid as to fight an enemy and conquer him. How annoying it was to be constantly told that a soldier's life was only for the strong.

One evening in winter, when snow surrounded the grim castle of Sedan, the young Viscount was going up to bed when he paused at the door of the living-room to ask where his father was. He was told that the Duke had remained on the ramparts, and would probably not return that night.

Henri made no remark, but as he was marching along a draughty corridor with his tutor, he suddenly put the torch out, tripped the Chevalier up, and, with a merry laugh, fled into the darkness. The castle was large, and although the truant was searched for high and low, nowhere could he be found. At last, from some fresh footprints in the snow, it was discovered that Master Henri had rushed out into the gardens. The Duchess by this time was greatly concerned, but she hoped that if the boy had gone to his father, he would be brought back none the worse for his madcap trick.

The Chevalier and a party of servants set out with torches, but when they arrived at the barracks no one had seen the young Viscount. The Duke, who came out himself to his son's tutor, was not much disturbed.

'I wager the lad is along the ramparts somewhere, making the men tell him tales of the war,' he cried. 'I will go with you to find the rogue!' And he smiled, for he loved the gallant spirit of his little son.

The party, increased by some of the Duke's servants carrying more torches, plodded along in the snow. At one of the bivouacs they heard that the young Viscount de Turenne had warmed himself at the camp fire half an hour before, and then passed on.

'We are on his track at any rate,' cried the Duke, briskly, 'but he is leading us a pretty dance.'

On they pressed, and still onward, until the servants, who went first with the torches, suddenly stopped.

'There he is, your Grace!' cried one of them, eagerly, lowering his torch.

The Duke hurried forward. There, lying asleep on one of the cannon along the ramparts, snow all around him, and the sky darkly blue above, was his son.

His father bent over the slumberer and shook him by the shoulder, crying loudly, '*Ohé! Ohé!* The enemy!'

Henri sprang up, and found himself 'prisoner of war' in the Duke's arms.

'Oh, Father,' he pleaded, 'I only wanted to see whether I could bear the fatigues of war.'

His father laughed and hugged the child closer. 'We shall have to make a soldier of you after all, Henri,' he said, gaily.

This little story is founded on fact, and Henri, Viscount de Turenne, became one of the most noted commanders of his time.

GOING TO BED.

WHEN I go to bed at night,
Up the stairs without a light,
Shadows flitting to and fro
Come and scare me as I go,

On the ceiling, on the wall,
Short and fat and long and tall:
Though they cannot do me harm,
Yet they fill me with alarm.

When to be a man I grow,
To the jungle shall I go
With my trusty sword, and there
Kill a tiger or a bear.

I must learn to be quite bold,
As I shall be when I'm old;
Very bravely must I tread,
As I'm going up to bed.

I will try to be a man
Just as quickly as I can;
I shall never capture bears
If I tremble on the stairs.

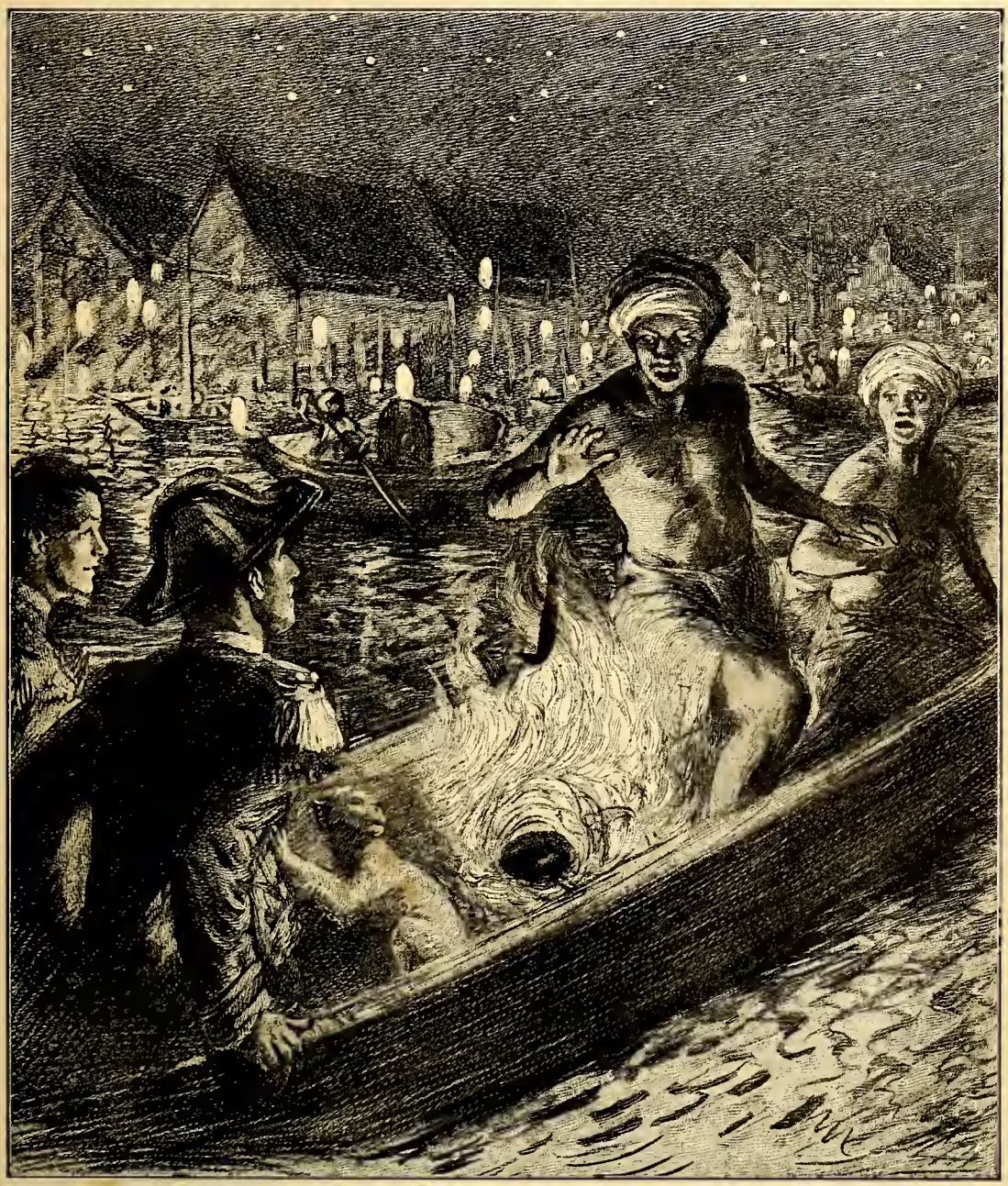
THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 115.)

CHAPTER VII.

'MANY thousands of years ago,' Frank began, 'there lived, so it is said, an aged King who had reigned over Siam for many years. Growing tired at last he abdicated in favour of his son, and retired to a quiet spot to end his days in peace. This King had one daughter—a very beautiful girl who is now well known throughout the world as the Moon. She accompanied her father into his retirement, and waited on him with loving care. Now, in those days the Sun was on very friendly terms with the Emperor of China and the King of Siam, and when either of them waged war, he was good enough to send his stars and planets to fight for him. The Sun himself frequently paid visits to China and Siam, and one day as he was descending in his fiery chariot he espied the Moon, and was so struck with her beauty that he introduced himself, and after a short conversation fell madly in love with her.

'For many years the lovers met regularly at mid-day in a quiet cave, and the course of their true love would have continued to run smoothly had the Sun remained satisfied with their daily meeting. But, unfortunately, he could not take his eyes off the Moon, and instead of sleeping for twelve hours every day he was continually gazing down at her. Now this made the stars angry, for they had no opportunity of winning admiration from mortals while the Sun was visible; therefore, they met together to consider how to make their master act fairly towards them by sleeping twelve hours a day. When they saw the lovers enter the cave, one of the stars exclaimed, "Let us steal his chariot." This suggestion met with approval, and a shooting-star dived down to earth, entered the chariot, whipped up the horses, and left the Sun stranded on earth.



"With a yell of fright, the man sprang to his feet."

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 127.)

TOM and I accepted Frank's invitation with real pleasure. Frank had a house a few yards from the river, and we were soon sitting at the open window, enjoying an excellent dinner prepared by his Chinese cook.

We were a very merry party, for Frank was in high spirits, and the stories which he told of the Siamese customs and superstitions of those days (for I am writing of Siam as it was fifty years ago) were exceedingly interesting. 'You know,' he said, 'when I get back to England and tell some of my true stories of the Siamese, I shall be disbelieved. People will say that I am exaggerating; that it is absurd to assert that the proceedings of an ancient people such as the Siamese are so foolish.'

'I have not found Siamese life particularly amusing,' Tom declared, 'nor has Yabsley.'

'But you will now that there are three of us together. When we have finished dinner we will go for a row on the river.'

Tom and I hailed this suggestion with delight, and after we had finished our excellent meal we all three sauntered to the river and hired a roomy canoe with three men to manage it.

It being near the time of the pilgrimage to the Cave of the Sun and the Moon, the floating city of Bangkok was brilliantly lit with Chinese lanterns, and presented a charming appearance—the nearest approach to fairy-land that ever I had seen.

'We must illuminate also,' Frank declared, and a few moments later we purchased two Chinese lanterns from a smiling Siamese girl. Having fixed one lantern at the bow and the other at the stern, we joined the multitude of canoes passing to and fro along the highways of the floating city. But we had gone but a short distance when Ted, who had been unusually quiet since we entered the canoe, became lively just as a beautifully illuminated boat was passing, and made an attempt to steal a lantern from it. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, the lantern was tightly secured, and although Ted tugged hard he could not gain possession of it. Then he made a grab at another and captured it, but the paper caught fire, and Ted, careful of his own safety, dropped the flaring thing into the bottom of the crowded boat, thereby creating some alarm.

The occupants of the boat glared at us in a by no means friendly way, and, had it not been for the fact that we were wearing his Siamese Majesty's uniform, we should have been reviled, if not assaulted: whether they noticed that Ted was the King's white monkey I am unable to say, but I am inclined to think that they did not.

Of course Frank and Tom apologised for Ted's behaviour, but Ted himself was by no means penitent. In fact, while my friends were appeasing the people whom he had angered, he skipped off to a boat on the other side of us and, before I could prevent him, had torn down another lantern. He jumped back into our canoe instantly, dragging the flaming lantern after him and dropping it eventually on the knees of one of our boatmen. With a yell of fright, the man sprang to his feet and, in his eagerness to extinguish the flames, which had caught his skirt, upset the canoe. Fortunately we were quite close to the floating city, and my only anxiety was about Ted. If he were drowned, I might consider myself a doomed man. I looked round and saw the monkey sitting on the upturned boat, looking about in a very excited manner. Although I swam quickly towards him I was not at all sure that I should be able to get him ashore, for I knew that if I attempted to drag him through the water he would struggle, and probably drown me. But Ted himself had apparently decided how he was to be saved, for as I came alongside the canoe he sprang on to the back of my neck and grabbed hold of my hair with his paws.

'Bravo, Ted!' I exclaimed. 'Sit still, and we will soon be ashore.'

I cannot say that Ted understood my words of advice, for his knowledge of English was, at that time, very slight; but he certainly sat perfectly still, and in about two minutes I had the satisfaction of landing him safely on the floating city.

Frank and Tom were busily engaged wringing the water from their clothes, but they stopped short to hurl rude remarks at Ted.

A few minutes later we were all laughing heartily, for the white monkey, seeing us wringing our clothes, had seized his tail, and was making a vigorous effort to squeeze the water from it. For a time we watched him with great amusement, but, fearing that he would catch cold, I took hold of him and rubbed him with a dry cloth.

In the meantime our boatmen had righted our canoe and brought it alongside the verandah.

'Come along,' Frank exclaimed. 'If we don't get home quickly and change our clothes, we shall all be laid up to-morrow with fever.'

Tom and I did not need a second warning. We took our seats immediately, for the prospect of having an attack of fever, and being prevented from joining in the Festival of the Sun and the Moon, was very unpleasant.

'Now, Keeper of the White Monkey,' Frank exclaimed as our boat shot away from the floating city towards the shore, 'take care that your charge does not play any more of his tricks.'

'He is as quiet as an image,' I replied, and I did not exaggerate to a very great extent, for Ted was now sitting motionless at my side, staring with awe at the new Chinese lanterns with which Tom had just decorated our boat. He had no desire to commit another theft, and was evidently afraid that the lanterns would attack him. Indeed, from that day he always stood in fear of them.

On reaching home we went to bed immediately, and, to our great relief, found, on the following day, that we were none the worse for our ducking.

Frank visited us about midday, having come straight from the palace.

'His Fatness' (as he always termed the King when speaking to us) 'has consented to you and Tom accompanying me to the festival,' he said.

'I am glad of that,' Menandez remarked. 'I shall enjoy having you gentlemen for travelling companions.'

'Shall you take the monkey with you?' Frank asked, ignoring Menandez.

'Certainly,' I replied. 'He must accompany me wherever I go.'

'Then we shall be a very mixed company. Good-bye.

I have a parade shortly. Remember that we start at daybreak.'

At the door he stopped and said, 'Remember to have a good breakfast before starting, for you won't be able to eat again until his Fatness has dined.'

(*Continued on page* 140.)

THE BEAUTY OF THE COMMONPLACE.

IN flowers that bloom by hedgerow ways,
In stars that earthward shed their rays,
In new-formed leaves upon the tree,
And in the snow's fair purity,
In things below, above, around,
Some loveliness may still be found:
Always this lesson we may trace,
The Beauty of the Commonplace.

In winsome smiles that come and go,
In simple deeds that love may show,
In words that childish lips may say,
In gracious living day by day,
In errands run by little feet,
And lowly service pure and sweet,
Always this lesson we may trace,
The Beauty of the Commonplace.

FRANK ELLIS.

ANIMAL GEOGRAPHY.

III.—THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE.

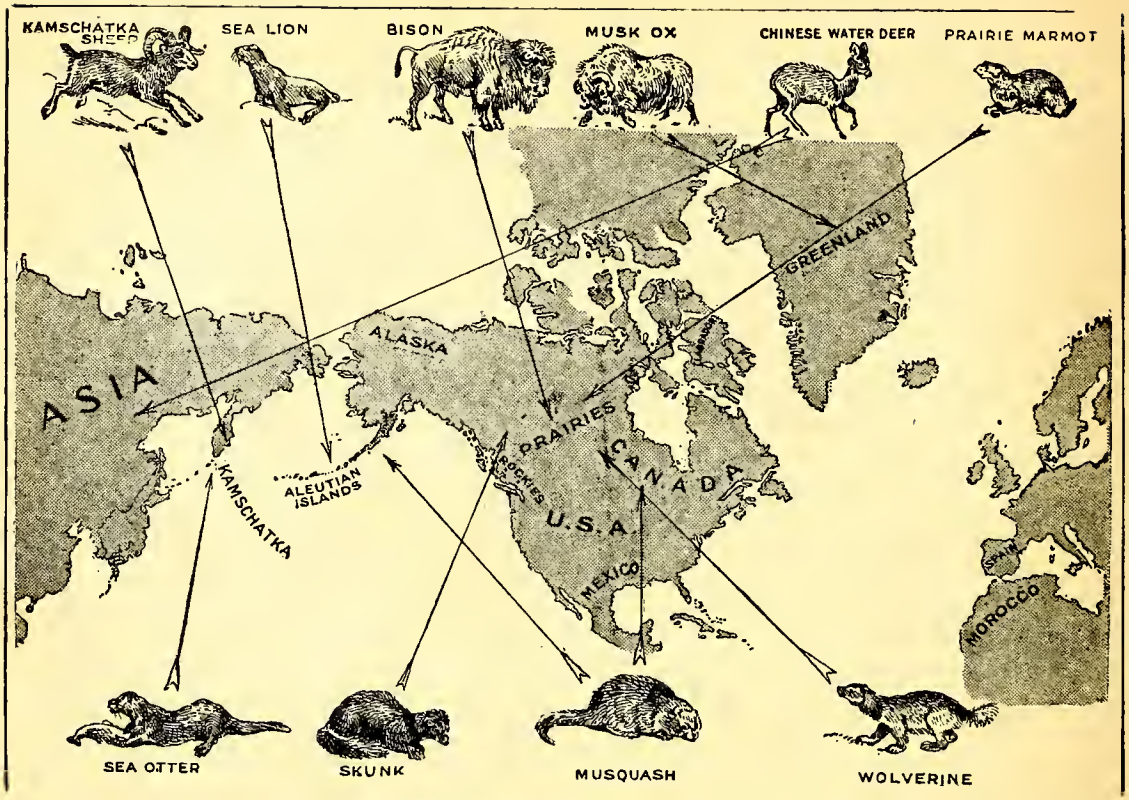
IN the distant future, flying-machines will probably relieve the work of the explorer of all its present-day hardships; the sea will have lost its terrors and mountain ranges will no longer bar his progress: he will survey the desert as from an arm-chair, and map out the limits of impenetrable forests and fever-laden swamps without so much as putting his foot upon the ground. Let us imagine ourselves possessed of such a means of conveyance, which, for convenience, far surpasses the magic carpet of the fairy-tales. In this machine we will make a survey of two very important regions of the world, regions which students of animal distribution have named the Palæ-arctic, and the Ne-arctic. These, in common speech, answer to the northern regions of the old and new worlds respectively. These two words, Palæ-arctic and Ne-arctic, being translated mean old-arctic and new-arctic. Arctic, I must further explain, is used here in a wider sense than usual, meaning rather northern. It has been found that the animal life of the northern region of the old and new worlds has a distinctive character of its own, clearly distinguishable from the animal life of any other part of the world.

The area of the northern region of animal life is an extensive one. Let us begin by beating the boundaries in our flying-machine. First of all it includes the whole of the British Islands, which may thus prove our starting point. So that having got everything safely stored on board—telescopes, barometers, food and fuel, maps, and so on, we may start on our journey, accompanied by a chum or two, from, let us say, Aberdeen, and crossing the North Sea we steer for the Scandinavian coast—that is to say, the coast of Norway and Sweden, thence sailing along the northern part of Russia and Siberia. Animal life during this part of our journey will not be abundant in variety, but we shall meet for the first time with many animals not met with in our islands to-day, though many, if not all, were found there in earlier days. As soon as we reach Norway we shall see reindeer, the only deer in which both male and female carry antlers, though those of the females are small; and here we shall see the strange moose or 'Elk,' long-legged, short-necked, with great, palm-shaped antlers, and swollen nose; and the willow grouse, which differ from our own red grouse only in that, during the winter, they turn white to match the snow and so escape their enemies. A sharp look-out must be kept for the lemming, tiny little rodents, almost tailless, and looking something like guinea-pigs. During some years these abound in swarms. Let us imagine we are passing over the country during such a year. We shall then see hosts of snowy owls busy preying on them, and feeding their young on the spoils. The snowy owl sometimes visits the northern confines of Scotland. It is the only white owl known, and is nearly as large as an eagle.

As we sail over Lapland we shall meet for the first time with the arctic fox. We are now nearing Siberia, and must keep a good look-out for the musk-deer, small, deer-like animals, without antlers, but armed instead with long tusks. The males carry a pouch laden with that most delicious of scents, musk: hence the creature's name. But in its raw state it is so powerful as to be nauseous. The most striking feature of the animal life of Siberia, however, will be the myriads of birds which resort here to breed: swans, geese, and ducks, in countless thousands, and many kinds of wading-birds, common in Great Britain during the winter, but spending the summer here, whither they come to lay their eggs and rear their young in comparative peace, though the air is thick with mosquitoes.

And now we are in sight of Behring's Strait, having crossed which we shall be in the 'new world,' for we shall be sailing over Alaska, bare, bleak, and inhospitable, a country as large as Great Britain, Ireland, France, and Spain combined. Moor and tundra, countless lakes and swamps, lay stretched beneath us, intolerable in winter because of the awful cold, and in summer on account of the vast swarms of mosquitoes. Great hosts of wild-fowl haunt the lakes, and birds of prey circle in the air. It is a region but thinly inhabited by the human race; nevertheless, the natives who contrive to find an existence here are numerous enough to have exterminated the hordes of caribou which once roamed here, and this as a consequence of the introduction of firearms. They showed no more discretion than their more civilised brethren, and have suffered in consequence. Here again we meet with moose, and with bears, wolves, and foxes. With good luck we may find the beautiful white mountain sheep, peculiar to this inhospitable land. Beside the bears and wolves we shall find here the musk-rat, mink, sable, lynx, wolverine, and beavers, whose furs are so coveted at home. Lastly, and this seems really extraordinary, if a landing can be safely effected, and a search made, we may see humming-birds! Somehow one always thinks of these living jewels as creatures of the tropics, where gorgeous flowers bloom and all is bathed in sunlight: yet some species contrive to find a home not only in Canada but in Alaska, while others, we may remark, extend southwards to Tierra-del-Fuego with its blinding snow-storms.

After this break, we take the air again, and are soon in British territory once more, for we are in Canadian



The Western Hemisphere (Northern portion) and its chief Animals.

territory. Skirting its northern borders, we shall be sure to see herds of the strange musk-ox—half sheep, half ox—long-haired, with great horns like hat-pegs. Here, among the snow-clad mountains, they contrive to find an ample sustenance, and this is a mystery to us all. Steering still further north, we hover over the wastes of Greenland, and here musk-ox are found in still greater numbers. From this point we turn south, and make all speed for the boundary-line dividing Canada from the United States, which is roughly the southern limit of the 'Ne-arctic' region. We shall meet in our swift journey with quite a number of new forms. The bison, which once roamed in enormous hordes over the North American prairies, will be the most interesting of the mammals, though but a remnant only now survive. The strange prong-buck antelope, porcupine, prairie marmots, and skunks will here be met with, and so also will the formidable grizzly bear and the puma, or American 'lion'; while among the birds, as we reach the southern confines, will be noticed a curious ground-dwelling cuckoo, known as the 'road-runner'; the strange black cuckoo, or ani; pretty little 'warblers,' more gaily coloured for the most part than our warblers; and the beautiful little sugar birds—we meet, in fact, with a mixture of birds and beasts, migrants in part from the North, and in part from the South of America.

But we must hasten on, and steer northwards along the west coast of North America and the southern shores of Alaska, hovering for a while over the Pribyloff and Aleutian Islands, to gaze at the enormous colonies of sea-lions, or fur-seals, and then strike out boldly across Behring's Sea for Kamschatka, the home of the rare sea-otter (now nearly exterminated for the sake of its priceless fur) and the great Kamschatkan sheep. Leaving the Kuriles and desolate Sagbalien to the south, we enter Manchuria, and, by good luck, may see one of the huge, long-haired tigers that abound here, as well as several species of monkeys, our first encounter with these animals. Here, too, in addition to deer very like our own in appearance, we shall meet with the curious little Chinese water-deer, hornless, but armed with large tusks, and two kinds of tufted deer, also very small, and with very small antlers.

Turning southwards now, through Mongolia towards Tibet, the highest table-land on the surface of the globe, we shall meet with quite a number of remarkable animals, such as wild horses and asses, the beautiful argali sheep, with its marvellous spiral horns, and, in the mountains of Tibet, the saiga antelope, remarkable for its great swollen nose; the strange-looking takin, a cousin of the goats; the chiru antelope, and that odd creature, the yak; and, if we have great good fortune, we may see two most extraordinary, bear-like animals, the æluropus and the panda.

The snow-capped Himalayas on our left form the southern limit of this great region. As we pass through, or over, Tibet we miss the great desert of Gobi, in Mongolia, lying to the north, the home of the wild horse and great flocks of Pallas's sand-grouse, birds which occasionally wander over Europe in great hordes, thousands finding their way to Great Britain, as in the great irruption of 1888. But we must push on, passing south of Turkestan, the only region where wild camels are found, and enter Afghanistan. Here we shall see

The Eastern Hemisphere (Northern portion) and its chief Animals.

herds of the stately markhor, the king of the goats, while in the lowlands we shall see herds of graceful gazelles.

Passing now into Persia, we meet with the beautiful ibex and the maral stag, a cousin of the red deer, while here and there droves of hyænas will be seen tearing at the carcase of some poor beast that has fallen by the way. The burning deserts of Arabia will afford us a fine panorama, and here, among other things, we shall find the beautiful beatrix antelope, and the handsome addax, another antelope, with broad hoofs for running over loose and yielding sand. Here, too, we shall meet for the first time with the hartebeestes, strange-looking antelopes, whose headquarters are in Africa, and about which we shall have more to say later.

Crossing the Red Sea into Egypt, we propose to make a bold sweep across Egypt and the northern end of the Libyan Desert, and then turn northwards through Morocco, so as to cross the Straits of Gibraltar into Spain. The animal life of this part of Africa is so much like that of Southern Europe that it is included in what is called the Palæ-arctic region. The true African fauna is to be met with some considerable distance south of the route we are travelling now, and will be discussed later. The most interesting of the creatures which we shall meet with here will be ibex and the desert-dwelling creatures such as the extraordinary little beast, known as the jerboa, a distant cousin of the mouse, but with long legs and tail like a kangaroo, while the fore-legs have so dwindled away as to be quite invisible till sought for among the soft fur. The desert-dwellers will be represented by certain small lizards, snakes, and scorpions, and certain larks, wheatears, and sand-grouse, which are all of the same sandy hue as the surrounding waste; thus, by harmonising with their environment, they escape, to a large extent, the eyes of enemies.

Crossing the Straits of Gibraltar, a sharp look-out must be kept for the Gibraltar apes, which will be found climbing about the rocks. These are the only monkeys now found in Europe.

We have now reached the last lap of our journey, and propose to cross Spain and the Pyrenees, and run across France to Havre, thence across the English Channel to London. Over Spain we shall travel slowly, for there will be much to see, and the rest of our journey, by comparison, will be tame indeed. The Spanish peninsula, in its physical aspects, presents a wonderful variety, ranging from snow-clad mountains to vast areas which are alternately swamps and lagoons, teeming with bird-life, and barren wastes scorched by the burning summer sun. The landscape is further enriched by great forests of cork and pine trees, orange groves, and vineyards, all, as might be supposed, harbouring strange and interesting forms of birds and beasts.

Andalusia swarms with birds, and among them we shall see many once common in our own islands, but now, alas! exterminated. Stretched beneath us we shall see whole battalions of flamingoes, while in the tamarisk bushes are massed thousands of herons, egrets, buff-backed herons, squaeco herons, night herons, and glossy ibises. In the tall rushes nest the beautiful spoonbill and purple heron, bittern, and little bittern. Wading knee-keep in water are flocks of long-legged stilts, avocets, curlews, godwits, redshanks, plovers, and other waders, and here and there are graceful white storks. Flying along will be seen terns and the strange

pratincoles, harriers, and kites, while over the drier ground wheel eagles of many kinds. Gorgeously coloured bee-eaters and hoopoes, and the handsome blue magpie, and those most interesting birds, the great and little bustards, add yet further delights to this marvellous journey, and, with more or less variation, this wealth of life will be spread before us till we reach the Pyrenees, stately and snow-capped. Here we should see the chamois, the ibex, and the Spanish wild goat. The Pyrenean musk-rat and the marmot will be too small to see from our great height, but they are here, and for the same reason we shall have missed the fresh-water tortoises.

After this wonderful display of bird-life our way through France will be uneventful, for we shall see no new types and nowhere such an abundance of life. We shall pass too far to the west to see the beavers in the Rhone, a remnant of a once more numerous host, scattered all over Europe, including Great Britain. Beavers we have already encountered, it will be remembered, in Siberia. Bears, wolves, and wild boars still hold their own in the wilder regions, but these, of course, occur all over Europe in suitable localities, and once roamed over Great Britain.

We have nothing more to do than to hasten our journey northwards that we may cross the English Channel and effect a landing near London, by daylight, after having completed a really wonderful trip. Naturally, space could be found here only for the more striking and interesting birds and beasts, and enormous areas of country have been left unexplored. But a good general survey has been made, and enough has been learned to show that throughout this enormous area there is a general likeness in the animal life. The reindeer of Scandinavia do not differ, save in size, from the great caribou of Canada and Newfoundland, and the same is true of the moose; the North American wapiti is clearly related to the European red-deer. But, be it remembered, the rest of the American deer, such as the Virginian and mule deer, for instance, differ entirely from the deer of the old world, and in spite of their superficial likeness have a totally different ancestry. Even in the case of rare animals, like the musk-ox, we find it inhabiting both old and new worlds; and the same is true of better-known animals like the beaver, porcupine, bear, and wolf, and a score of others. Exceptions apart, then, the northern hemisphere may be roughly regarded as one great zoological region. And this is not difficult to understand, for if you turn to a map of the North Polar region you will see that at Behring's Straits the distance dividing the old world from the new is very small, and the evidence of the rocks, in the shape of fossils, as well as the evidence of the rocks themselves, shows that at various times, in the earlier history of the world, the land surface round this great region has been more or less continuous, thus allowing migration of animals of all kinds to pass readily from what we now call the 'old' world into the 'new,' and *vice versâ*.

OUR LIFETIME.

An old German Fable.

WHEN the world had been created, all the creatures assembled before Dame Nature to have the length of their lifetime appointed. The ass first advanced, and asked how long he would have to live.

'Thirty years,' replied Nature.

'Alas!' replied the ass, 'it is a long while. Remember what a wearisome existence mine will be; from morning until night I shall have to bear heavy burdens, dragging corn-sacks to the mill, that others may eat bread, while I shall have no encouragement, nor be refreshed by anything but blows and kicks. Give me but a portion of that time, I pray.'

Nature was moved with compassion, and presented him but eighteen years. The ass went away comforted, and the dog came forward.

'How long dost thou require to live?' asked Nature; 'thirty years were too many for the ass, but wilt thou be contented with them?'

'Is it thy will that I should?' replied the dog. 'Think how I shall have to run about; my feet will not last so long; and when I have lost my bark and my teeth, what shall I be fit for but to lie in a corner and growl?'

Nature thought he was right, and gave him twelve years. The ape then approached.

'Thou wilt doubtless willingly live the thirty years,' said Nature; 'thou wilt not have to labour as the ass and the dog. Life will be pleasant for thee.'

'Ah! no,' cried he; 'so it may seem to others, but it will not be. I shall play merry tricks, and excite laughter by my grimaces, and then be rewarded with a sour apple. How often sorrow lies concealed behind a jest! I shall not be able to endure for thirty years.'

Nature was gracious, and he received but ten.

At last came man, healthy and strong, and asked the measure of his days.

'Will thirty years content thee?'

'How short a time!' exclaimed man. 'When I shall have built my house, and kindled a fire on my own hearth—when the trees I shall have planted are about to bloom and bear fruit—when life will seem to me most desirable, I shall die. Oh, Nature, grant me a longer period.'

'Thou shalt have the eighteen years of the ass besides.'

'That is not yet enough; give me more.'

'Take likewise the twelve years of the dog.'

'That is not even yet enough,' replied the man.

'I give thee, then, the ten years of the ape.'

Man departed unsatisfied.

Thus man lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years, and pass swiftly by. He is healthy and happy—he labours cheerfully and rejoices in his existence. The eighteen years of the ass come next, and burden upon burden is heaped upon him; he carries the corn that is to feed others, blows and kicks are the wages of his faithful service. The twelve years of the dog follow, and he loses his teeth, and lies in a corner and growls. When these are gone, the ape's ten years form the conclusion.

This is not a very cheerful or hopeful legend. But we can read one lesson in it—to be content with our lot, however bad it seems. F. W

JIM.

The Story of a Boy Scout's Pluck.

THE door swung open, and Mrs. Dennison raised her tired head with a sweet, welcoming smile, as Jim entered the room. He threw his school-books down on the chair, and kissed her, then sat down with a dejected air, turning over the contents of his pockets.

'It's no use, Mother,' he said, answering an anxious question in her eyes, 'I simply can't get on with that

brute, Harris. He made a fool of me again to-day before all the fellows. Afterwards even the kids cheeked me outside; every day it's the same thing. I believe he hates me.'

Mrs. Dennison put down her work with trembling fingers. 'Jim, dear,' she remonstrated gently, 'you must try and get on better at school. I cannot afford to send you anywhere else. Be a brave son, and make the best of it.'

Jim turned his head away and sighed. Well he knew that it was just a lack of bravery, a shrinking horror of blows or sharp words, that made his schoolfellows, and, above all, his athletic form-master, despise him. His father, a soldier, had died when Jim was only three. A delicate, only child, for twelve years he had lived a sheltered home-life with the mother he adored, and now found the rough-and-tumble of a large grammar school almost unbearable.

A silence fell between mother and son, and the former continued mending the lace in her lap. They were very poor, and often found it hard enough to make both ends meet.

After a few minutes Jim got up, and began laying the table for dinner; as he did so a happy thought struck him, and a gay whistling filled the little room. 'Scouts meet this afternoon, Mother,' he began, in a pleased voice, 'at the Players' Oak near Crosses Wood. We shall have jolly good fun there.'

'Oh, Jim, dear, I am dreadfully sorry; but you can't possibly go. I promised Miss Martin this lace, and there is no one else I can send with it.'

Mrs. Dennison looked genuinely distressed. Jim's face fell, and for an instant hot tears pricked his eyelids, while he blinked them rapidly, and kept his back turned; then, with a great effort, he steadied his voice and muttered, 'All right, Mother, I'll take it.'

About an hour later he was off on his errand, dressed in full scout kit, partly as a sort of comfort, and partly with a hope of falling in with the others on the way home. To lose a whole afternoon's playing of the great game, in an ideal country, would be too bad.

Wentworth Hall, where the wealthy Miss Martin lived, was three miles from Dimchester, Jim's home, and about two miles to the west of Crosses Wood. First his way led along a dusty road, then through narrow lanes, the high hedges on each side giving a grateful shade from the burning July sun; pink dog-roses grew in masses above his head, and Jim decided to have a good climb for some on the way home. He had walked nearly two miles when the lanes gave place to a stretch of lonely common, containing a dried-up water-course, several thick clumps of gorse, and at the far end one small house. Past this the road to Wentworth ran, and as he neared it Jim noticed a curious shimmery look playing round one side-wall. In another moment he gave a startled cry, for out of the lower windows poured a dense volume of black smoke. The boy started running towards it, and at the same instant a child came out, screaming, through the door. It was a little girl about ten years old, and she came rushing towards Jim, wringing her hands, her face white with terror.

'Are you hurt?' he gasped, catching her by the shoulders and forcing her to stop shrieking. 'Is there any one else inside?'

'Baby! baby!' she choked, pointing with one trembling finger to an upper window; then, beside herself with fright, she flew down the road.

By this time smoke seemed to envelop the whole house in a dark cloud, and Jim could hear the flames crackling and roaring, while a terrible smell of burning filled the air.

For a second he hesitated, shaking in every limb, then across his mind flashed the words, 'Ready, ay, ready,' the Scout motto, and in another moment a brave little figure dashed through the open door. Straight in front of him were the stairs, as yet untouched, though flickering tongues of fire were already running races on the passage floor. Up the steps pressed Jim, panting for breath, with deep sobs. He turned into a little room on his left, but it was empty. Half-blinded and manfully resisting a strong desire to turn back, the boy struggled across to the one on the right, which was over the kitchen, where the fire had begun. He shoved open the door, and looked wildly round. It was intensely hot, but not so full of smoke as the passage, and on the bed was the form of a sleeping baby. Seizing it in his arms with a triumphant relief, he sprang back to the stairs, only to find them quite impassable. The lower steps were in flames, and dense, stifling smoke drove him back into that oven of a bedroom.

All fear for himself had passed out of Jim's heart; his one thought was how to save the mite nestling, half-smothered, in his arms. As he ran to the window, the floor almost scorched his boots; then, to his unspeakable joy, he heard shouts from outside, and knew that help had come at last. Leaning eagerly over the sash, he made out a number of his fellow-scouts, Mr. Harris at their head, beckoning him to jump. A puff of wind cleared the smoke for a second from the boy's eyes, and he saw they were holding out something or something to receive him in. Setting his teeth, with the greatest care he threw the baby out towards it. A ringing cheer told of its safe arrival, and yells of 'Jump, man, jump!' followed.

But by now the gallant boy's strength was almost exhausted, and it seemed ages to the anxious watchers before he appeared on the window-ledge, steadying himself for a spring. At the same moment came a loud report, and what was left of that side of the house swayed and fell inwards with a crash. Fortunately part of the window-frame struck Jim in the back, knocking him forwards clear into the garden below, where eager, gentle hands bore him away from smoke and noise.

Tenderly they carried the battered little scout home, the mother of the rescued babe accompanying them, full of thankful gratitude. The other child, who had been left in charge of the house while the mother went to town, had met both her and the scouts in the lane, by her terror making known the catastrophe.

Mercifully, the fire had only scorched Jim's clothes without seriously burning him, but he lay for many weeks in the house with a broken leg, caused by his fall from the window.

He was happy as a lark though, all the time, for every day some of his schoolfellows came to see him, bringing fruit and books, doing all they could to make up for former unkind chaff, learning to understand and like both Jim and his mother for their own sakes.

Mr. Harris, too, when Jim eventually returned to school, filled the boy's heart to overflowing by making a little speech before all the class welcoming him back, and saying that they were proud that one capable of such courage belonged to their scout corps.

T. E. D.

"Tenderly they carried the little scout home."

"I was being carried upstairs under one arm."

PRISONED IN THE PINEWOOD.

WE had just spent a glorious holiday with Father and Mother and the motor-car, visiting real old French castles in Touraine, where real kings and queens lived, or were imprisoned, or built cages to imprison other people; and we all begged hard for just one more week. But Father had hired the car for a certain time, and that was now finished; besides, Mother declared that if she saw any more castles she would begin to forget what happened in which; and she says, with a family always asking questions, she must remember all her facts quite correctly. It was a nice Frenchman who came to our rescue.

'Why not give the young people a week at the seaside?' he said. 'I know just the place for you.' And then he told us about La Baule, where we could bathe, and shrimp, and build sand-castles, and fish; and where no one ever thought of wearing best clothes—not even the grown-ups.

'My brother and his family are there now,' added the Frenchman, 'staying at the chalet "Marie-Marthe." He would be only too delighted to have the pleasure of helping you to find rooms, or assisting you in any way. I will give you my card, and you tell him I sent you.'

Well, he did give Father a card, but we arrived one August evening at a funny little station that called itself by the grand name of Escoublac la Baule, without realising that we didn't know anything about the helpful brother, except that he lived in a chalet called after two girls' names; and the worst of it was none of us could agree just what those two names were.

'Well, we must take rooms at one of the hotels for to-night, anyhow,' said Father, 'and to-morrow we will have a look round.'

So we left the luggage, and drove off to the first hotel the guide-book mentioned. Here the hotel-porter refused us so politely that we hardly understood we were being turned away. There was one vacant room, he said, at the back of the house, but we agreed with what he meant by shrugging his shoulders. One back room is too small for three boys, two girls, and two grown-ups. But at the next hotel, and the next, they told us the same thing. La Baule was quite full. There are only about half-a-dozen hotels in the whole town, and none of them much larger than an ordinary house. When Father asked one of the hotel-porters where he could get lodgings, as we should at Eastbourne, he looked puzzled. He believed there were one or two furnished houses that would be vacant in September, if Father cared to go to the agencies.

Father and Mother looked more and more anxious, but we were enjoying ourselves. We drove all along the front, and we looked at the sea, which just there is the Bay of Biscay, though it doesn't appear any different from the sea at Eastbourne or Worthing, while Mother watched the houses for a sign saying *chambres à louer*, which is the French way of advertising 'rooms to let.' There must have been three or four miles of those houses, some big, some small, packed together anyhow; but we soon understood that holiday-makers at La Baule took a whole house, and there were no odd rooms left over for lodgers like ourselves.

At last the carriage turned away from the sea-front, and went into the pine forest, in which the town itself is built; and here again we found the same kind of houses, with never an empty one. By this time we were looking out eagerly for a villa called by two girls' names, but that only added to our bewilderment, for most of them had that sort of name. There were the Ker Raymond-Georgette (in Brittany a house is called *ker*, as in England it would be named 'Raymond Georgette Villa'), Ker Marie-Louise, Ker Marthe-Germaine, and so on; but never one we could be quite sure was right. I may as well say here we never found the Helpful Brother of the Frenchman.

At last we discovered a house with two big empty rooms—at any rate, we *knew* two were empty, but the doors of the other rooms were shut mysteriously, and we couldn't tell what was behind them. Father took the rooms at once, but Mother didn't seem quite satisfied; and it was agreed that when we had all enjoyed dinner at a jolly little garden-restaurant we had passed, Father and Mother would go out again, and try to discover either the Helpful Brother or better rooms.

'I never thought that a newly-built house like this could seem mysterious,' said Archie, suddenly, when we were left alone.

'I wonder if there is anybody else in the house,' suggested Claude, cautiously opening a door, and looking out on to the little corridor-hall. We were on the first floor, with rooms above and below us, and at the other side of the hall; but so far no sign of any person living in them. A door closed unexpectedly downstairs, and, instead of reassuring us, it added to the mystery.

'It's the old landlady,' said Beatrice.

'She doesn't live in the house,' Clare reminded her. 'She only sleeps in a little top room. She said so when Mother asked her about cooking for us.'

'I'm going to explore,' said Claude, courageously, opening the door again very gently; but almost as soon as he looked out he quickly drew back, and closed the door. 'She's out there,' he said. 'The old maid landlady, I mean. She was standing on the attic stairs watching our door.'

I suppose all this sounds very childish when it is written down; but at the time we were every one of us in a blue funk. It was getting dusk, and the shadow of the pines all round the house helped to make it seem more lonely. We looked round for something to light, but the lamp had no oil in it, and the candle by the bed was half-burned, and wouldn't last very long. Claude stood up very straight, like a soldier ready for war, and opened the door, then went boldly across the hall to the room Mother was to share with the girls. He brought back another candle-end in a stick.

'She pretended she was on her way downstairs,' he said briefly, and we knew he meant the silent old maid had been watching us again.

'Let's take a walk up the road and look out for Father and Mother,' I proposed, and every one jumped at the idea. We put on our hats, and Archie picked up his treasured new camera; and, seeing this, we all selected from our hand-baggage the things we didn't want to lose. It felt rather like escaping from a fire or a shipwreck.

The hall was empty, and so were the stairs, but suddenly in the dusk near the front door we saw the tall old woman. We hesitated a second, then Claude led the way on. The Frenchwoman stood firmly between us and the door, and we knew enough of her language to understand that she said we must not go out.

'Why not?' asked Claude; but the torrent of French which answered him was too difficult for us to trans-

late. Undoubtedly, however, we were forbidden to pass. Seeing we made no attempt to turn back, the guardian of the door turned the key in the lock, then put it in her pocket, and said no more.

Nonplussed, we silently trooped upstairs again, and once safely in our room, looked at one another. No longer had we merely imagination to build our fears upon, but a clear attack on our liberty. What did the grim old woman mean to do with us? Soft footsteps came up the stairs, so quietly that we shouldn't have heard them unless we were listening intently, but they paused on our landing, and did not continue up the attic stair.

Claude pulled out his big clasp-knife, and opened the large blade; Archie followed his example. Clare dragged Father's alpenstock from the shawl-strap, but there seemed to be no weapons either for Beatrice or me.

'The luncheon hasket is in Mother's room!' whispered Clare. Claude clasped his open knife, opened the door suddenly, and crossed to the other room, and we saw the Frenchwoman standing back in the shadow, watching still. There were three small knives in the basket Claude brought back; all horribly blunt, but they were bright, and looked all right. Beatrice took one, and I bagged the others.

'Look here,' I said, 'you and Archie, Claude, can look after the girls between you; I'm going to try getting out of this house to fetch Father and Mother, or a policeman or some one.'

'Good boy, Eric,' said Claude, and opened the door for me. The figure in the shadow took a step forward, but I made for the stairway, sharpening the luncheon knives one against the other as I went. The wôman put out her hand, but I glared as fiercely as I could, and continued walking and sharpening; then she leaned over the banisters, and in a quick deep voice said something in French to a person named Michel. I kept on my way, but at the foot of the stairs there loomed up a tall, broad-shouldered giant of a man in the baggy trousers and blue jersey of a fisherman. He said nothing, but merely waved me back upstairs with a meaning there was no mistaking. I tried to dodge him suddenly, but he was too quick, and next minute I was being carried up those stairs under one arm by Michel. Hearing the noise, Claude and Archie, fully armed, came to the door, and the woman gasped a little when she saw the knives. But the whole party of us were no match for this sturdy Breton fisherman, who dumped me on the floor in our room, and with one hand held back Claude and Archie, while he transferred the door key from inside to outside. Then he closed the door, and we heard ourselves locked in.

Archie went to the window opening on to a little balcony, and looked down, measuring the distance from the ground. 'I will do it,' he said. 'The sand underneath will be good to fall on.'

He clambered over the balcony railing, then, loosing his hold, dropped to the earth. He seemed dazed for an instant, then picked himself up, and began to run. Just as he darted among the pines, Clare gave a cry.

'She's after him!' she said, and there, sure enough, we saw the grey-clad figure of the Frenchwoman following swiftly after Archie; then the two disappeared, Archie, so far, well ahead of his pursuer.

The next ten minutes seemed like ten days. We looked through the key-hole, and saw Michel on guard just outside. We looked out of the window, and saw nothing but pine trees and their shadowy avenues. The girls were jolly plucky, and didn't cry, or anything, but I saw Clare's hands trembling.

Then unexpectedly from outside came the sound of ringing laughter, peal after peal, and we rushed to the window. There were Father and Mother, and on one side walked the Frenchwoman, talking and gesticulating wildly, while on the other strode Archie, very flushed and dishevelled, taking his share in the lively conversation. Father seemed helpless with laughter, and even Mother was too amused to speak. They all came upstairs, and when he saw our collection of arms, Father laughed harder than ever.

The old Frenchwoman was wavering between a faint smile and a frown, but finally the smile conquered.

'What do you young rascals mean by frightening Madame Pradet in this fashion?' asked Father at last, and we all gazed with astonishment. 'Your mother begged her just to keep an eye on you, and not allow you to stray away while we were out, but apparently you behaved in so startling a manner that she called her brother to the rescue, and rushed out to find us, or to rouse the *gendarmerie*, whichever was the easier. Luckily she met us first, and so you have escaped spending the night in a prison.'

'That's just what we were trying to prevent—being in prison, I mean,' explained Claude, feeling rather hurt; but by degrees we all saw the humorous side of the situation. With the help of Clare's phrase-book we composed a beautiful apology in French to Madame, but she looked so scared when we began to recite it, that I don't think she quite understood.

That was only just the beginning of a glorious holiday at La Baule, in a jolly little chalet all to ourselves, but it was the end of our imprisonment in the pine forest, and so it must be the end of this story, too.

I. A. Davison.

SOME ENGLISH TREES.

IV.—THE WEEPING WILLOW.

ALL the Willow family are pleasant to look at, graceful in form and a soft rich green in colour. Together with the Poplar tribe, these trees make up the natural order of the Salicinæ. The Latin name of the weeping willow, *Salix Babylonia*, suggests its Eastern origin, and recalls to mind the pathetic thirty-seventh Psalm, wherein the captive Jews are pictured as hanging their harps on the willow-trees fringing the waters of Babylon.

A pretty Arabian legend is preserved which tells us that one day when King David was playing on his harp, two messenger angels appeared, sent from Heaven to make him realise how deeply he had sinned against God. In sorrow the King threw himself on the ground and wept bitterly for forty days and forty nights, and his tears, moistening the parched earth, caused two young trees to appear. One of these was a weeping willow, which has ever since drooped in mournful fashion, and the other a frankincense-tree, from which continually flow tears of sorrow.

Apart from legendary lore, the willow has been from very early times an emblem of grief, and from time immemorial has been planted near graves in China and Turkey. We are all familiar with the willow-patterned

plate, where the souls of the lovers in the form of birds find shelter in the tree planted at the end of the bridge. Torches used at funerals were always made of willow wood, and the wise men of Babylon foretold the early death of Alexander the Great, when one day in crossing the Euphrates a bough of a willow swept the crown from his head. In the wonderful mourning ornaments worn by our great-grandmothers, made of curiously plaited hair, a weeping willow hanging over a tomb finds frequent place, and Shakespeare shows us Queen Dido wandering by the shore of Carthage, calling on Æneas to return, bearing in her hand a branch of willow.

Apart from poetry and legend, the various species of willow-trees have many practical uses. All grow easily from cuttings, which are frequently planted on the banks of rivers and ponds, the powerful fibrous roots enabling the soil to resist the wearing action of the water. Great plantations of the kind known as Osiers in water gardens are also common along rivers. These willows are used for basket-making and all kinds of wicker-work.

The wood of some species is very tough and durable, and was greatly used in ancient times for shields as well as for vessels of war. Now it is equally employed

The Weeping Willow.

in more peaceful fashion, in supplying paddles for steamers, and it is dear to the heart of men and boys in the form of cricket bats. Coopers use the twigs, which are very strong, for cask hoops and similar purposes, and the earliest ropes known to man were probably withes of willow.

Certain species of this tree, especially that known as the 'Crack willow,' are not trustworthy in any of these forms, but have a merit of their own, making a specially good charcoal, preferred by goldsmiths to all other for use in their crucibles, whilst it is equally prized in the production of gunpowder.

The bark of certain kinds contains a large amount of

Foliage of Weeping Willow.

'Tannin,' and also a peculiar medicinal principle called 'Salicin.'

Bees are very devoted to willow flowers, which, in many species, appear before the leaves.

Last, but not least, comes the willow's great work in helping to make the world beautiful. We all know what pleasure the sight of a really well-grown willow can give, drooping over water or planted amongst up-growing foliage. Nearly all parks or ornamental grounds have at least one fine specimen, and at Woburn the Duke of Bedford has a large collection of these beautiful trees.

The willow is usually the first tree to herald the coming of spring, being quite green early in April, and retaining its leaves long after the winds of autumn have swept away all other foliage. HELENA HEATH.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 131.)

CHAPTER VIII.

ON the following morning our servant awakened us about an hour before daybreak. He had prepared an excellent breakfast of fish and hot coffee, to which we sat down by the dim light of a Chinese lantern. But we had scarcely begun when Frank entered.

'Halloa!' he exclaimed, 'not finished yet?'

'We have only just started,' I replied, fearful that we were going to be hurried away without breakfast.

'I'm very glad to hear it,' he declared. 'I was afraid you would have eaten everything before I arrived.'

'If you had said you were coming, we would have had more cooked.'

"The sight of so many flags made the white monkey mischievous."

'Oh, there is quite enough for me, thank you,' he declared, and helped himself to the fish.

'You seem to be in good spirits this morning,' I remarked.

'I am,' he replied. 'My "boy" has had a thrashing —not from me, but from his wife. He objected to her going to the festival, and she replied by thrashing him with a stick. I watched the punishment with satisfaction, for the man is as big a rogue as ever ate rice, and I was glad to see him in trouble. The castigation ended, however, very unfortunately. My "boy" broke away from his wife, and in his eagerness to get clean

away fell over his cooking pots and upset my breakfast. That is why I came on here. I knew you would spare me a mouthful of food.'

'A mouthful!' I exclaimed laughingly, as I gazed at the large portion of fish which he had taken.

'I am ravenous this morning,' he replied, 'and I know you have plenty more food. Mr. Menandez keeps you well supplied, I am confident. Men of his nationality are born caterers. This fish does you credit, Mr. Menandez.'

'I am not a cook,' Menandez declared somewhat angrily, 'and took no part in preparing this meal.'

'Then I pass on my compliments to whoever deserves them—a fellow-countryman of yours, I presume?'

'No, it was a Siamese who cooked the breakfast,' I joined in, to prevent Frank and Menandez from quarrelling. 'Would you like some more fish? He will soon cook it.'

'I should,' Frank replied, and an additional supply was at once ordered.

'By-the-by,' Frank remarked, when his appetite was beginning to be appeased, 'I have received strict orders from the King that my men, who are to form his body-guard, are not to be provided with ammunition, as his Majesty does not wish his nerves upset during the festival. I said that it would be wise to carry ammunition in case it became necessary to protect him, but his Fatness grew so agitated at the idea of his soldiers being armed properly that I did not press the matter, and pretended to be overjoyed at his permission for us to carry all our flags.'

Breakfast was finished just as the first signs of day-break were visible, and a few minutes later we hurried off with Frank to the parade-ground, where his men were drawn up. We accompanied Frank as he passed up and down the lines, inspecting his men, and could not help praising their smart appearance.

'There are far too many flags to please me,' Frank said; but the men themselves appeared to be very proud of them. There was on an average one flag to every five men. Each was red, with a white elephant drawn on it.

Having finished his inspection, Frank marched his men towards the river, instead of, as I had expected, to the palace.

'Where are you to meet his Majesty?' I asked.

'On the river,' Frank replied. 'When everybody is afloat he will toddle down to his boat.' Then the start will be made.'

In less than five minutes we were at the riverside and the work of embarking was at once begun, twenty men taking their seats in each canoe. Frank stood watching until every man had embarked, and then he led the way to the canoe which had been reserved for us. It was a smart twenty-paddled boat, gaily decorated with Siamese flags and festoons of flowers. Every boat was more or less decorated, and as there were fifty or sixty thousand of them you can imagine the gay scene.

The sight of so many flags made the white monkey mischievous, and before I had time to prevent him he had seized hold of one flying from the boat alongside of us.

'Drop it, Ted,' I commanded sternly, and he obeyed, although unwillingly. Ted seemed to be aware of the fact that it was I who held the office of 'Keeper of the White Monkey,' for, while refusing to take any notice of Frank, Tom, and Menandez's orders, he obeyed mine. Frank declared that he obeyed simply because I fed him, and that he feared to displease me in case I should punish him by withholding food. No doubt there was a certain amount of truth in Frank's assertion, but I tried to impress upon them, not very successfully I fear, that the white monkey's obedience was due solely to my strength of will. Our discussion, however, was cut short by a discordant noise, made by the blowing of trumpets and beating of gongs, which made known to us that the Lord of the White Elephant and Brother of the Moon was approaching. Instantly the thousands of people crouched down in their canoes. Of course, I and my friends had to assume an abject attitude, but nevertheless I managed, while pretending to hide my face, to have a good look at his Majesty. I have seen many kings in my time, but never have I seen one so devoid of kingly bearing as the King of Siam. I have already said that he was fat and bloated when I first saw him; on this occasion he was panting and puffing at having had to walk about a hundred and fifty yards. His distress was plain, and I should not have thought any the worse of him if he had chosen to travel the short distance in a palanquin. I heard, afterwards, that he walked these hundred and fifty yards as a sign that he was starting on his pilgrimage in a humble spirit.

At length, having twice halted to regain his breath, his Majesty reached the river, and took his seat in a gorgeously decorated canoe. The next minute the advance up-river began, the royal canoe leading the way. Frank, Tom, and I followed in the rear of the royal family, and on the right of the canoes occupied by Ministers of State.

For three hours the boatmen paddled incessantly, not resting until we arrived at Ayuthia, which was once the capital of Siam, but now nothing but ruins. At the beginning of the century it was a densely populated city, but when we visited it the only people who dwelt there were some thirty fishermen. They came down to the landing-stage, and lay prostrate as the King and his ministers passed by. I heard some days later that those poor fishermen were compelled to remain prostrate until sunset, as, being members of a despised calling, they were inferior to the humblest of the pilgrims, none of whom would permit them to rise in his presence.

(*Continued on page* 151.)

THE SEA-KINGS OF ENGLAND.

IV.—FRANCIS DRAKE: THE TREASURE OF THE WORLD.

(*Continued from page* 107.)

BEFORE the spies returned from the river Chagres, Rouse left the Isle of Pines with his men, to go about his own business. Drake was content to be alone with his forces: he had as yet made no profit out of his voyage, and the fewer there were when he did succeed the better.

In due time the explorers returned with information. Cartagena seemed to be the strongest port of the mainland. Many good houses of stone had been built there, and it had great trade to and from Spain, and from the kingdoms of Granada and Peru. There was a fine harbour, whither many ships resorted. Further west Nombre de Dios, which Drake knew too well already, and Porto Bello, another strong town and good harbour. Porto Bello was so placed that the main

route from Nombre de Dios to Panama could be commanded from it; but the Spaniards took no advantage of this. Panama could be approached either from Nombre de Dios, or right up the river Chagres, so far as Venta Cruz, and thence overland. Boats of sixteen tons could use the river in winter, but there was hardly enough water for them in the summer. Nowhere had the Spaniards yet taken in hand to fortify the towns and convenient spots against raiders like Drake.

Drake made due preparation, and sailed straight to Cartagena. Though, since the affair of Nombre de Dios, the Spaniards knew of his being at hand and were ready for his coming, he nevertheless captured and destroyed many ships and took a good amount of booty. He scuttled one of his own ships (without his men knowing why the ship sank) so as to have more men available for the land expedition which he had in mind. At Cartagena he lost two of his brothers, one by sickness, the other in battle. Thereafter he cruised about for some time till he found a new harbour for his boats. On February 3rd he finally set out for Panama. He meant if possible to intercept a treasure train. He had with him only eighteen of his own men; but he was accompanied by thirty Simaroons, who had gladly joined him. Every day they marched steadily from dawn till ten in the morning; then they rested for two hours, and presently marched again, from noon till four o'clock. The way was rough, but not impassable. It led mainly through forest and woodland (full of monkeys, bright-coloured parrots, and fireflies), and past villages whose inhabitants made no attempt to interfere with the Englishmen: they hated the Spaniards.

So they journeyed for seven days. On the eighth, one of the Simaroons came up to Drake, and took him courteously by the hand. 'Pray, sir, follow me,' he said, 'if you wish to see two seas at once, as you have so long desired to do.'

He led Drake to a 'goodly and great high tree,' in which steps were made up to a little embowered platform, large enough to hold ten or twelve men at once. Drake climbed up; and there, looking far out to the South and West, he saw the Pacific Ocean. Behind him lay the Atlantic, whither many Englishmen had already voyaged, and where many a battle was yet to come between England and Spain. Before him, perhaps thirty miles away, as he stood high on the peaks of the New World, lay a still newer world, upon which English eyes had never before rested. So the greatest English sailor of his day looked out upon the great waters where soon he was to sail in triumph on his way round the globe, and to lay waste the rich, undisturbed navies of Spain in the South Seas. And as he gazed, he lifted up his hands towards heaven: 'Oh, Almighty God,' he cried, 'of Thy goodness give me life and leave to sail once in an English ship in that sea.'

He took a solemn vow to round Cape Horn and sail in that sea; and he called his friend John Oxenham to witness his vow: and Oxenham vowed to follow him.

Two days' more marching lay before the raiders. During that time they would see five or six times a day the roofs of Panama lying before them, as they swung down the western slopes of the isthmus. On the last day, February 13th, they could see plainly the large street that ran south and north of the town, direct from the harbour inland.

It was necessary now to go warily, for they were within the region which the fowlers and huntsmen of Panama frequented: wild cattle and game fowl abounded. They sheltered in a wood, and sent a Simaroon to spy out the town and learn, if he could, on what night the treasure train for Nombre de Dios would begin its slow march from Panama: they always travelled by night, because it was cooler. The man soon came back with the news that the treasurer of Lima was going to set out that very night, with nine mules laden with gold and precious stones.

Drake led his men back some distance, and made an ambush on the track to Venta Cruz, the half-way station between Panama and Nombre de Dios. He divided his troop into two bodies, and they sat down and waited in the darkness. Over their clothes they drew white shirts, so that they could distinguish one another if it came to a fight.

Presently they heard mule-bells afar off. The time was almost come. They kept their places, as Drake had strictly ordered: all save one man. It chanced that a Spanish gentleman, who had been visiting Venta Cruz, chose that time to ride back with his page to Panama, On he came, riding without suspicion; and since he was alone, the Englishmen lay still and did not heed him. But one of them, Robert Pike, who had drunk too freely that evening, rose up stupidly to look at the man. He was pulled down at once by his companions; but the Spaniard had seen him, a strange ghostly figure in a white shirt. In a moment he put his horse to a gallop, and was gone.

The Englishmen waited. Presently a few mules came along and were seized. But they were only laden with merchandise. The rich treasurer never came: the Spanish gentleman had warned him of danger, and he turned back in safety to Panama.

Drake saw that he had failed once more: but worse still, he was now in some peril, for the Spaniards knew that he was there, and might cut him off at Venta Cruz, if they did not come out in force from Panama. His little band of adventurers were weary and sick with disappointment. A bold stroke was needed. He would take Venta Cruz.

It was a matter of a few hours to draw near the little town. A mile or so outside, Drake sent forward spies, who came back with the tidings that a strong Spanish ambush lay between them and the town. Drake bade his men make ready for battle, but hold their fire till he gave the signal. Then they marched forward boldly. Presently the Spaniards hailed them: 'In the King of Spain's name, surrender.' The Spanish captain promised that they should be well treated.

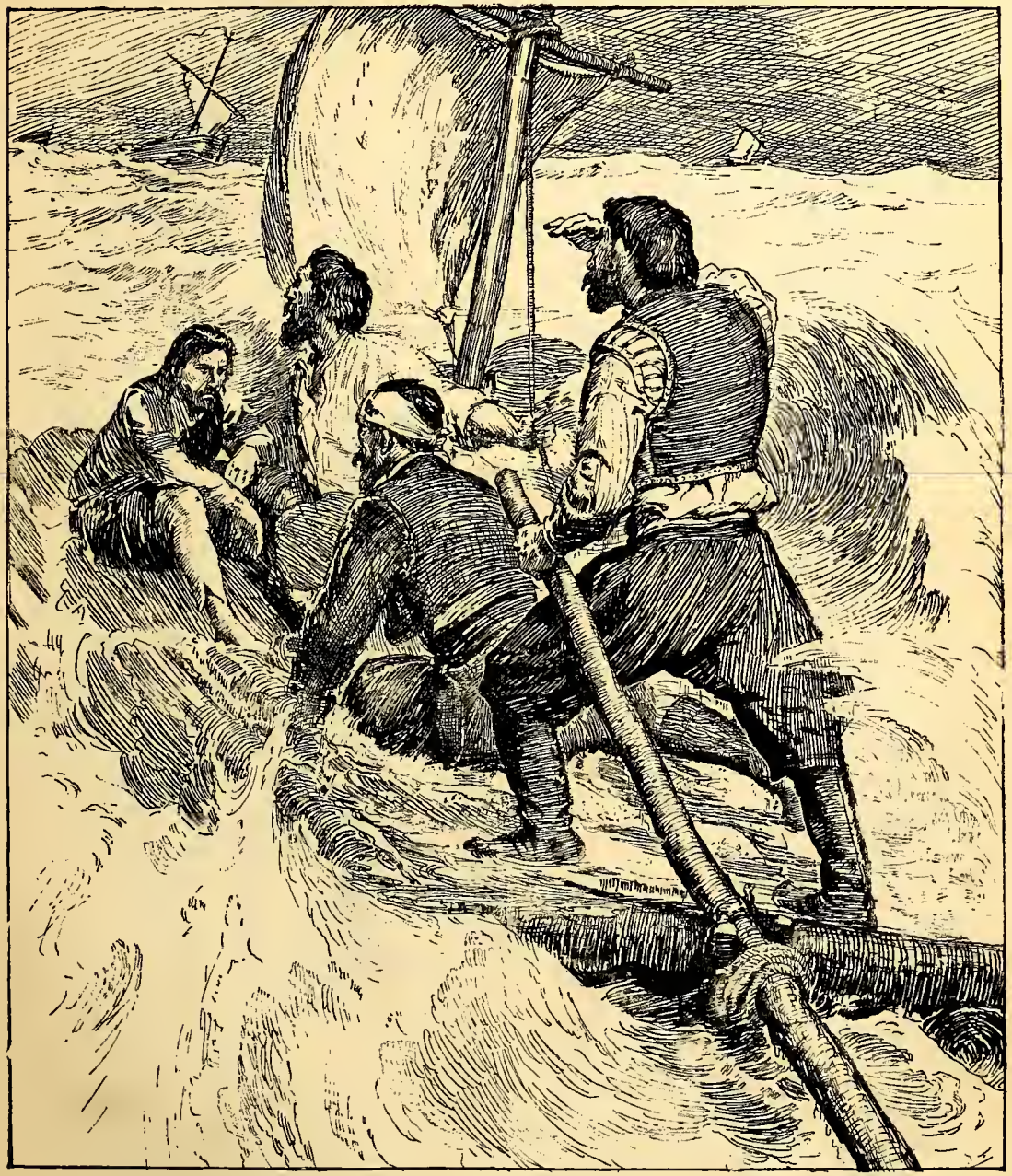
'For the honour of the Queen of England, my mistress,' answered Drake, 'I must have passage this way.'

For reply, the Spaniards fired a volley. Drake gave the signal, and his men returned the fire, sprang forward, and dashed at the enemy. They fought with courage, but the Englishmen's desperate fury was too much for them. In a little while the Spaniards were driven back and utterly routed, and the invaders rushed triumphantly into Venta Cruz, taking complete possession of it, and guarding the gates against further attack.

Venta Cruz was the first town on the Spanish main conquered and taken by the English. But though Drake was safe in it for the moment, he had yet to win booty enough to make his expedition worth while; and after that he had to get safely back to England with his battered little company.

(*Concluded on page* 146.)

"Before him lay a world upon which English eyes had never before rested."



"They were English boats."

THE SEA-KINGS OF ENGLAND.

IV.—FRANCIS DRAKE: THE TREASURE OF THE WORLD.

(*Concluded from page* 143.)

DRAKE saw that his position in Venta Cruz was very unsafe, although the town was in his hands. His men got some plunder from it, but he would not allow them to take much, for a long march back to the coast was before them, and they could not endure heavy burdens. By now their clothes were in rags, their boots worn through, and their feet desperately footsore. They were, besides, rather disheartened by this second failure. Drake, therefore, resolved to march on to the coast at once; and with words of encouragement and hope, and sometimes perhaps of abuse, he drove his battered little company along the coast track. He would have no resting: if food ran short, they must hasten on nevertheless; all the anger of the Spanish Main might be at their heels.

Many of the men 'fainted with sickness or weariness' during that terrible march. If it had not been for the help given them continually by their allies, the Simaroons, they would have been in a bad way indeed. Day after day they struggled on, till on February 22nd they arrived at a little encampment of Simaroons not far from the secret harbour where the ships lay.

Drake sent on a Simaroon with a message and a token to Ellis Hixom, whom he had left in charge of the ships. The man delivered the token: it was a golden toothpick. Hixom recognised it, but he did not wholly trust the Simaroon, who, seeing his distrust, told him the truth. It was dark when Drake sent the token, and they could find no writing material, so the captain had scratched a message on the toothpick with the point of his knife. Hixom looked at it anxiously. There he saw the words scratched, 'By me, Francis Drake,' and he knew that the message could be trusted. It was not long before the whole English force was united again, singing hymns of praise for the safety of the land party.

They were disappointed. Yet they were still eager for adventure. To those who had stayed with the ships, the others, except Drake himself, seemed 'strangely changed.' They had seen in their hardships something of the wealth of the West, and had gone through perils of a kind new to English seamen. When Drake held a council as to their future plans, he found them ready enough for more work. The scheme which was most popular was an attack on a rich Spaniard, one Pezoro, owner of a gold-mine near Veragua, an opulent town west of Nombre de Dios. But it meant a long march by land, and Drake did not favour it. Instead, he divided his ships, and sent Oxenham to Tolu (where a fine little frigate of twenty tons was captured), while he himself made a vain attack on Veragua by sea. When the two parties came together again they sailed west, and landed at some small spot on the coast for refreshment. While they were ashore they saw a good-sized ship coming towards them; they put out to meet it, and were greeted with a friendly salute. It was a French boat, commanded by one Têtu, a Huguenot who had left France at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's. In token of friendship he gave Drake a rich scimitar that had belonged to a King of France; and Drake bestowed upon him in return a chain of gold and a pendant.

Têtu had heard of Drake's exploits, and desired to join forces with him, which, after some argument, was agreed to. Drake took fifteen of his men and Têtu twenty of his, and together they set off for Rio Francisco, fifteen miles from Nombre de Dios. They meant to try to seize another treasure train.

All one night—it was March 31st 1572—they lay hid in the woods above Nombre de Dios, waiting for the mules from Venta Cruz to arrive. At early dawn, they heard the mule-bells ringing, and the Simeroons brought word that a caravan was approaching 'with more gold and silver than all of us could bear away.' Presently the treasure train came in sight. There were nearly two hundred mules in it, each laden with about three hundred pounds of gold and silver—not far off thirty tons in all. About fifty Spanish soldiers guarded them. As they came up, Drake blew his whistle. His men fired, and some of them ran to the mules and stopped the first of them. Immediately the rest of the well-trained beasts halted and lay down, 'as their manner is.' A fierce fight followed. Captain Têtu was severely wounded by a shot, but the raiders soon drove the Spaniards off, and laid hands at last upon the treasure. They buried much silver on the spot, for they could not carry away such a vast load. Nevertheless, they still had as much as each man could, with difficulty, carry. For two days they marched back towards their ships, staggering under their burden of wealth. On the way they had to leave Têtu: he could not march because of his wound, and he asked to be left alone to rest and regain his strength: two of his men remained to help him. A little further on another Frenchman disappeared: he had been drinking heavily, had fallen out of the ranks, and lost his way.

On the third day, utterly wearied, they came to Rio Francisco, where they had left the pinnaces. There, out at sea, lay seven pinnaces—all Spanish: their own were nowhere to be seen.

Drake did not know whether these Spanish boats might not have captured his own, tortured the crew and learnt his whereabouts. His men were in a tumult of fear and anger. The Simaroons could only advise a long march by land to the secret harbour where the larger ships lay. Drake stilled the disturbance by a speech. 'You shall venture no further than I myself will go,' he said. 'This is no time for fear, but rather for preventing what you fear. There is a remedy for us: let us make a raft, put to sea, and seek the pinnaces. I will be one: who will be the other to go with me?'

An Englishman named John Smith volunteered, and two Frenchmen. There had been a storm lately, and the swollen river had fortunately rolled down great trunks of uprooted trees. They collected them and lashed many logs together. A biscuit-sack was rigged as a sail, and a tree shaped like an oar served as a paddle and rudder. In this crazy craft, in a rough sea and strong wind, the four men put forth. 'If it please God that I put my foot in safety on my frigate again,' cried Drake, 'I will, God willing, by one means or another get you all aboard, in despite of all the Spaniards in the Indies.'

They had to sit waist-deep in water on the raft, and at every surge of the waves the sea came up to their shoulders. The sun was scorchingly hot, and 'what with the parching of the sun and what with the heating of the salt water, they had, all of them, their skins much fretted away.' They had sailed for six hours when they saw coming towards them, with great labour in the

"'This way for the cocoanut shies!'"

THE CHERRY-COLOURED CAT.

'IF Black Roger doesn't come back,' said Bicky, 'I shall never be happy again—never.'

'You've said that about a billion times,' said Theodore, crossly, 'and it doesn't make Black Roger come back any more than he did before.'

Black Roger was a cat: the blackest, furriest, purriest puss in the world. He had belonged to Bicky and Theodore ever since he had been a tiny kitten, and they had called him after the hero of their favourite book.

Four days ago, for the first time in his life, Black Roger had not come in for the saucer of milk which he always had at teatime. Theodore had searched the

house and stables, and Bicky had been into the garden in his indoor shoes and called till his throat was sore, but no answering 'miaow' was heard, and no Black Roger had come in at night to his basket. This happened four days ago, and now Bicky and Theodore were sitting silently in the nursery, too unhappy to read or play.

Bicky spoke first. 'I am so miserable,' he sobbed. 'Jane thinks perhaps the gipsies have stolen Roger. I thought gipsies were too poor to keep cats. What do you suppose they will do with him?'

'They might make a muff out of his fur,' said Theodore gloomily.

'Don't!' shrieked Bicky. 'I won't listen! Oh, Theo, do let's come quick and see if they have got him!'

'Jane said they were coming to the fair,' said Theodore, catching his brother's excitement. 'Let's go and look there! Perhaps they are trying to sell Black Roger! I say, come on, Bick! Where's our hats and shoes?'

'Bother hats and shoes!' said Bicky recklessly. 'Mother won't mind if it's to save Black Roger.'

In another minute the brothers had slammed the garden gate and were racing, as fast as Bicky's short, fat legs could carry him, down the sandy lane that led to the fair. It was being held on a large piece of waste land about a quarter of a mile from the house, and so it was not long before they caught sight of the white tents and heard the screams of the flying boats, mixed with the steam organ on the roundabout, Punch and Judy, and a boy with a concertina.

'Here we are,' said Theodore. 'What crowds of people! There are some gipsies—look!'

Bicky clutched his brother's arm rather nervously. 'They won't steal *us*, will they, Theo?'

'Of course not,' answered Theo, disdainfully. 'They couldn't if they tried—there's a policeman over there. Come on, I'm going to ask them if they've seen Black Roger.'

Dragging Bicky by the sleeve, Theodore marched boldly up to the gipsy—a lean, brown man, with rings in his ears. He grinned as the two little boys came up to him, and waved his arms.

'This way for the cocoanut shies! Three shots a penny! Try your luck, young gentlemen.'

'We don't want any cocoanuts, thank you, and we haven't any pennies,' began Theodore. 'We want to know if you've seen our cat, Black Roger, because we lost him last Tuesday?'

The gipsy man grinned and shook his head. 'There have not been any cats shying for cocoa-nuts, young master, and I don't carry 'em in my pockets! This way for the cocoa-nut shies! Walk up! Walk up!'

He turned to scream to some people who were coming towards the cocoa-nuts, and took no more notice of Bicky and Theodore.

'Tell your fortunes, my pretty little gentlemen,' said a voice behind them.

A gipsy girl, with black curly hair and a great many bead necklaces, was holding out her hand and smiling.

'Can you tell us about our cat?' asked Bicky, hopefully.

'I can tell you anything you want to know,' said the girl, smirking still more. 'Only sixpence, little gentleman, and I'll tell you all the fine things you're going to get. Cats, is it? Bee-yutiful cats, with long blue hair and eyes like di'monds!'

'Our cat is black,' Bicky was beginning, but Theodore pulled him away.

'Fortune-telling's all rubbish,' he said, contemptuously. 'She doesn't know about Black Roger—besides we haven't any money.'

'I do wish we had' cried Bicky, despairingly. 'They won't any of them tell us anything!'

'Why, boys, what's the matter? You're looking very dismal!' said a friendly voice.

It was Mr. Martin, their father's curate, and the two boys hailed him with joy as a friend in need. In a few minutes they had told him about Black Roger, but greatly to their disappointment he did not hold out much hope of finding him at the fair. Instead, he tried to distract their attention to the shows, and he took them to the shooting gallery, the cocoa-nut shies, the Punch and Judy and the sack-race. At last Bicky and Theodore began to remember teatime.

'I suppose we ought to go,' said Theo, sadly.

'Oh, there's one thing more' cried Bicky earnestly. 'I would like to go and see the cherry-coloured cat.'

'The cherry-coloured—what?' asked Mr. Martin.

'Up there,' said Bicky, pointing to a small tent over which was written 'The Cherry-coloured Cat.' 'Do you think it's really cherry-colonred? The gipsy talked about blue cats, so perhaps it might be.'

The curate laughed. 'I'm afraid you'll find it rather a sell, Bicky. There are cherries and cherries, you know. But here's a penny to satisfy your curiosity.'

The boy in charge of the tent held up the flap for Bicky to go in. 'It's just a beauty,' he said encouragingly.

Bicky paid his penny and went in eagerly. The boy followed him.

'Here's your cherry, sir,' he announced, holding up a bunch of ripe, black cherries as he spoke. 'And there's your cherry-coloured cat!'

He pointed with a grin to a glossy black cat lying on some straw at the back of the tent.

The curate outside waited with an expectant smile to hear either a burst of laughter or an exclamation of rage when Bicky realised the well-known trick. He heard neither. Bicky stood for a moment in breathless silence. Then with a shrill shout of 'It's Black Roger!' he had the cherry-coloured cat in his arms.

'Here, you drop it, will you?' cried the boy in shrill anger. 'What do you mean, trying to steal my cat in broad daylight! Mister, if you don't make him drop my cat, I will punch his head off. Ow! Yah! Let me go!' for the curate held him in no gentle grasp.

'I will go and call the policeman!' cried Theodore, excitedly.

At the magic word 'policeman,' the gipsy boy made a frantic wriggle and ducked under Mr. Martin's arms. In an instant he had dodged behind the tent and disappeared among the people like a rabbit into its hole.

'Never mind him,' said the curate. 'He's a poor little ignorant wretch, and was probably employed by somebody else. The cherry-coloured cat wasn't such a sell after all, was it, boys? I am very glad now that Bicky wanted to see it.'

'So am I—awfully,' said Theodore.

Bicky said nothing—his nose was deeply buried in Black Roger's 'cherry-coloured' fur.

D. M. Percy Smith.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 142.)

THE King had no intention of taking further walking exercise that day. A comfortable, splendidly decorated palanquin had been brought up-river for his use, and he seated himself in it immediately after landing. Eight men carried it, but they had not borne their precious burden more than fifty yards when they were relieved by eight others.

'His Majesty is undoubtedly fat,' I said to my friends, 'but I should not have thought he was heavy enough to tire out eight men so quickly.'

'They are not tired,' Frank declared. 'It is a great honour for a Siamese to be allowed to carry his King, and every one aspires to it. Therefore the bearers are changed every few minutes. If you would care for the honour of helping to carry his Fatness, I will see that you have your turn.'

'Please don't,' I replied hurriedly, 'my ambition does not lie in that direction. Am I not Keeper of the White Monkey? Is that not honour enough?'

Frank laughed, and then quitted us to go to his men, who made a brave show as they marched along with flags flying and music playing. The latter was not pleasing to Tom and me, but the natives seemed to enjoy it immensely.

'At any rate,' Tom said, at the end of some uncomplimentary remarks about Siamese music, 'the noise will frighten away the wild animals.'

When he spoke we were crossing a wide expanse of rice-fields, but ahead of us was a thick cocoa-nut plantation, looking, from a distance, as if it would afford excellent cover for tigers and cheetahs. But when we entered it we found the place infested with monkeys. In every tree they were chattering and jumping about in a most excited manner. Evidently our appearance in this usually deserted spot had alarmed them. I was looking up at the grinning, inquisitive faces which were peering down at us, when the white monkey sprang from my shoulder to the lower bough of the tree I was passing.

'Come back, Ted,' I shouted, but the white monkey ignored my command, and climbed nimbly from branch to branch to join his fellows.

My feelings at that moment were far from pleasant, for I knew that if Ted escaped from the possession of the King of Siam, I might be executed.

'Ted, Ted, come back!' I shouted, angrily, but the white monkey did not even glance down at me. 'Ted, Ted,' I cried, coaxingly, 'come back,' but still he continued his upward course.

The excitement among the pilgrims was intense, for they knew that if the white monkey was not recaptured the King would be very angry, and would probably order the punishment of many of those who happened to be near me when my charge escaped.

In a few moments his Majesty heard the bad news, and popping his head out of the palanquin shouted in a fierce, husky voice, 'Where is the Keeper of the White Monkey?' Scores of hands were immediately pointed at me, and many of the pilgrims, feeling confident that my period of royal favour was at an end, shouted excitedly, 'Kill the vile water-rat!'

Frank drew his sword and planted himself in front of me, declaring that he would cut down the first man who attempted to assault me. Tom snatched a musket from the hands of one of the soldiers, and, grasping it by the barrel, declared his intention of bringing the butt down on the head of any one who approached us. Menandez was wearing a dagger, and having handed it to me he hurriedly withdrew to a safer spot.

The Lord of the White Elephant was far from being a brave man, and the prospect of a fight within a few yards of him filled him with alarm. Many Asiatic rulers have been assassinated while travelling through their own country, and the King of Siam was well aware that there were hundreds of his subjects who had good cause for hating him, and would not hesitate to kill him if they had an opportunity. The confusion which a fight in the plantation would create would give them such an opportunity, but he was determined that they should not have it.

'Tell the Keeper of the White Monkey to command the honourable animal to return to him,' he exclaimed; and his subjects, noting that he did not threaten me, became less hostile in their manner.

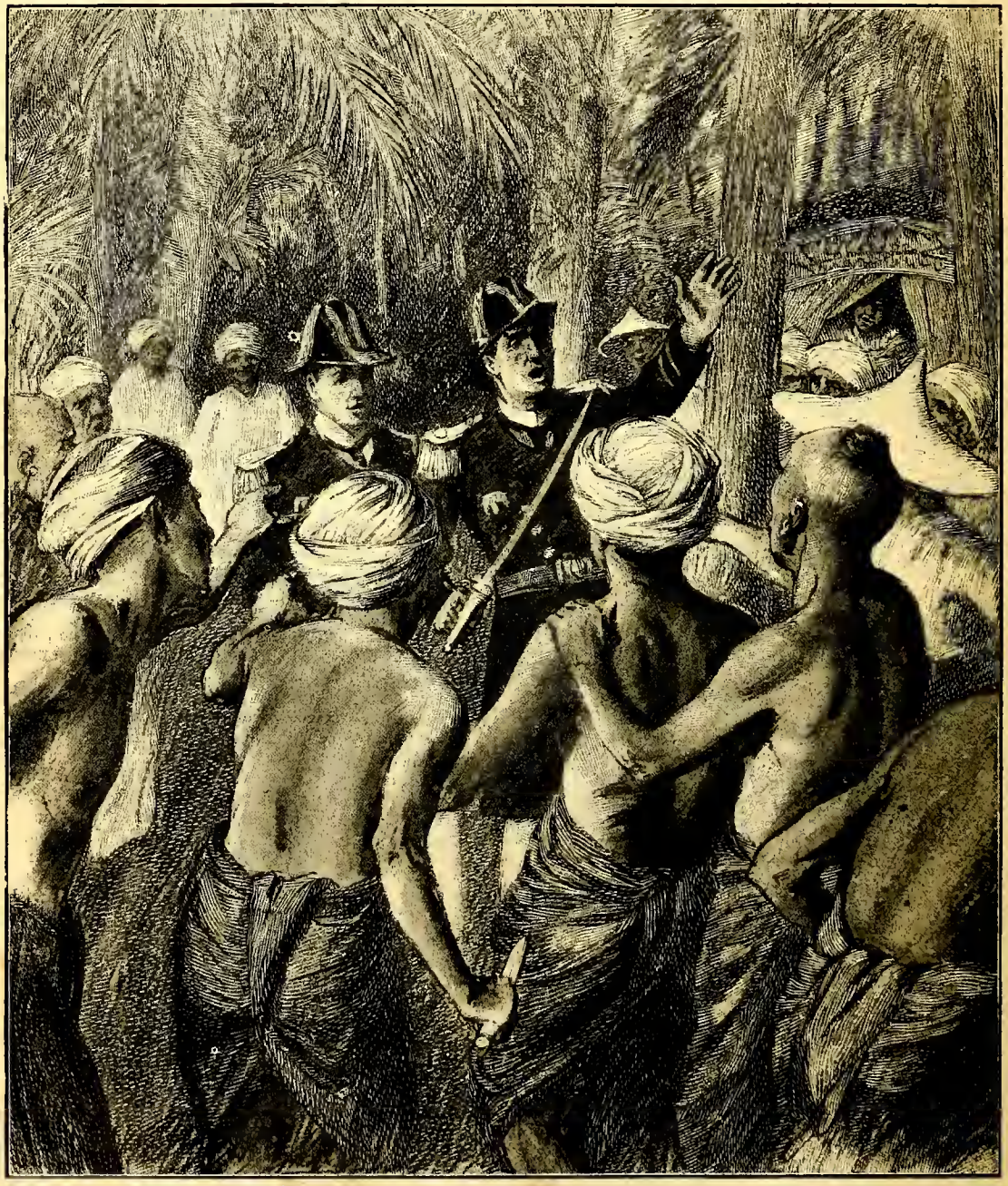
I had no hope, however, of the King's remaining calm after he was assured of his own safety, but in accordance with his command I again called the white monkey.

'Ted, Ted,' I shouted at the top of my voice, 'come back.'

Scarcely were the words out of my mouth when I espied the white monkey descending the tree at full speed. At the same moment the pilgrims saw him, and all traces of hostility towards me vanished immediately. Tom told me, afterwards, that he heard them saying, 'He must be an evil spirit—the white monkey obeys him.'

The Siamese, like many other Eastern races, live in fear of evil spirits, and believing me to be one they determined to treat me with the greatest respect. The men who had shouted 'Kill the vile water-rat!' hurried away in great terror, glancing back over their shoulders to see if I were pursuing them. But my thoughts were full of the white monkey, whose unexpected and hurried descent surprised me greatly. I was sure that he had not come in answer to my call, for, until that day, I had never addressed to him the command 'come back.' And yet he had evidently begun his descent immediately after my last call. I was naturally glad that chance had done me a good turn, but at the same time I was inquisitive enough to wish to know the reason of the monkey's return. As he reached the lower branches of the tree I could see that he was frightened, and when at last he sprang on to his favourite seat—my shoulder—I found that he was bleeding in two places. Then the reason of his hurried return occurred to me—the wild monkeys had given him a hostile reception. Perhaps it was because he was white, or possibly for the simple reason that he had been in captivity. Birds and animals frequently set upon members of the species who have escaped from confinement, and on one occasion I witnessed a remarkable proof of some crows' extraordinary behaviour in this respect. A Siamese boy caught a crow, and having tied a string to one of its legs amused himself by allowing the bird to fly a few yards and then pulling it back. I compelled the boy to set the bird free, but no sooner had it flown to the nearest roof than some thirty other crows attacked it and killed it.

(*Continued on page* 154.)



"Frank planted himself in front of me."

"His Majesty was for a few moments terror-stricken."

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 151.)

THE frightened glances which Ted gave at the tree from which he had sprung would have been sufficient to confirm my belief that he had been attacked by wild monkeys, even if I had not noticed that several of them had descended to the lower branches of the tree, and were regarding him with signs of rage. I did not call the people's attention to these monkeys, being anxious that they should continue to believe that Ted had returned in obedience to my call.

Seeing that the white monkey was once more safe, the Lord of the White Elephant ordered the journey to be resumed, but he had been carried barely twenty yards when he received a terrible insult: one of the wild monkeys dropped a cocoa-nut on his head! The royal palanquin had curtained sides, but no roof, for, except when his Majesty was in his palace, or a *watt* or temple, nothing was supposed to come between the Brother of the Moon's head and the heavens. The horror of the Ministers of State was amusing to behold. They dared not approach his Majesty for fear that his wrath should fall upon them, and yet they knew that it was their duty to hurry to his assistance. While they hesitated, three more cocoa-nuts fell upon the King and several others near him. Evidently the gorgeous appearance of the palanquin was displeasing to the monkeys, who were already excited at Ted's escape.

After receiving the blow on his head, his Majesty was for a few moments terror-stricken; but, discovering that it was a cocoa-nut which had struck him, his terror gave place to anger.

'Shoot the vile monkeys!' he shouted as he alighted from his palanquin and glared at Frank, who, with unruffled face, was smoking a native cheroot.

Without a moment's hesitation, Frank commanded his men to fire at the monkey. 'Click!' went the triggers, but, as the muskets were not loaded, the monkeys were neither hurt nor frightened. His Majesty was now wild with rage, and I fully expected that it would end in a fit. But, while he stormed and raved, a man approached and bowed low before him. He was the chief of the talapoins, who were at the head of the procession. Having made obeisance, he assumed a sitting, cross-legged position.

'Speak, virtuous lord,' his Majesty said to the talapoin, for the priest was reputed to be the wisest in the land.

'Brother of the Moon, Lord of the Lives of people of all nations,' the talapoin began, 'hearken to my words. The reason that the fire-weapons of your brave soldiers did not harm the disrespectful monkeys is well known to me. It is written in the Book of the Law, "Thou shalt kill no animal." Therefore the good spirits, desiring to prevent your Majesty from doing wrong, made the fire-weapons of your soldiers harmless.'

Now the King was well aware that the muskets had not been loaded, and the talapoin's explanation of the reason of their failure caused his anger to burst forth afresh.

'Virtuous lord, you have no more sense than a pig,' he declared fiercely. 'Let me never again see your shaven head, or I will tear the yellow robes from your body.'

The talapoin did not utter a word, but, having made obeisance, withdrew from the royal presence to start for a distant part of the country.

'Now, wise man, I will hear your words,' his Majesty said to the astrologer; but that learned man was trembling with fear, knowing that a sovereign who dared to speak disrespectfully to a talapoin would not hesitate to degrade an astrologer.

'Speak, dog,' the King commanded, seeing that the man was anxious to be excused.

'Lord of the White Elephant, Brother of the Moon, and Conqueror of all Nations,' the astrologer began in a shaky voice, 'it was because the command to fire was given by a vile water-rat that the muskets did not harm the presumptuous monkeys. If it had been given by a Siamese, the ground would now be strewn with dead monkeys.'

The King of Siam laughed. He had the reputation of being a humourist, but his humour was not appreciated by any but his favourites.

'I know that all the words you speak are true,' he said to the astrologer, 'therefore you shall command my soldiers to fire at the monkeys.'

'Lord of the White Elephant,' the astrologer replied, making an effort to hide his terror, 'I am not a warrior——'

'But you are an astrologer, and it is well known throughout Bangkok that you can do all things. Do not waste any more time. Command the soldiers to fire.'

In a quaking voice the astrologer gave the command. The soldiers obeyed, but, of course, not a monkey fell. The astrologer seeing this dashed away towards the jungle in the hope of escaping the King's wrath.

'Seize the untruthful dog,' his Majesty commanded fiercely, 'and give him thirty lashes.'

The astrologer screamed with terror on finding himself brought back to be punished, and in piteous tones appealed to his Majesty for pardon, but the King paid no heed to his prayer.

When the sentence had been carried out the march was resumed, and in a few minutes we emerged from the cocoa-nut plantation.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER we had left the the cocoa-nut plantation the King summoned Frank, and conversed with him for several minutes.

'His Fatness is very gracious this morning,' Frank declared when he rejoined us. 'He has admitted that he was unwise not to permit me to supply my men with ammunition, and has dispatched messengers to bring up a quantity as speedily as possible. His Majesty is very fearful that the Burmese will invade the land, and asked me if I thought we could drive them off if they attacked us in the jungle. Of course I said that we could, but I added that we should be able to kill many more of the enemy if we were supplied with ammunition. I reminded him, also, that tigers were numerous in the neighbourhood, and that none of the pilgrims would be safe unless we were provided with powder and shot. Altogether, I made his Fatness feel very uncomfortable. He has commanded the number of courtiers on duty around his palanquin to be doubled, but he is well aware that if a tiger did appear they would instantly flee for their lives.'

'I wish one would show itself,' Tom joined in. 'It

would be exciting to see that tyrant face to face with a tiger.'

But that sight was not in store for us. After traversing another mile of jungle we came to open country, and, a few minutes later, to our destination.

I must confess that I was disappointed with the appearance of the cavern in which the Sun and Moon were said to have met. It was small, unpicturesque, and could not be compared with the many really pretty caverns which I had seen since I had been in Siam. The pilgrims, however, were enraptured with the sight of it, and the King, stepping from his palanquin, prostrated himself at the entrance, and repeated a number of pious sentences which he had learnt when a boy. Having finished his devotions, he struggled, unassisted, to his feet; then with head bowed he entered the cavern and walked slowly to the further end, where there was a hole some four feet in diameter. Into this he dropped a gold coin, uttering a prayer as he did so. Then he walked slowly backwards out of the cavern, and entering his palanquin was carried quietly away to a spot near by where he was to encamp during the three days of the festival.

Tall, beautifully decorated screens were erected round this spot, so that his Majesty was concealed from the sight of his subjects.

For some considerable time Frank, Tom, Menandez, and I stood near the entrance to the cavern, watching the Siamese stream in and out. We, not being Siamese, were barred from entering it, but if we had been given special permission to do so I do not think that we should have appreciated it, as we should have been compelled to drop a gold or silver coin into the hole, and that, we were agreed, was a waste of money.

(*Continued on page* 162.)

A VOICE FROM THE SEA.

Founded on Fact.

THE field where the donkey grazed was on the edge of the cliff, with the tossing sea just below. The donkey had sense enough not to venture too near the cliff, for most animals are careful about their safety; but he seemed to like standing at a little distance from the edge, gazing moodily out to sea. It was a sight not enjoyed by every donkey, and the animal perhaps found entertainment in watching the blue-green waves, the flying gulls, and the distant sails of vessels passing on the far horizon.

Late one afternoon there came up from the sea a dense fog. It came over the ocean like a moving wall of vapour, stretching from sea to sky, a mighty column of mist. As it rolled slowly up there were parts of it that took curious shapes, like tall spirits with flowing gowns that seemed to be leading the way. Behind these there were darker forms, and further back was the still darker hulk of the fog itself. Over the donkey's head the moving shapes slowly passed, then the thicker mists closed in round him and the day suddenly changed to night; it grew rapidly dark, and presently the rain came down in a thin drizzle. The donkey retreated to his shed in a corner of the field for shelter.

While he was in the shed that night, possibly half asleep, half drowsing, he heard a strange great voice coming from across the sea, and he put out his head to listen. Perhaps at first he could make nothing of the sound, except that it was very far away, and was tremendously loud in volume; then, after a time, it is possible that he came to some conclusion. The tone of the big voice was something like his own, for the donkey could bray on a certain note in a powerful fashion; and perhaps he finally concluded that the sound was produced by some monster brother of his, right away across the ocean. And what could he do, in all courtesy to this call of one of his own species, but send back a mighty bray in answer?

So he went out of the shed, faced the cliff, straddled his legs, and gave forth one of his loudest and most continuous 'hee-haws.' Then he seemed to be listening, and again the big voice from over the waves bellowed out its loud and mysterious cry. What a giant of a voice it was! It is just possible that the donkey grew envious of the lungs that could produce such an uproar, for he immediately set himself to 'go one better.' With his fullest powers he brayed forth a note that seemed to shake the ground beneath him; it was the biggest note he could sound, and he was contented with this as his best effort, for soon afterwards he went back quietly to his shed. He had answered the voice that had called to him, and could now go to sleep in peace.

Of course, by this time the reader will have guessed that the 'voice from the sea' was simply the sounding of a fog-horn on some passing vessel. J. W. H. H.

THE WILLOW-TREES.

'WHITHER away, little elfin men,
In the pearl-grey light of dawn?
On what great errand are you sent,
That in such haste your steps are bent
By dewy mead and lawn?'

'Dear child, you know the willow-trees
Are loved by our good queen;
So she has sent them gifts to-day,
And we must hang each slender spray
With tassels gold and green.'

A PUZZLED TIGER.

SOME years ago two divers were employed in India to recover some valuable ore which had been sunk, with the boat it was in, coming up one of the enormous rivers. They had been at work about three weeks, when one of them, named Noble, came up one day after an hour's toil at the wreck, as something had gone wrong with the air-pipe through which he breathed. He climbed on to a float moored to the bank, beyond which lay the vast, mysterious jungle, and his mate unscrewed the pipe.

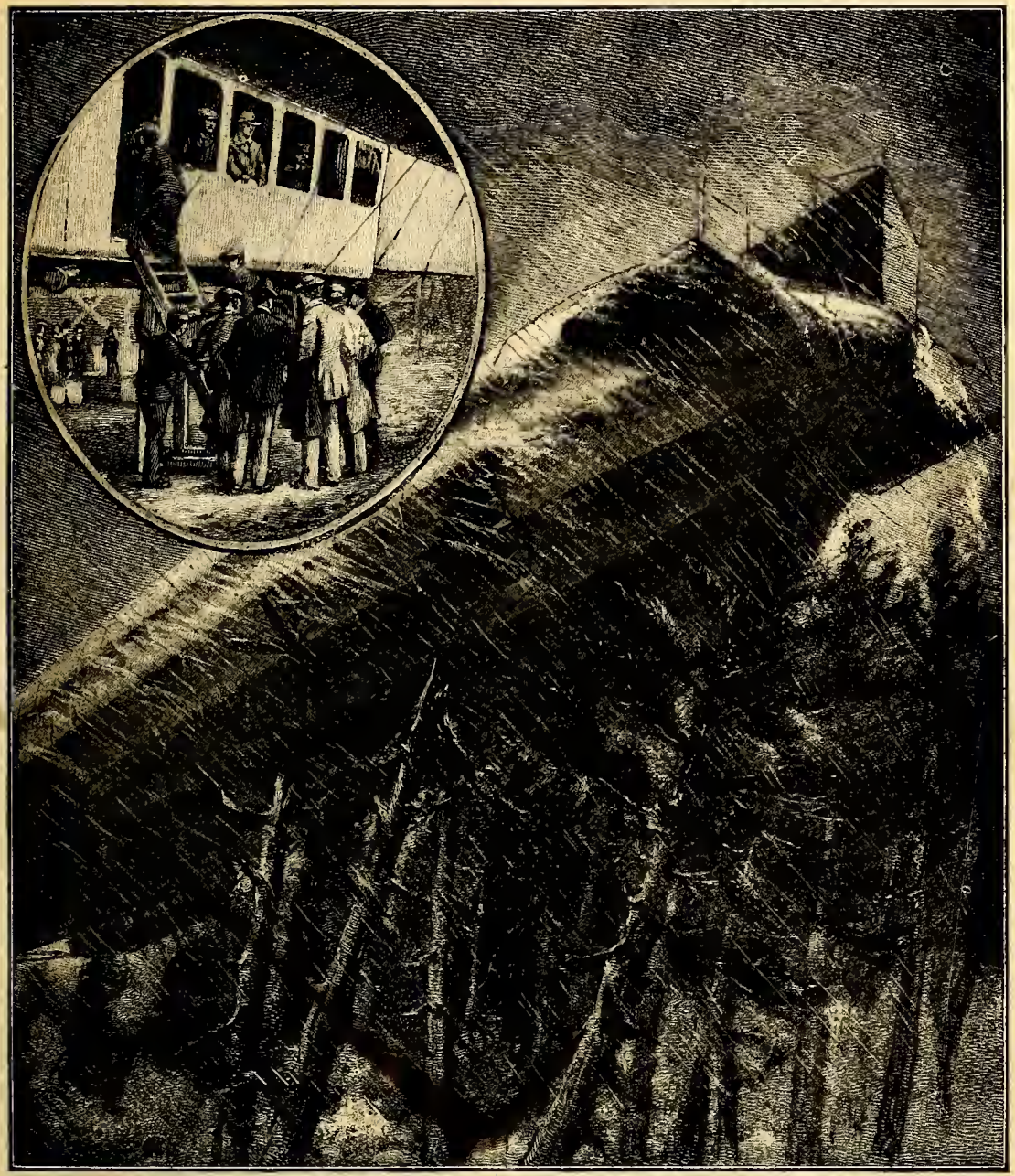
'I must get a wrench,' he muttered, and leaving Noble still in his rubber suit and metal helmet, he went across to their boat to fetch the needed tool.

Suddenly the diver sitting peacefully on the float felt himself violently pushed into the water from behind; the water came in at the pipe-hole, through which he had been breathing, and, as he could not possibly swim in his rubber suit, he gave himself up for lost. He could do nothing—not even utter a cry for help.

But the tiger, which had hurled the unfortunate man

"The tiger dragged his prey off into the jungle."

into the river, savagely jerked him out again, and dragged his prey off into the jungle. The water ran out of the diver's helmet, and he was able to breathe again. But now the tiger began to maul him, growling fiercely, and turning him over and over to find a spot where his teeth could enter. The animal must have been sorely puzzled at being able to make so little impression upon his prey. Soon, shouts were heard, so seizing the diver once more, the tiger carried him off further into the jungle, shook him well, and at last, giving him up as a bad job, apparently, the great beast dropped Noble, and bounded off. The diver was bruised, and had blue marks from the tiger's teeth, but his rubber suit and metal 'pot' had saved him.



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The Wreck of the Zeppelin Passenger Airship.

CRUISERS IN THE CLOUDS.

III.—NEW FLIGHTS: PRACTICAL PURPOSES.

VERY soon after a new discovery is made, the question always arises, 'Of what practical use is it? In what way will it benefit mankind?' Thus it has been with the aeroplane and the airship; and though great advances have been made in both these methods of navigating the sky, the question is none too easy to answer. Perhaps, as matters stand at present, it must be acknowledged that the airship (that is the dirigible balloon) can claim to have proved itself more

capable of rendering services to travellers in general than the aeroplane.

With a perseverance that no disappointments seem able to check, Count Zeppelin, of Germany, whose work and inventions we have already described,* has continued to build his huge aluminium balloons of the cigar-shaped type. The longest of these, constructed in 1910, at a cost of twenty-five thousand pounds, measured nearly five hundred feet in length, and was capable of supporting a weight of nine thousand pounds. The design was similar in many respects to those already described, except that as this one was meant to be the first of a fleet of passenger ships, plying between Dusseldorf and other German towns, it was fitted with every luxury. There were two cars, one supported from the forward part of the aluminium gas-holder, and one from the rear part. The first was mainly occupied by the captain and his officers. They were connected by a long gallery of aluminium trellis-work—a kind of triangular tunnel—along which it was easy to pass; but for readier communication messages could be sent from one car to another along a stretched wire. The main cabin, prettily adorned with carved and polished wood, was furnished with comfortable basket chairs and a soft, rich carpet. All along either side was a row of windows that could be opened or closed at will; and quite as important as anything else, there was a restaurant on board, with a waiter to attend to the smallest wants of the travellers.

The 'Deutschland,' as this wonderful ship of the sky was called, had room for no less than thirty-five travellers, including a crew of ten.

On Thursday, June 23rd, 1910, the first voyage was made, and on that occasion there were thirteen people on board. All went well. The journey extended from Friedrichshaven, on Lake Constance, to Dusseldorf, a distance of more than three hundred miles, and it was accomplished in less than nine hours. There were three engines on the 'Deutschland,' and six propellers: so that forty miles an hour was 'easy work.'

Dusseldorf was to be the airship's future place of business, and the very next day she took up the duties for which she had been built, by carrying some score of holiday-makers on a delightful trip. They have told us that of all travelling, sky travelling is the most entrancing. What could be more pleasant than to sit in one of those basket chairs, and gaze through the window on to the world below? Towns, woods, rivers, hills, all floating away, only to give place to others. An ever-changing scene of limitless extent, and no jolting or shaking, such as the railway train will give. Indeed, the 'Deutschland' followed its path through the air so gently that some of its lady passengers said that the most careful embroidery work might be done on board without the least fear of the fingers being pricked by a jerky needle. The only movement that takes place is similar to a ship at sea, except that a ship will pitch with every wave, while the 'Deutschland' only tilted its head or lowered it according to the captain's wish. If he thought it desirable to rise a little, orders were given for the sloping of two or more small planes on the sides of the aluminium body like the fins of a fish. The contrary movement would cause the airship to descend. Of course, in addition to this, ballast and gas were used on the same principle as in an ordinary balloon. Ballast on the 'Deutschland' was water.

Who can wonder that after this pleasant journey people were ready to say that they now saw the utility of dirigible balloons? Alas! the hidden rocks were lurking a short distance ahead. Scarcely had a week gone by when the 'Deutschland' set out on her last voyage. A company of twenty had been invited to take their places on board, with the object of seeing for themselves how capable the new ship was of travelling from point to point in spite of the wind.

On the morning of Tuesday, June 28th, the start was made, but a few moments later a telegram was received in Dusseldorf, from Aix-la-Chapelle, stating that a storm was coming up over the horizon. And it came. For eight long hours the 'Deutschland' fought against it. The engines toiled in vain; the six propellers could not overcome the whirling currents of air, and the two helmsmen commanding the great rudder only partially succeeded in keeping the head of their vessel to the storm. The rain beat down upon the huge aluminium cylinder, adding greatly to its weight, though at long intervals a stray sunbeam would break through the clouds with a promise of finer weather. But none of these promises were kept. The tempest increased, driving the doomed vessel farther and farther from her course. At one moment she was caught in a whirlwind that tossed her to a height of five thousand feet; at another she was driven so near the earth that instruments and ballast were thrown overboard to save catastrophe. At last, about five o'clock in the evening, wreck became unavoidable. In front of the airship rose a densely wooded bluff, over the crown of which she was unable to rise. With the prow tilted high in the air she struck with her after portion on the tree-tops, a total wreck, in which, however, no lives were lost.

But let us remember that though disaster may overtake success, it cannot quite destroy it.

The builder of the 'Deutschland' has quite properly pointed out that there were many reasons for the wreck of his ship. The storm was an unusually severe one; and being unexpected it had not been *thoroughly* prepared for. For instance, though the main tanks on board carried plenty of benzine for feeding the engines, the supply at the engines themselves was allowed to run a little short. This would not have mattered had the balloon not been tilted by the gale so that the oil could not flow to the inlet pipe, and the engines, being obliged to 'go hungry,' naturally ceased to work.

Now all these little points are likely to be remedied by experience. And must be borne in mind when we are trying to decide whether dirigible balloons are likely to be useful or not. There are those who say that the aluminium, or rigid bodies, are less suitable than the old-fashioned silk envelopes, because the latter can safely bump in so many places where a rigid body would be destroyed. 'You have only to let out the gas,' they say, 'and the silk bag collapses into a small compass, and can be carried away with no inconvenience, whereas the huge aluminium case may be seriously damaged, even while resting on the earth. It must have an harbour, or place of shelter, in which to anchor at the end of every journey.'

But these questions have to do with the manner of building and not with the actual usefulness of the airship. We shall see later how far the aeroplane can compete, in this respect, with the dirigible balloon.

* See *Chatterbox*, 1909, p. 109.

A NORWEGIAN WEDDING.

A STRANGER visiting Norway is apt to be startled when he sees the inhabitants of some small village all calling at one particular house, each armed with a well-cleaned gun. But if fear of such a collection of weapons causes him to keep away from its neighbourhood, he may miss that picturesque festival, a Norwegian wedding. On such an occasion the neighbours of bride and bridegroom are willing and eager helpers in the preparations, and every one who possesses a gun is anxious that it should be discharged in the salute to the bride. This very important feature of the festivities is likely to be exciting as well as imposing, since anything, old or new, that can reasonably be regarded as a firearm is made use of in the royal salute; and an ancient weapon furbished up for the occasion sometimes behaves in an unexpected and contrary manner, causing confusion among the nearest guests.

But guns are not the only things lent by kindly neighbours. Boats are needed for the wedding procession, because wherever possible the bride and bridegroom, with all their relations and friends, journey to the church on the still, beautiful waters of the *fjord*, a long, rock-bound inlet. So all the boats in the village are pressed into service, and the young people spend many hours in decorating them with flowers and green branches. It needs some skill, too, to ornament a boat in a manner worthy of the bride's costume, which is wonderfully elaborate. The principal feature is the bridal crown. The real crowns are of metal, or even silver, and pass from one generation to another in a family. They are usually about four inches high, and the ornamentation varies greatly. Sometimes a crown is of silver only, wrought by hand in beautiful designs; others may be richly decorated with brightly coloured stones. Should the bride's family possess no bridal crown, a less substantial one is made just for the occasion; and here again friends and neighbours do their share in contributing bright gilt or silver paper, or other embellishment, to make the pasteboard crown beautiful.

On her wedding-day a Norwegian girl puts on not only all the jewellery she possesses, but wears besides all the family heirlooms, especially the brooches, which are pinned in the most conspicuous places. Her girdle, too, must be embroidered with jewels or bright stones, and the front of her little sleeveless jacket is worked in striking patterns with coloured beads. The bride's white lawn blouse and apron are the only plain parts of her costume, and even these are trimmed with fine embroidery. During the long, dark winter evenings, Norwegian girls become expert needlewomen, and even on ordinary occasions their pretty aprons show evidence of great skill with a needle. The dark skirt, very simple, but has a band of coloured trimming round the hem.

When the wedding procession sets forth in the boats all the little farms or villages that nestle at the edge of the *fjord*, under the shadow of great mountains, are waiting to see it pass, and their cheery greeting and singing echo across the water. Those in the boats are singing also, and there is generally at least one fiddler, who never allows the party to be silent for long, even if there were any inclination in that direction. So for once the quiet *fjord* rings with gay voices, and the tall mountains repeat the melody again and again, as though reluctant to let it die away.

This is merely the beginning of a long evening of feasting and dancing. Every one is welcome, and there flock in not only the neighbours, but boat-loads of people from away down the *fjord*. Supper is ready for all, a substantial meal, to which the keen appetite of the active, outdoor Norwegian does full justice. Great dishes of fish and potatoes, or soup containing balls of fish, usually begin the meal, followed by joints of reindeer venison, and wild game of all kinds. Fruit and cream are served, and in many cases a sweet cake ends the long repast.

But before this feast the guests have been dancing merrily to the strains of fiddles, and after eating they begin to dance again as earnestly as ever, and continue sometimes until five or six the next morning, when the company departs to take up the day's duties.

At one period it was customary in Norway, on the occasion of a wedding, or, indeed, any great festival, to bake a specially rich cake for Nippen, who was one of the spirits believed in by the superstitious peasantry. It was supposed that Nippen was constantly ready to work mischief on whoever failed to appease him; so when a feast was well on the way Nippen's share was laid out of doors for him. The fact that it always disappeared strengthened belief in the spirit. But presently the teachings of earnest clergymen dispelled all fear of water-spirits or wood-demons, and when a feast was held without Nippen's share being given him, the only people who suffered were the poor Lapps, who had been in the habit of lurking in the neighbourhood of any festivity, and enjoying the good things placed within their reach. The Lapps missed also the fine first cheese that at cheesemaking seasons was put out for Nippen.

Unfortunately, a great many pretty customs are dying out, and even the bridal crown is now rarely used, and is seen principally in museums. A most wonderful collection is gathered at the Folksmuseum, at Bygd, near Christiania, Norway's capital city. Here are gathered not only specimens of every kind of Norwegian costume, but every sort of house, beginning with the most primitive little square log building with no windows, light and air coming through a hole in the centre of the roof, which served also as chimney, the fire being just beneath it. Here are wonderful old chests, painted inside and out in designs of vivid colouring such as the Norwegians still love; household utensils, embroidery, clothes, tools. Beds, too, are shown; and a foreigner looks at them with amazement, for even the most sumptuous is far too short for even a person of middle height to lie down at full length in it.

The pretty girl-bride of to-day begins housekeeping in a house that boasts of two or three rooms, often built of real boards, instead of rough pine-logs. It is dangerously easy for one of these buildings to catch fire, but long experience has made the householders very careful. It is only strangers who need to be warned, and in the hotels a placard is often displayed begging visitors to be very careful with matches and naked lights.

One thing, at any rate, has not changed with the customs, the kindly, honest nature of the Norwegian; and whether she is in the glory of bridal finery, or the simplicity of her butter-making apron, the young girl of Norway is cheerful and content. One of Norway's pleasantest sights is the smiling, open-eyed faces of its people.

IRENE DAVISON.

A Norwegian Bride.

The cook had now arrived at the table, and rising on his knees, lifted the pot on to it. Then, quickly assuming his former position, he crawled backwards from the room.

Frank ladled out the soup—terribly thick stuff, composed mainly of pork and several kinds of vegetables. It was horribly greasy, and I verily believe that had we not been exceedingly hungry, each of us would have remained satisfied with one spoonful of it. As it was, we ate the whole of it, and felt all the better for the meal.

(*Continued on page* 172.)

A COMPANY OF BENEFACTORS.

II.—HANNAH MORE.

OUR second benefactor is again an educationalist, though her work was done under very different conditions from Wykeham's. It is a big jump from the age of Crecy and Poitiers to the reign of George III., and from the great Bishop and Chancellor to the brisk and cultivated lady who drank tea with Doctor Johnson.

Hannah More was born and brought up in an atmosphere of teaching, being one of the five daughters of the master of Fishponds School at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire. She was one of those children to whom learning comes easily; she picked up the art of reading by listening to her elder sisters at their lessons, devoured her father's stories from the history and mythology of Greece and Rome, and coaxed some French prisoners on parole to teach her their own language. When the elder sisters started a school of their own in Bristol, Hannah became their valuable assistant, and here she tried her hand at writing on her own account, and produced a little play, 'The Search after Happiness,' to be acted by her scholars, following it up by other verses and translations. She was eight-and-twenty when the great event of her life occurred, a journey to London in company with her sister Polly.

We can picture the excitement, the trembling, delightful anticipations of the two young ladies, about to make their first plunge into society. And such a society as was, too; all those eighteenth century celebrities whom the sisters knew already through their works or their reputation: courtly Sir Joshua Reynolds, and chivalrous Burke, and gruff, kind-hearted Doctor Johnson. There were gatherings of the cultivated ladies whose scholarship puts our days to shame, such as Miss Elizabeth Carter, who translated *Epictetus* and sat up late over her books, with a pinch of snuff now and again to keep herself awake. Best of all, perhaps, there were the evenings at Drury Lane, when Garrick made the Hamlet, the Macbeth, and the King Lear of Hannah's beloved Shakespeare live and breathe before her eyes.

Among all this brilliant company, the clever, well-read young authoress found welcome; in fact they did their best to turn the head of their dear 'Nine,' as they called her, vowing that she possessed the accomplishments of all the nine Muses rolled together. But Hannah was a good, earnest woman, and her London friends knew it, and respected her keen sense of duty and her avoidance of anything she thought wrong. 'You are a Sunday woman, Nine; go to bed before the music begins,' Garrick would say, when he feared lest the songs of his wife's foreign friends might not quite accord with Hannah's idea of what was suitable for Sunday evening. Many a happy memory and many a lifelong friendship must have dated from that first wonderful London visit.

But Hannah More's best educational work belongs to a later time when she and her sisters had given up their school, and were living in their pleasant home at Cowslip Green, near Bristol. Friends from the London world visited them from time to time, glad of the opportunity of talking over politics and literature with the clever, cultivated women, and among them came one, himself high on the roll of the world's benefactors, William Wilberforce, the champion of the slaves. The ladies arranged an excursion for their guest to one of the sights of the neighbourhood, the Cheddar cliffs, and sent him off for the day, with a picnic lunch packed in the chaise. But the lunch came back untasted, and the visitor with no thoughts to spare for the beauties of the district, in his horror and dismay at the misery and ignorance of the people who dwelt there. A crowd of children, ragged, dirty and unkempt, fought like little savages for the privilege of earning a few pence by guiding the visitor to the finest caves; and when Mr. Wilberforce questioned some of them, he found them absolutely ignorant, not only of reading and sewing, but of the simplest truths of religion. They were growing up, English boys and girls in a rich, Christian land, like savages and heathen, and Mr. Wilberforce and his sympathetic hostesses held long and earnest converse as to the best means of remedying so grievous a state of things. There were no Acts of Parliament in those days to safeguard the rights of children, and boys and girls were set to work as soon as they could earn anything, so that charitable people were starting Sunday Schools in which the poor little workers were taught reading and writing as well as those more important lessons 'that teach us to live and die,' on the only day on which they were free to learn. Such a school Hannah More and her sisters decided to open, gathering on week-days such children as could come, and getting the elder boys and girls on Sundays or after work hours. They rented a cottage, and engaged a mistress, a good woman, with that love of her pupils and sense of the responsibility of her work which go far to make a good teacher.

There was little encouragement to be got from the people themselves. The rougher ones had no desire for learning what seemed unlikely to bring in extra money; besides, there were tales whispered that the ladies, for all their pleasant ways and fair promises, had ends of their own to serve, and that children who were beguiled into the school would assuredly be kidnapped and smuggled off to Bristol, where there were old tales of traffic with the slave-dealers of the Indies. Even the better-to-do farmers declared that to teach such children was a mere waste of time—they were all ignorant and wicked, and intended so to be. But the More sisters held to their purpose, arguing down opposition and ignoring rudeness. One farmer, who declared that no teaching could improve the young rascals who had robbed his orchard last Sunday, was driven to admit that, had they been in school, the robbery would not have taken place.

So, in spite of all obstacles, the little school was started and struggled valiantly along. Here and there a boy or girl began to realise that there might be some use for the art of reading and sewing, and that good manners and tidy clothes would do no one any harm. Knitted stockings, and hats of straw, plaited and sewn in school, began to make their appearance, and, better

still, there were lads and lasses learning honest, God-fearing ways, and beginning to take as the guide of their lives the Bibles and prayer-books which were awarded as prizes to the best scholars. Good Mrs. Baher, the schoolmistress, became the friend and adviser of the whole district, consulted in sickness and difficulty, and teaching useful lessons to many besides her school-children. The ladies began to extend their plan and to start other schools in the neighbourhood, each a centre of useful work, setting up a new standard in the country and making godliness and cleanliness, as well as a moderate knowledge of letters, more fashionable than of old.

Hannah More lived to be an old woman, and passed, like William of Wykeham, through years of general anxiety and unrest, when the echoes of the French Revolution were disturbing the whole civilised world. She used her pen in the cause of law and order, publishing little papers and dialogues which were circulated among the country folk and very widely read. She outlived most of her old friends and saw many changes in English life and thought. We may call her books old-fashioned and her ideas out-of-date, but she served her own generation wisely and faithfully, and paved the way for new teachers to carry on her work in generations yet to come. MARY H. DEBENHAM.

THE STARS ARE ALWAYS SHINING.

THE spring gives place to summer,
The night grows on to day.
The stars are always shining;
They show a steady ray.

The autumn grows to winter,
The day is merged in night.
The stars are always shining;
They give a kindly light.

Our youth leads on to manhood,
As day by day we move;
But the stars are always shining—
The stars of Peace and Love.

ANIMAL GEOGRAPHY.

IV.—THE ANIMAL LIFE OF SOUTH AMERICA.

IN our last chapter we took an imaginary journey round the world, or rather, a survey of the upper portion of the northern hemisphere, for the purpose of exploring the animal life of these regions. And it may be remembered that there were few really unfamiliar types throughout the whole of the vast region. Thus elk and wolves were found both in Europe and North America. Here and there (always, it is to be noticed, in out-of-the-way regions) we found strange creatures like chamois, ibex, musk-ox, Rocky Mountain goat, and so on. These, however, are clearly migrants, marooned, as it were, far from their original home and kindred. Now this similarity among the animals over all this region is due to the fact that the whole of the enormous area once formed one almost continuous land surface, though now broken by the incursion of the sea at Behring's Straits, which cuts off Asia from America. In the course of time, before this breach, it had been possible for these various animals to wander practically round the world. Many, however, have been able to find congenial homes only in certain more or less restricted areas. Thus the yak, and the musk-ox, can only live in Arctic regions, the sand-grouse only in burning deserts, and so on.

The vast continent of South America, which we are now to explore, has a very different story to reveal. Here, however, we have again evidence that some of its inhabitants are migrants from other regions, some from Northern America, and some, strange as it may seem, from Africa. This again shows that the land surface of South America was once very different from what it now is. Indeed, as we shall show, it once extended, on the East Coast, far out into the South Atlantic, so that Brazil joined hands, so to speak, with the West Coast of Africa.

But for countless ages South America was a vast, isolated land area, a huge island continent, inhabited by creatures the like of which the world had never before seen; and it is of these, and their descendants, that we propose to speak now. The ancient types to which we more particularly refer are the ancestors of the sloths and ant-eaters of to-day. These were huge creatures, slow and deliberate in movement. They roamed about the vast forests, rearing up on their hind-legs and pulling down branches with powerful arms. To help them to get a good purchase, the tail was huge and was pressed close to the ground when the creature was feeding, so as to form the third leg of a tripod. One of these beasts, the grypotherium, lived on till comparatively modern times, and seems to have been kept in caves by the primitive man of the period, who lived upon its flesh. The skin of the grypotherium was hairy, and studded with lumps of bone. Side by side with these monsters lived great armadillos, compared with which the largest species of to-day is but a pigmy. But these ancient armadillos differed from their descendants in that they were encased in a bony armour which formed a solid piece, while in modern armadillos their armour is so jointed that the creature can roll itself up into a ball. The sloths of to-day have already been described in the pages of *Chatterbox*,* so I need only remind you that they are the strange creatures which pass their whole lives among the trees hanging back downward, suspended by the feet.

These fossil ground sloths, armadillos, and their puny representatives of to-day are types of animals peculiar to South America; nowhere else in the world shall we find their like. The ant-eaters, again, are peculiar to this region. While the great ant-eater, with its long tubular head, and enormous hairy tail and crooked feet lives on the ground, some species have contrived to live among the trees, and have a long, whip-like tail which can be curled round a branch for the suspension of the body.

Henceforward, therefore, you must think of South America as the land of armadillos and ant-eaters. These occupy the first and foremost place. But South America is a vast region; a land of enormous forests, and no less enormous prairies, or 'pampas,' stretching away for miles and miles in one great sea of grass. In such a country we should expect to find a rich assemblage of birds and beasts; and we are not disappointed: so numerous, indeed, are the creatures of this region that we can but speak of a few of the more remarkable.

* See *Chatterbox*, 1910, page 75.

South America and some of its chief Birds and Beasts.

Let us imagine ourselves surveying the spoils of an expedition sent to explore the animal life of this great continent. Among the beasts the most striking would be llamas, cousins of the camels, yet differing in being humpless. Of the two species now to be met with in a wild state, one lives in herds high up the bleak mountains of Peru, just below the snow-line; here amid beetling crags and awful precipices they contrive to flourish. The other species, similarly roaming in herds, from a dozen or so to several hundreds in number, haunts

the Andes of Ecuador and Peru, on the west, and extends southwards into the open plains of Patagonia, an enormous range of country, as you will see by looking at the map. Some even have crossed to the Island of Tierra del Fuego, at the extreme south. The Patagonian Indians depend on these creatures for the greater part of their food and clothing.

Among the other hoofed animals, distant relatives of the llamas, we shall find deer, the curious little peccary (a near relative of the pig), and the strange tapir, a creature met with nowhere else in the world till we get to the Malay Peninsula. This fact suggests that at some remote period South America and the Malay Peninsula were connected by continuous land, represented to-day by the chain of islands stretching away from the peninsula to the north of Australia, and halfway across the South Pacific Ocean. Some such bridge must certainly have existed, for neither tapirs nor pigs can fly, though the old proverb hints that they may do so some day.

Among the carnivora, that is to say, the members of the cat and dog tribe, will be found some interesting beasts, such as the lion-like puma, the great jaguar, the strange coatimondi and kinkajou, the racoons, and the fearsome skunk.

The collection of rodents will contain a few surprises, for some are giants and some quite small, and amongst these last will be found—the guinea-pig! Of the giants the most remarkable are the Patagonian cavy (a near relative of the guinea-pig), the capivara, the aguti, and the coypu, so often exhibited in England by unscrupulous showmen as a giant rat, caught in the London or Liverpool docks, as the showman's fancy dictates. They certainly do look like huge rats. Now these are so far only names, but a glance at the portraits of these animals will show what really remarkable creatures they are. Finally, we have the beautiful little chinchillas, whose fur is so much coveted, and the strange tree porcupines, with prehensile or grasping tails.

The steaming forests of this wonderful country are the haunts of hosts of monkeys, some of which, the spider-monkeys, can swing by their tails; others, like the strange douroucolis, are remarkable for the enormous size of the eyes, which shows that they are night wanderers. Then there are the howling monkeys, creatures which make the darkness hideous by their weird howling cries, which are intensified by a great bony, hollow, drum-like chamber, formed by the windpipe; and last, but not least, there are the charming little marmosets.

The monkey tribe have formidable enemies in these vast forests. The jaguar is perhaps the most dreaded, for he can climb, and by reason of his spotted coat blends so perfectly with the net-work of light and shade formed by the leaves, that they run as it were into his mouth before they are aware of danger. Another terror of the trees is the great boa-constrictor, a huge snake which lies coiled up on some branch, ready to spring with the speed of lightning on its unsuspecting victims. Even larger is the anaconda of Peru and Brazil, which attains a length of over thirty feet, and this snake, moreover, is as much at home in the river as amid the trees which overhang it.

The bird-life of the huge forests of this wonderful land is so rich and varied that it really requires a chapter for itself; hence we can but take a peep at some of the more striking inhabitants. Hosts of gaudily-coloured toucans and screaming parrots and flocks of the wonderful green trogons find a home here, and here also dwell the quaint-looking umbrella-bird and the beautiful snow-white bell-bird, so called from the melodious bell-call which has charmed travellers in these wild regions. In the more open country dwell the brilliant cocks of the rock, beautiful jacamars and puff-birds, and the strange marmots, birds which have become famous from the fact that the two long middle tail-feathers are always mutilated by their owners, who nibble away the web of the feather near the tip, so as to leave a long spade-shaped blade at the end. And last, but not least, must be mentioned those living jewels, the humming-birds, of which nearly four hundred species are found here. A few have migrated, as we have already shown, into North America, reaching as far north as Alaska. One always thinks of humming-birds as creatures which love to bask in the blazing sunshine, surrounded by gorgeous flowers. For the most part this idea is more or less correct; but they have been seen flitting over the fuchsias of Tierra del Fuego in a snowstorm. Nor are they confined to the lowlands, for many species are found in the mountain ranges of Peru up to a height of sixteen thousand feet, dwelling in a world of almost continuous hail, sleet, and snow. It seems marvellous that creatures so frail should have spread over the whole of the vast continent of North and South America, even penetrating to the outlying islands hundreds of miles from the coast.

South America is also a land of boundless, open, grass-covered spaces, and here dwell the great rheas, the ostriches of South America, and the distantly-related tinamous, birds in some respects recalling partridges, but of feeble power of flight. They lay the most remarkable eggs of all birds, the shells being beautifully coloured and resembling highly-glazed porcelain.

To South America belongs the distinction of possessing the largest river in the world. This is the mighty Amazon, some four thousand miles long. Rising in the West, in Lake Lamicocha in Peru, it runs right across Brazil to empty itself into the South Atlantic on the East just below the Equator. Along its course it receives many mighty tributaries fed by the mountains running across Central and Southern Brazil; altogether about two million five hundred thousand square miles of country are drained by this great water system. As might be supposed, the animal life harboured in its waters and on its banks is both rich and varied. In the waters hosts of strange fishes are to be had, besides great alligators, and the curious manatees, which seem to have supplied the foundation for the stories of Mermaids. Its banks are the haunts of many strange birds, of which the most remarkable are the curious hoatzin and the boatbill. The former is one of the puzzles of naturalists, by some being regarded as a kind of rail, by others as a relation of the game-birds. It lives entirely among trees overhanging the water, never descending to the ground. It feeds upon the fruit of a kind of arum, and the work of preparing this food for digestion is performed by its crop instead of the gizzard; and finally its flesh smells most nauseously. The young differ from the young of all other birds in that the wings at first serve as fore-legs, and are armed with claws, enabling the youngsters to climb about almost as soon as hatched; and should one fall into the water it promptly swims ashore and climbs its tree again! The boatbill is a kind of night-heron, with an enormous beak like a great tureen. This bird haunts the banks of rivers as well as the great swamps which abound in parts of

South America: and here, too, dwell the 'screamers,' birds regarded as representing the ancestors of the geese, swans, and ducks. They are among the most remarkable of living birds, for though certainly of the goose tribe they do not have webbed feet, and the wings are armed with most powerful, long, sharp spines, forming very formidable weapons. Finally, though we have by no means exhausted the list of the peculiarities presented by these birds, the body is encased in a mass of air cavities so that the bird actually 'crackles' when handled! What purpose this cushion of air under the skin may serve we do not know.

In these same swamps, and the shallow, muddy rivers which traverse them, lives a very remarkable fish. This is the lepidosireu, or lung-fish. Though it has gills, its breathing is largely performed by lungs fashioned out of the air-bladder, and this has come about because the water is often so foul and muddy that breathing by gills would be impossible. Australia and Africa also harbour lung-fishes, but of these we shall speak in due course.

And now, with a few words about tortoises, this chapter must end. These curiously sluggish creatures furnish important evidence in regard to the ancient connection of South America with Africa. You must know that in South America there are found certain tortoises which are remarkable from the fact that the head is not drawn back into the shell, as is customary with other tortoises, but is drawn in to one side of the body; hence they are known as 'side-necked tortoises.' Now such creatures occur nowhere else in the world save in Africa and Madagascar, and this then is another piece of evidence showing that there must have been a continuous land surface between the continents. To show how the land area of this continent has been changed we turn to the giant tortoises of the Galapagos Islands, which you will find on the Equator off the West Coast of South America, in longitude 90. Each of the Galapagos has, or had, its own peculiar species of tortoise; and each has its own peculiar kinds of birds. Now it is certain that these tortoises could not have reached these islands by swimming from the mainland, and it is equally certain that the several islands were not populated by migrants from one to another, since each has its own species. Hence, then, we are led to conclude that in earlier times there was a continuous land surface extending out from Ecuador and Colombia and embracing what now form the Galapagos Islands. This land we may assume, was more or less mountainous, and as the land began to subside the low-lying area was covered by the sea, the mountain-tops remaining to form the Galapagos Islands.

W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.

OUR NAUTICAL WORDS.

WE get our word 'Admiral' from the East, for it is said to be derived from *Emir el Bach*, which is Arabic for 'Lord of the Sea.' In the old romances, the words Emir and Amiral (Admiral) are used for the same person, any great chief or governor or king. 'Captain' comes from the Latin *caput*, which, as every schoolboy knows, means 'head.' The captain is the head man. The Icelandic word *mati* signifies a 'companion,' or equal,' and, according to some authorities, it is from this word that we get the English 'mate.' Originally, the 'cockswain,' or 'coxswain' was the man who pulled the after-oar in the captain's boat, which was formerly known as a 'cock-boat.' (This term 'cock-boat' seems to be a corruption of 'coracle,' the name of a small round boat used for fishing on some Welsh rivers.) 'Commodore' is simply the English form of the Italian *commendatore* (commander), and 'cadet' comes from the French *capdet*, which is in its turn derived from the Latin *caput*.

A RECKLESS RIDE.

Founded on Fact.

WHEN Sir Evelyn Wood was a young man in India, he was once the guest of a certain Rajah who possessed some fine giraffes. Young Wood's friends 'dared' him to ride a giraffe, and he declared that he would perform the feat. The animal, bare-backed, was brought out; it had only a rope around its neck. Wood vaulted from a balcony on to its back. Off it went like the wind! In its violent efforts to rid itself of its unaccustomed burden, it plunged and twisted and turned in the most extraordinary fashion. At last, with a mighty heave, it threw its rider with such force that he was knocked senseless, and was on the sick list for several days afterwards. Never again did he try to ride a giraffe!

THE OLD VIZIER.

An Eastern Tale.

A CERTAIN Vizier had been a true and affectionate servant to a young Prince, who, when he grew up to manhood, preferred the flatteries of more youthful courtiers, and treated the old man with contempt.

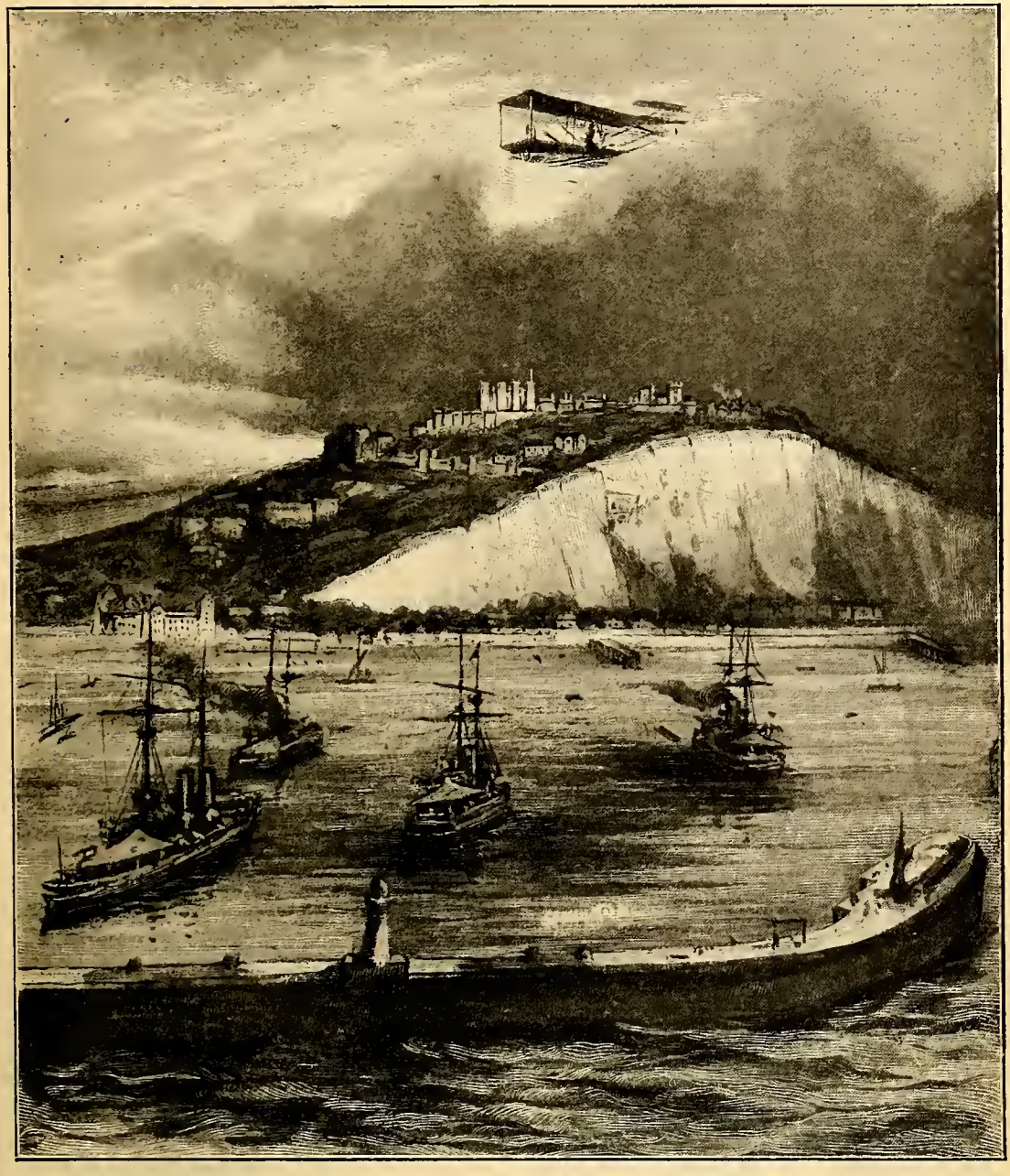
A day came when the royal party went out to hunt a tiger. The Prince took with him a number of friends and attendants. The Princess went too, in a palanquin, to witness her husband's prowess.

The tiger lay concealed in a reedy island on the river's edge. The Vizier ventured to suggest that there was danger in bringing the lady so close to the beast's lair, but his advice was scornfully rejected by the Prince, who called him a 'coward.' The faithful servant, greatly hurt, reined in his horse; for the moment he dropped behind, although if there was to be danger he meant to share it.

The Princess, guarded by some armed men, remained on one side of the river, whilst a band of horsemen with dogs and beaters, crossed a bridge, and swept round on the other side to drive forth the tiger. At last, with an angry growl, the creature sprang out and at once swam across the stream, and approached the Princess. Her guards fled. The lady in terror leapt from her gilded palanquin, and ran as swiftly as her feet could carry her; but the tiger seemed to single her out for pursuit. Then the good old Vizier sped to the rescue. Flinging his cloak over his horse's eyes, so that it should not see the tiger, he galloped forward, and—only just in time—caught up to his saddle-bow the frightened woman. With a loud roar and a tremendous spring, the tiger leapt upon the horse and its riders. But now the hunters were coming up from the other side; the Vizier used his remaining strength to hold the Princess away from the tiger. In another moment the beast was killed, and the Princess was saved.

'Tell my master,' were the last whispered words of the dying Vizier, 'that his old, discarded servant was faithful to the end.'

"With a tremendous spring the tiger leapt upon the horse."



Across the Channel—and back again!

CRUISERS IN THE CLOUDS.

[New Series.]

IV.—SOME NOTABLE FLIGHTS.

SINCE that July morning in 1909 when Monsieur Blériot first crossed the English Channel on his monoplane,* the feat has been repeated more than once, but of these latter voyages there is one that should be specially mentioned.

It was towards the end of May, 1910, that the Hon. C. S. Rolls (who later in the year, it is sad to say, lost his life in an accident while flying) made up his mind to attempt, on a biplane, to fly across the Channel and back without landing in France. But for long days and weeks the weather kept him waiting. With the airship in readiness he watched from the top of Dover cliffs for the first opportunity, and it came suddenly on the evening of June 2nd. At a little before half-past six o'clock he mounted to his seat, put the engine in motion, and four minutes later was over the sea, bound on the most wonderful flight ever made by an Englishman. His airship, travelling at a height of about eight hundred feet above the water, sped steadily onward for nearly three-quarters of an hour. By that time the blue streak of sea was no longer beneath him. He was over the land of France—the first to return Monsieur Blériot's visit. For half a mile he continued his route, and before turning homewards cast a letter into the air addressed to the Aero Club of France. Never before had Europe been visited and left without being landed upon. Facing the Channel once more, the airship sailed for England, reaching the Kentish coast at two minutes past eight o'clock; and after sweeping in a circle round the castle at Dover, Mr. Rolls settled on the spot from which he had risen.

This was the third flight across the Channel, the second having been accomplished by Monsieur de Lesseps; and in the month of August, 1910, there came news of a fresh flight by a young American aeronaut named Moisant. Starting from Paris on the evening of August 16th, with the object of flying to London, he settled first at Amiens, departing the next morning for Calais. The machine used was a Blériot monoplane No. XI., being the same in design as that on which the first famous Channel voyage was made; but in this instance it was built to carry two travellers, and Mr. Moisant was accompanied by Monsieur Filcux, his engineer. Rising from Calais at ten minutes to eleven on the morning of August 17th, with a strong wind blowing from the west, the aeroplane was steered north-west, but a haze overhung the water, and half the voyage was passed before any signs of the English coast could be seen. However, all went well until the travellers were within two or three miles of land, when a heavy storm of rain began to beat in their faces, the force with which it struck being greatly increased by the great speed of the airship. While half blinded by the attack, their flying craft was violently rocked from side to side. It had been caught in the erratic air currents from the shore. Down, down they came, as though drawn by a whirlpool, till scarcely two hundred feet from the surface of the sea. The moment was a trying one, but Mr. Moisant's skill averted disaster. By careful management of the steering wheel he brought his ship against the wind, and rose once more out of the realm of danger. A few minutes later and they had come to a safe anchorage in a cornfield near Deal.*

There are two points in Mr. Moisant's journey which will cause it to be remembered as one of the most noteworthy in the history of 'flying.' One is that it was the first occasion on which a passenger was carried by aeroplane *across the Channel*, and the other is that the course was followed by means of a mariner's compass. For Mr. Moisant had never been in England before; had never travelled from Paris to Calais. He knew that London lay north-west of Paris so many hundreds of miles away, and the compass told him the rest. It is the first time it has been successfully used by the captain of an airship; as a rule the vibration of the motor-engine renders the compass useless.

But besides these wonderful journeys through the air 'from place to place,' there have been other forms of triumphant flight. With the object of ascertaining the usefulness of the aeroplane, it is necessary to test its powers in more ways than one. Thus at the various great meetings held from time to time, prizes have been offered for speed, distance travelled, greatest height reached, and the *slowest* rate at which the pilot has been able to fly round the course without touching the ground. In the last-named feat the Hon. C. S. Rolls won the prize at Bournemouth by taking four minutes thirteen seconds to travel round the course, a distance of two miles—the fastest speed for the same distance being less than two minutes.

But perhaps to the spectator there is more interest in the soaring flight of those who seek to penetrate deepest into the blue sky. Among the many daring adventures of this kind, perhaps the most wonderful, because one of the earliest, took place at Rheims on July 3rd, 1910. On the afternoon of that day, Mr. Latham spread his wings to outdo the eagle. Ten minutes after leaving the ground he had reached a height of nearly three thousand feet, and as the spectators watched him circling in huge rings higher and higher, the noise of his engine died into silence, and the wires and stays of the widespread wings faded from sight. Nothing could be seen but the aeroplane itself, and an onlooker could have fancied that, escaping all control, it had flown in search of liberty.

And now a competitor, Monsieur Leon Morane, started in pursuit. His machine climbed with amazing rapidity, and a minute later overtook the leader close against the clouds. The watchers gazed with speechless wonder as, in this strange upward race, first one aeronaut led and then the other. But they were not privileged to watch for long. Little by little the aeroplanes, now scarcely more than specks in the sky, became dimmed by the fleecy clouds into which they were being absorbed. The first to melt entirely from sight was Monsieur Morane. Then his rival followed. Still gazing upward, however, the crowd presently saw the shadowy form of a tiny aeroplane appear where the cloud was thinnest. Then it was lost again.

At last, after long minutes of suspense, it once more came into view, and swept to earth in a series of long, terrifying plunges. It was the airship of Monsieur Morane. While at a vast altitude he had stopped his engine, as is the practice with all aeroplanists when descending, and by a skilful working of the rear planes

* See page 29.

* Owing to bad weather, it was many days before Mr. Moisant was able to complete his journey and fly to London; but he eventually did so.

had glided or 'planed' to the earth as an albatross might do. Mr. Latham had 'lost his way in the clouds,' and settled a little later some distance away. He had, however, won the competition by reaching an altitude of four thousand six hundred and fifty-eight feet.

This has been surpassed more than once, the present champion of the clouds being Mr. Drexel, a young American, who, during a meeting held at Lanark, climbed to a height of six thousand seven hundred and fifty feet—about one mile and a quarter. Surely that is high enough, and no reader will expect us to follow these bold explorers of the sky any further.

THE PICTURE-WRITING OF THE INDIANS.

HAVE you ever thought what a very useful thing our alphabet is? Of course you know that it consists of twenty-six letters, which, arranged in different order, make up all the words that we use in speaking. I have not room here to explain how our very wonderful alphabet was evolved; it took thousands of years; but I will just tell you how it started. Centuries ago—nobody knows exactly how many—man found it necessary to ask for something without speaking. Supposing he wanted food; he could not write F.O.O.D because there were no such things as letters, so on the back of a tree he scratched or cut a rude figure of the thing he required. If he wanted a fish he would draw a fish, or if he wanted meat he would draw an animal. And these rude word-pictures were the beginnings of our alphabet!

Of course these drawings could never be arranged to form any kind of alphabet; it would require millions of drawings, and these would lead to much confusion. The Chinese even to-day have an alphabet founded somewhat upon these word-pictures, and in consequence the 'alphabet' of the Chinaman contains an enormous number of letters or signs. The sign which stands for 'man' has nearly six hundred different drawings, all relating to something about man; the sign for 'tree' has nine hundred, and so on. So that what you have learned of your language by the time that you are eight or ten, the poor Chinaman has not learned about his until he is twenty-five.

But the ancient word-pictures are very interesting, and there are some which are not so very old after all, and it may surprise some of you to learn that even to-day a few North American Indians express their thoughts by means of word-pictures.

A comparatively short time ago the Indians of Canada used this form of writing exclusively, and some of you will remember that in a very beautiful poem written by Longfellow, we are told quite a lot about this picture-writing. Talking of this 'writing,' he says:

> 'For the earth he drew a straight line,
> For the sky a bow above it
> On the left a point for sunrise
> On the right a point for sunset,
> On the top a point for noontide.'

Now I am going to show you some of these word-pictures of the North American Indians and tell you exactly what their meaning is.

Look at the first picture letter (fig. 1) on page 172.

If the postman brought you *that* one morning, you would find it very difficult to read, would you not?

It is a long and quite easily-read Indian letter, telling of an exciting expedition.

First of all the Indian draws himself as a great chief with feathers in his head and a spear in his hand. The black circle round his body shows that he has much wealth, and he is grasping his wigwam, showing that he is married and has a home of his own. Over his head he draws an eagle, which is his totem (a kind of family or tribal badge). His home is by the side of a great lake, probably Lake Superior, or Lake Huron. This is shown by the drawing of a lake at his feet. He is the possessor of three rice-fields, which he draws, and to show that these are his own, he draws a line from his heart to each of the fields. His home is two days' journey from the mountains (probably the Rockies). This he indicates by drawing a mountain and two horizons (or sunsets, *i.e.*, days) and two moons (nights). He sets out on an expedition in a large canoe, taking with him six Indians. He is shown as the first man in the canoe by the putting of his totem over the first upright line. The last man in the canoe is a medicine-man, for his badge (a snake-skin) is placed over him. They cross a very large lake, which takes them four days and nights, shown by four suns and four moons. After landing, they come to an Indian encampment, where 'Eagle' buys by means of exchange a much-prized rifle. They discover the tracks of 'big game,' which they follow over a mountain towards nightfall (shown by the setting sun). They camp by the side of a river and shortly afterwards come upon the animal they have been following—a large bear, which together with a prairie-hen is killed and eaten, the company camping for a day and a night. Another lake is crossed, in which fish are caught, and on its shores a tortoise is captured; more tracks of animals are struck and a fine buffalo is killed by 'Eagle's' spear, which is guided by magical influence, shown by the black circle round 'Eagle's' head and the black dots on the spear. Still more animal tracks are discovered, and after a day and a night a moose is killed. The expedition comes upon a party of starving Indians of the catfish totem. You will see that they have their hands upon their lips, which denotes hunger. These Indians are well fed, camping for two days and nights with the expedition party. They cross a mountain and arrive home again by the rice-fields, and 'Eagle' sings a song of triumph over his success (shown by the wavy lines issuing from his lips). The writing is done upon a beaver's skin.

Fig. 3 illustrates the record of another expedition, and was found carved upon a rock on the shores of Lake Superior.

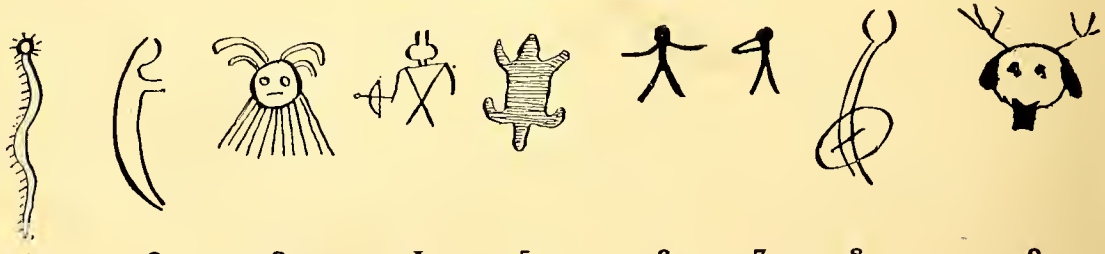
It was interpreted by a man who made a study of Indians and their customs, named Schoolcraft. He says that it represents an expedition of a great Indian chief across the lake. His name was Myeengun, or 'Wolf.' There were five canoes, the crews being shown by upright lines, forty-eight in all. In the first canoe is the chief's second-in-command, Kiohkemaunsee, the 'Kingfisher,' shown by his totem. The tortoise shows the safe arrival of the expedition on land, the three suns under heaven show that the voyage took three days, and the figure of the chief, Myeenguu, on his horse is evidence that the expedition took place after the introduction of horses into the country.

In fig. 2 are shown some common Indian signs.

Fig. 1.—An Indian Letter.

No. 1 is a medicine-man's sacred snakeskin bag. No. 2 is a medicine-bag made from an otter's skin. No. 3 is the 'Great Spirit.' No. 4 is the medicine-man himself, with horns, showing great power. No. 5 is a beaver skin, No. 6 a human figure with outstretched arms, indicating want and No. 7 the same figure with hand on lips, indicating hunger. No. 8 is the magic drum and drum-sticks of the medicine-man, and No. 9 is a sign often found on Indian tomb-slabs, a moose's head, and is thought to indicate a mighty hunter.

Fig. 2.—Some Curious Indian Signs.



MORLEY ADAMS.

Fig. 3.—Indian Picture-story found at Lake Superior.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 163.)

WHEN the cook had crawled away with the dinner things, we lay down on the floor to rest.

'I have sent the cook away for the day,' Menandez said a few minutes later. 'And I have hauled up the ladder, so that we cannot be disturbed.'

'Then I propose that we all have a good sleep, Frank said.

'I'm not at all tired,' Menandez replied.

'That is because you didn't join us at battledore and shuttlecock It's a tiring game.'

"Menandez rose to go out."

'Undoubtedly. By-the-bye, what do you think of the Festival of the Sun and Moon?'

'It's very interesting,' I admitted.

'And exciting,' Frank added. 'I am sure our thanks are due to the unknown monkey who dropped a cocoa-nut on his Fatness's bald pate. I would not have

missed that sight for anything. What a terrible indignity for the Brother of the Moon to suffer! I wonder that he does not ask his relative, the Sun, to scorch up all the monkeys in creation.'

'What do you think of the cavern business—the dropping of gold and silver coins into the hole?'

'I consider it a terrible waste of good money,' Frank replied.

'And so do I,' Menandez agreed, eagerly. 'There would be some sense in building a magnificent temple, or in beautifying one that already existed, but to cast money into a hole in the earth is nothing less than wickedness. There must be thousands of pounds in that pit.'

'Some day the King of Burma will invade the country and make an effort to carry it off,' Frank declared.

'But why should the King of Burma have it?'

'There is no reason why he should, except that the Kings of Burma and Siam have for centuries been stealing each other's white elephants and other sacred things.'

'At any rate the King of Burma has no greater right to the money than we have.'

'Then he has no right at all.'

'Why should we not forestall the King of Burma, and carry off the treasure?'

I caught sight of Menandez's face as he spoke. His black eyes had a light in them which I had never noticed before, and there was a look of cunning on his face which I by no means liked.

'Tell us how we are to do it!' Frank said, gaily.

'With pleasure. You possibly imagine that I have some idea of descending into the cavern's pit by a rope or ladder, and bringing up the money in sacks. The fact that there is always a talapoin guarding the cavern would make that plan impracticable. I am going to work in a scientific manner, availing myself of his Majesty's permission to start mining operations on his behalf in any part of his kingdom. I shall begin work about a quarter of a mile from the cavern, and cut my way through to the treasure pit and carry off the wealth which it contains.'

'But surely you do not imagine that his Majesty will agree to your proposal?' I remarked.

'I do not intend to mention the matter to him, or to anybody but you three. We will share the treasure. I, being the originator of the undertaking, will take two-fifths, and each of you one-fifth.'

'You can have three-fifths if you like,' Frank declared, 'for I am not going to become a thief.'

'Nor am I,' Tom declared.

'Then there will be more wealth for Yabsley and me,' Menandez replied.

'I won't have anything to do with the matter,' I said. 'It's a mad idea, and you had better think no more about it.'

'It's a grand idea,' Menandez replied. 'If we begin work as soon as the festival ends we shall be out of the country before this time next year, and be able to live in idleness for the remainder of our lives.'

'What a fearful prospect! I detest being idle,' Frank said.

'You could enjoy yourself. You could have a ship of your own and visit every country in Europe; or you——'

'Don't trouble to say anything further. My determination to have no hand in the robbery cannot be shaken.'

'Robbery! That is a harsh word. Who would suffer if the money that has been thrown into the pit was removed?'

'That is not the point. You might rob a wealthy man of a shilling, but because he did not suffer from the loss it would not alter the fact that you had committed a theft.'

'Then all three of you refuse to avail yourselves of this chance of becoming rich?'

'Most decidedly,' Frank said.

For a few minutes there was silence. Then Menandez rose to go out. When he had lowered the ladder he turned round and said, 'I am very sorry that you won't join me in this venture, but as you refuse, I must carry it out single-handed.'

'You had much better give up the idea,' I advised. 'It is impossible for you to carry out the work unaided.'

'I do not think so. Before two years have elapsed I shall be one of the richest men in the world.'

'Don't be too certain,' Frank said.

'At any rate, I am not afraid to run risks, although I am not a soldier.'

Frank sprang to his feet, but Menandez hurried down the ladder and departed.

'When he returns I shall have something to say to him,' Frank declared, as he watched Menandez hurrying towards the crowd of pilgrims.

'You'd better not, Frank,' I said. 'He was evidently terribly disappointed at our refusal to assist him, and scarcely knew what he was saying. Let the matter drop.'

'Just as you please; but I wish that we had never seen his black face.'

'I can't echo your wish. If it had not been for him, I should have been dead long ago.'

'The knowledge that he saved your life is the only thing that makes me tolerate him. And now I'm going to sleep.'

It was about one o'clock and the heat was intense. Not a breath of air was stirring and not a sound could be heard. The pilgrims were enjoying their siesta, and the birds had sought shelter from the scorching sun among the branches of the cool, lofty trees. Sleep was irresistible, and soon Frank, Tom, and I were slumbering.

(*Continued on page* 182.)

EACH ITS OWN.

SPARROW chirping in the hedgerows,
Skylark piping loud and long,
Nightingale within the thicket,
Every bird hath its own song.

Cowslip with its coat of yellow,
Modest violet white and blue,
Bluebell growing in the woodland,
Every flower hath its own hue.

Word in love that's kindly spoken,
Deed that's done in gracious mood,
Gentle ministries of goodness,
Every heart has its own good.

FRANK ELLIS.

A STRANGE RIDING FEAT.

IN the late Lady Bloomfield's memoirs there is an account of a young lady—well-born and intimately related to many of our best families, who was a splendid rider, and earned many a word of praise from her grandfather (also a famous rider, and very proud of her horsemanship) by leaping over five-barred gates.

One day she came to a turnpike gate, for in 1805 you could not go far along any road without having to pay toll, and as she had forgotten her purse the turnpike-man refused to let her through. She told him who she was, and promised to pay the money next day, but still the man positively refused to open the gate. So the young lady backed her horse a few yards, took a flying leap over the gate, to the great surprise of the turnpike-man, and then rode off, telling him he might whistle for his money. X.

HOW FRED KEPT HIS TRUST.

FRED ANDERSON had come to spend his summer holidays with his Uncle Custance at Peachley Farm. The holiday was a very long one, to begin with, and, to Fred's joy, it was lengthened by a notice that measles had attacked some of his schoolfellows, who—their parents being abroad—had spent their time at school.

Of course, as Fred was careful to explain, he was not glad that other fellows had got the measles, but he was very, very glad of the extra weeks in the country; and there was only one drawback to his happiness.

This drawback was that, at Peachley, there were hardly any boys. Uncle Custance was a widower, living alone, save for his housekeeper and farm-servants; and it was surprising how many other houses in the village were quiet and childless too.

Miss Tripp and her sister had a niece, it was true; a slim, active girl, who sometimes played with Fred; but Nellie Tripp was wanted by her aunts almost every hour in the day, and, as Master Fred impolitely observed, she was only a girl, after all.

The cottagers' children were always busy, at school or at work, from morning till night, so Fred was left rather too much to his own company; and, as the long, bright September days passed, he sometimes felt more than a little lonely.

It was because of this loneliness that he formed a habit of going to talk to Mrs. Hale at the village shop. A wonderful little shop was Mrs. Hale's, containing everything that the Peachley people wanted—from needles and tapes for the Misses Tripp, to newspapers and snuff for Uncle Custance; to say nothing of sweets for Nellie and Fred, and soap and soda for the cottagers.

It was all as neat as a new pin; and young lady visitors were accustomed to say that 'dear old Mrs. Hale was a perfect picture.' Fred, when he heard them, and looked at the old lady, standing behind her well-scrubbed deal counter, in a clean cap and apron, was inclined to say so too.

At all events, he grew very fond of her company, and filled up many an otherwise empty half-hour, at the village shop.

But one morning, strolling in after his early breakfast, Fred failed to find his old friend at her post. It was some time before she answered his repeated knocks, with a penny, upon the counter, and, when she did come, it was with such a sad and tearful face that he hardly knew her.

'Oh, Mrs. Hale,' he cried with real concern, 'what *is* the matter?' And he was still more grieved and perplexed when Mrs. Hale, handing him an open letter which she held in her hand, sat down upon the Windsor chair behind the counter and began to cry.

Fred looked at the letter, in doubt whether to read it or not, but the few words, which he saw at a glance, were enough to explain the old lady's grief:—'Your daughter is very much worse, and wants to see you; please come as soon as this reaches you, if only for an hour.'

Mrs. Hale had told Fred about her daughter's illness; how the poor girl, who had been long ailing, was nursed by a kind mistress, in the market town, a few miles away, and was growing, her mother fondly hoped a little stronger every day.

Ah! but not really stronger—poor Mary Hale's disease was making secret inroads all the while, and so there had come this sudden change for the worse, which had made her mother broken-hearted.

At last Mrs. Hale dried her eyes. 'I'm ashamed to give way so, Master Fred,' she said; 'but I did think my Mary was getting on a bit. However, I shouldn't mind so much if only I could go to her; but there isn't a soul I can get to mind the shop. You see the women are all at the hop-picking.'

Fred considered this new difficulty with a grave face for a moment; then a bright idea struck him. 'I tell you what, Mrs. Hale,' he said, 'I will keep shop for you.'

'You, Master Fred; but you never could, and your uncle wouldn't like it.'

But Fred, having once made up his mind, overruled all objections. 'I'm sure I could,' he said earnestly. 'I have watched so often that I know where everything is. Uncle never minds what I do, as long as I don't get into mischief; and there couldn't be any mischief in shop-keeping, you know. I will just run home, and have a bit of lunch, and tell the housekeeper, and be back here, so that you can start in a jiffy.'

Mrs. Hale was not quite sure what a 'jiffy' was. She was anything but sure that it was right to leave only Fred in charge. But the desire to see her girl was stronger than every other thought, and it was not very long before Fred was installed, all alone, behind the deal counter, and Mrs. Hale was on her way to the town.

There were very few customers that day, and Fred was quite equal to the claims made upon him. Miss Tripp looked much surprised when she called in for two reels of black cotton, and some children, who came for sweets, could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw Fred weighing out acid drops and toffee, as though he had always been used to it. Ounces of tea presented no difficulty, for they were already papered up, and any doubt as to which were the halfpenny candles was easily solved by the buyer.

'I am getting on finely,' thought Fred, and, though it was rather dull to sit there on a fine day, it was good to know himself of some use and help.

(*Concluded on page* 178).

"A wonderful little shop was Mrs. Hale's."

"'Not so fast, my friend!'"

HOW FRED KEPT HIS TRUST.

(*Concluded from page* 175.)

AS the afternoon wore on trade was quiet indeed. Mrs. Hale had promised to be back at six; but there was still more than two long hours to wait. Fred took a book from a shelf in the room behind the shop, and read to pass away the time. He was quite engrossed in the story when the sound of a heavy footfall on the brick floor made him look up with a start.

A rough-looking man was standing at the counter, a man with a very red face, and a very thick stick, who stood and stared at him without speaking.

'What is it, please?' said Fred, with a slight feeling of uneasiness, but the stranger only answered the question with another:—

'Where's the missus?' he asked gruffly, putting his coarse face unpleasantly near to Fred's.

'Mrs. Hale is not here just now—I can get you anything you want,' said Fred, as coolly as he could.

For all answer the man turned round, and closely shut and bolted the shop door. 'Look here, young shaver,' he said when he had done this, 'it's money I want, and money I mean to have. I met Mother Hale going to town this morning—so this here's just my chance. If you don't stand aside and let me take it, it'll be the worse for you—that's all. You tell me where the old woman keeps her tin.'

Now Mrs. Hale, mindful of possible thieves, had cautioned Fred not to put the money in the till, but in a special hiding-place which she had made in her little room. Accordingly Fred, after every bit of business, had carried his takings to the place appointed, the secret of which was known only to himself and his friend.

Now—frightened as he was—he resolved to keep the secret. Seeing that he remained silent, the strange man pushed him roughly aside, and stretching out his hand over the counter, pulled out the till. It rattled as it fell to the ground, empty of all but a brass farthing and two or three worthless medals.

'Look here,' cried the man, in a rage, 'if you don't tell me where the cash is I will do for you. I have done such things before, and I can do 'em again. Wait till I have had a walk round, and then you'll see.'

He went about the shop, picking up first one thing, then another, and then putting them into his pockets. In the dead silence Fred could hear his own heart beat; it seemed to him that he must either betray his old friend's trust or die. 'But I will never give it up,' he thought; 'it's for her rent, and everything; she wants it so badly. He will never find it, and I will never give it up.'

Just then, to Fred's joy, there was another sound; some one was coming in by the back way, through the little room.

'Why, Fred Anderson, what does this mean?' said a clear, ringing voice; and a tall, powerfully built young man, in a tweed suit and straw hat, came hastily forward. 'Why is the door bolted, and where is Mrs. Hale?'

The would-be thief turned to withdraw the bolt, but a strong, detaining grasp was laid upon his arm.

'Not so fast, my friend! I must know the rights of this,' said the new-comer. 'A straightforward customer does not bolt the shop door behind him.'

The thief was a coward, as many thieves are; he could threaten a boy, but he had no heart or courage for the strong man who stood over him, and in whom Fred had at once recognised the Vicar's son, Mr. Percy Carr, at home for a long visit to his parents.

'Finding the door fast,' said Mr. Carr, 'I suspected that all was not as it should be, and went to the back. Now, Fred, give me your version of the matter.'

In a few words Fred told his story. 'Very well,' said Mr. Carr, when he had heard it, 'step into the garden and ask the gentleman who is waiting there to come here, will you?'

The thief had had some wild thought of wresting himself free from Percy Carr's hold, but when Fred came back with another tweed-clad visitor, equally muscular and almost as tall, his heart sank within him. Caught in his own trap, with no chance of escape, he suffered himself to be marched off to the care of the village constable, and Fred was left to receive the congratulations of Mr. Carr and his friend, upon what the boy was surprised to hear them call his bravery.

'Why,' said Fred, 'I couldn't do anything else—I couldn't tell him where Mrs. Hale's money was, when I knew how much she wanted it, and when she had trusted me!'

Percy Carr looked at him admiringly. 'You have kept your trust, lad,' he said. 'A boy—or a man either—can't do better than that, in this world.'

There is no space to tell of Mrs. Hale's thanks, when she returned, or of the good that came to Fred and others through the friendships begun that day; but no one knows, when he does the right thing, how much good may ensue.

C. J. BLAKE.

JET MINING.

JET is rather a puzzling substance. We find it buried in the ground, but we cannot quite tell what it is, or how it came to be there. It is always found in a certain kind of shale, which is called the jet rock on this account. In some respects jet resembles coal. It will burn, for instance, and cases are recorded where it has been used for fuel. We know that coal is a fossilised kind of wood or peat: that is to say, it is wood or peat which, after decaying for a certain length of time, has been compressed and changed until it resembles stone. Jet may have originated in a similar way. But the jet rock or shale itself will burn to some extent; and it is possible that jet may be a modified form of bitumen, or mineral oil, which has slowly oozed out of the shale, and collected in larger or smaller masses.

Whitby has for a long time been noted for its jet industries. It is, however, as much the place where ornaments of jet are made as a centre of jet mining. The jet shale is found not only on the coast near Whitby, but all along the northern edge of the Cleveland Hills; and so extensively has it been worked in this district, that as we journey in the train along the foot of the hills we may see a line of broken shale stretching for several miles along the hillsides.

The jet shale is a comparatively thin horizontal band lying between other beds of a somewhat similar character. It extends in a vast sheet under the surface of a wide extent of moorland, but it is only accessible on the slopes of the hills, where it reveals itself in somewhat the same way that a slice of meat is seen in the

edge of a sandwich. It is at these points that the jet miner attacks it. A jet mine is nothing more or less than a series of narrow galleries cut into the hillside, and arranged chiefly in the form of squares. A workman carries forward the gallery in which he works by removing the shale in front of him with pick and shovel, keeping a sharp look-out for any mass of jet which his pick may lay bare. Meanwhile another workman shovels the broken shale into a little waggon running upon rails, pushes it out of the mine, and tips its contents down the bank. The men work by candle-light, as there is no danger of explosive gas. A certain amount of water drips from the shale and runs away along the bottom of the gallery, which slopes towards the entrance. Everything is very simple and inexpensive, and there is no machinery of any kind. As soon as the work becomes at all costly it ceases to pay, and this is why the mining is confined to the hillsides where the jet shale crops out.

The jet is found in isolated lumps, which are scattered so irregularly in the shale that the miner never knows where he may find a piece or what size it will be. All that he can do is to burrow his way along, and dig out any piece of jet which he may uncover. The profits of the work are very variable and uncertain, since the miner may dig for days without discovering any jet, or, on the other hand, may dig out piece after piece at short distances apart.

Each piece of jet is covered with a kind of stony layer or skin, which has to be chipped off with a chisel before the jet is fit for use. The jet itself resembles a piece of the hard black asphalt which is melted for the purpose of cementing paving-stones in their places. Though very compact, it is surprisingly light, and it shows a rather wavy, shining surface when broken. The larger pieces are usually sawn up into smaller fragments before they are sold to the jet-workers, who carve or grind them into ornamental shapes. The objects thus made are polished with soft stones, rouge, lamp-black, and oil, and they are often mounted in metal as a form of jewellery. Jet, however, is a substance which is frequently imitated, and it is not always easy to distinguish the imitation from the true mineral.

W. A. Atkinson.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

6.—Chronogram.

1. Historian, statesman, essayist, in all of great renown;
2. Writer of novels, known to all, in country and in town:
3. A sage, an author weird and wild, who wrote of work and war;
4. His Christian name who found the law that rules the falling star;
5. A dusky, mystic Eastern laud, by Western masters ruled;
6. An island turbulent and poor, that cannot well be schooled.

The Initials of these six names take,
And when this thing you've done,
You'll find the year in which were made
England and Scotland one.

C. J. B.

(*Answer on page* 210.)

Answer to Short Charade on page 147.

5.—Nightmare.

1. Night. 2. Mare.

MEN OF STRAW.

One often hears a contemptuous description of So-and-so as a 'man of straw,' and one generally understands by this that he is a person without means or position, a person whom it would be unwise to entrust with money, or a person whom it would be useless to proceed against for the recovery of money owed by him. To many people the term 'a man of straw' will recall the scarecrow of the fields, but in reality, to call a person a 'scarecrow' is not half so insulting as to say of him that he is 'a man of straw.'

The men of straw were formerly known as 'straw-shoes,' from their habit of advertising their occupation by wearing a straw in their shoes; and, to put it plainly, they were neither more nor less than professional witnesses, who hung about the Law Courts in the olden days, and were ready to perjure themselves on behalf of any person who would pay them for the purpose. A lawyer who wanted a convenient witness looked out for a man of straw, and having found him, said, 'Don't you remember?' The witness looked at the fee offered, and said nothing; but as the fee increased, so did his powers of memory. 'To be sure I do,' he at length replied. 'Then come into court and give evidence of it,' said the lawyer. And into court straw-shoes went and gave his false evidence.

If you have read the adventures of Mr. Pickwick you will remember how horrified he was at having inadvertently accepted the card of one of these gentry; Mr. Perker, his solicitor, returned it to the man, explaining that they had no need for his services.

G. D. L.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Events of the Year 1811.

IV.—THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

The Duke of Wellington declared the battle of Albuera to be 'one of the most glorious and honourable to the troops' of any that were fought during the Peninsular War.

Albuera was but a little village in Spain, but its possession was most keenly contested; both British and French fought with the utmost gallantry, and though the French were at last defeated, it was not before the heavy price of many thousands of precious lives had been paid for the victory. Few British regiments could muster, on the evening after the battle, one-third of the strength they carried into battle. When the Buffs were called together, only three privates and one drummer answered to the roll-call!

This almost extermination of the regiment was caused by a noble contest to save the regimental Colours.

Ensign Thomas, who carried the Colours into action, was surrounded and summoned to give them up.

'Not while I have life!' was the brave lad's answer. He was instantly shot down. Ensign Walsh next seized the precious Colours, and had the staff broken in his hands by a cannon-shot, and was himself severely wounded. But he summoned up energy enough to strip the flag from its shattered staff and to push it inside the breast of his tunic.

"Only three privates and one drummer answered to the roll-call."

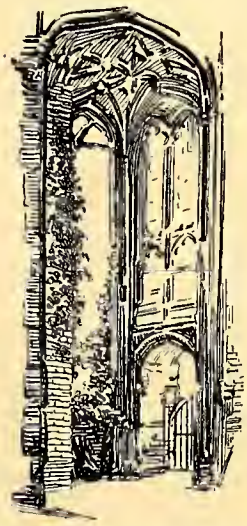
The battle of Albuera lasted but four hours, but the number of killed in that short space of time was terrific.

'Nothing,' says Thiers, the French historian, 'could withstand the calm courage of the British troops: the heroism of our men was powerless against it'; and Napier says that, though the French made astonishing endeavours to recover the field, it was in vain, and finally a mighty mass of brave men, who but a short time before had deemed themselves victorious, fled in disorder, and 'like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep.'

ROUND LONDON TOWN.

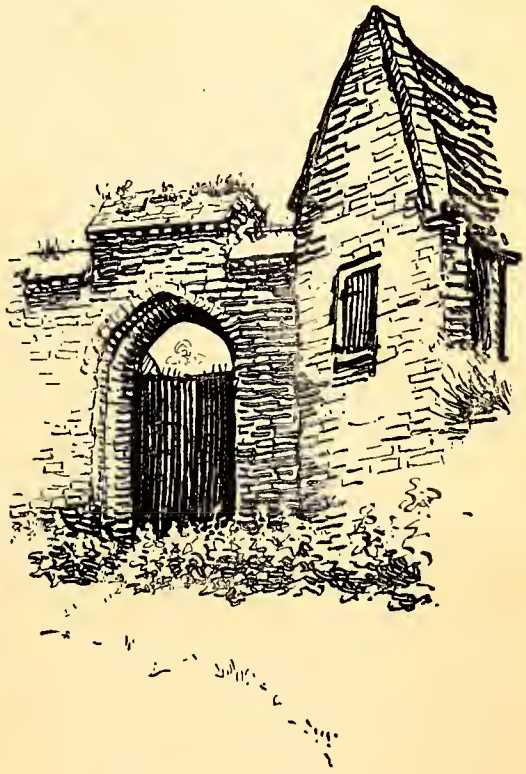
IV.—ELTHAM PALACE.

AT Eltham, in Kent, some eight miles from London, are to be seen the remains of an old palace which has played an interesting part in the history of England. Of the vast pile which formerly covered the site, the Banqueting Hall alone is in any sense perfect, the rest being mere fragments. Something of its former stateliness still clings to this ancient building, with its ivy-covered walls and deep mullioned windows through which the bats fly in and out like eerie spirits on a summer evening. Viewed under the moonbeams, when all is still and quiet, one might well believe the old hall to be haunted by the shades of some of the great personages who in olden days feasted and made merry within its walls. But the wind moaning in the great chimneys and rustling the ivy that clings to the tracery of the gaping windows is but a melancholy echo of the laughter and song that once rose to the rafters, and serves better to remind us of the decay of all that pertains to human grandeur and to earthly happiness.



Doorway, interior of Eltham Palace.

The story of this old place takes us back into the Middle Ages. Built in the year 1290, the mansion, as



The Tiltyard Gate, Eltham Palace.

The Palace, Eltham.

it then was, came into the possession of Anthony Beck, Bishop of Durham, who added to and beautified it. Six centuries ago the name of Anthony Beck was well known, both in England and Scotland, owing to the important part which its owner had played in the campaign under Edward I. against the Scots assembled under the banner of Wallace, the outlawed chief and patriot. At the battle of Falkirk, on July 22nd, 1298, which decided the fortunes of Wallace and brought Scotland once more under the sway of the English king, Anthony rode in the van of the English knights, who threw themselves impetuously, but vainly, against the squares of Scottish spearmen. The warlike Bishop, whom King Edward had ordered to 'forget his calling,' when he laid siege to the Scottish castles, died in 1311, and bequeathed his mansion at Eltham to the Crown. Thenceforward the place became a royal residence, and was the scene of many of the royal festivals. The queen of Edward II. is said to have borne there a son who was afterwards called John of Eltham.

In the following reign the captive King John of France was sumptuously entertained within these walls by his royal gaoler Edward III., after the battle of Poitiers in 1356. King John was given a friendly welcome by the English, following the example set them by their King and his son Edward the Black Prince; later a residence was found for him in the Savoy.

It was in the banqueting hall that Henry VIII. in 1515 gave a great feast at Whitsuntide, on which occasion he created Sir Edward Stanley Baron Monteagle for his services at Flodden Field—that memorable day two years before when James IV. of Scotland, with the flower of the Scottish nobility, fell before the English spearmen and archers. The Scots refused to believe their king to be dead, and a ballad of the time speaks of him as having risen from the battlefield and gone on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. A lament for the dead of Flodden was preserved and sung in Ettrick Forest, under the title of the 'Flowers of the Forest':

'The flowers of the forest are a' wede away;'

and Scott describes the battle in the poem of 'Marmion.'

Jousts and tournaments were held in the Tilt-yard, the gateway of which may still be seen, and the palace was commonly used for all kinds of royal entertainments. This was especially the case during the reign of Henry VIII., when masques and mummeries formed a large part of the amusements of the Court. Eltham was well situated also for out-of-door entertainments, and we may imagine the scene when the King and Queen went Maying in the neighbouring woods. The King would repair with his archers, dressed in Lincoln green, to the woods, followed at a later hour by the Queen and her maidens in fancy dress. Then the ladies would be stalked and captured by the gallant outlaws, and the whole party would feast together in the forest, while the merry men cracked jokes and sang songs, or tried their skill with bow and arrow.

With the close of Henry's reign the use of the palace as a royal residence appears to have ended, and from being disused it gradually fell into decay; if only for their great antiquity, however, the ruins are well worth a visit, and we may spend a less profitable hour than in trying to build up again the scenes of its glorious past.

JACK'S TAIL.

I USED to be afraid of Jack;
Such teeth he has, so sharp and white!
The biggest bones he loves to crack;
And what of me if he should bite?

Besides, I never knew when he
Was full of fun and glee, or when
His barks and growls came angrily,
Just as they do to ragged men.

But now I'm not afraid, unless
His tail stands out quite firm and straight;
For, oh! it's easy then to guess
'Tis best to run away and wait.

But when his tail is wagging fast
(So mother says, and she knows best),
Then all the danger's safely past,
And all his growls are but in jest.

Oh! how I wish that grown-ups, too,
Had each a tail, to let me know
If they would play, before they grew
So cross with me, and scolded so!

E. H. Allen.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 174.)

CHAPTER X.

I WAS awakened by the screaming of the paroquets and the cawing of crows, and knew by the liveliness of those birds that the cool sea-breeze, which every afternoon gives fresh energy to the Siamese, had arrived. Jumping up from my mat, I caught hold of Frank's leg and pulled it energetically. Frank's feelings were expressed in such loud tones that Tom awoke with a start, and appeared somewhat surprised to find that nothing terrible was happening.

'I really could not allow you lazy rascals to sleep any longer,' I declared.

'And it is evident that you could not wake us sooner,' Frank replied. 'The marks of your mat are still on your right cheek and prove that you have only just got up. However, I am glad you did wake us, for we ought to have been out half-an-hour ago. We must hurry.'

In less than five minutes we had drawn on our boots, donned our tunics, swords, and cocked hats, and descended the ladder.

'Is it wise to leave the ladder standing?' I asked.

'It's the usual thing to do,' Frank replied.

'But this house is isolated, and I have no doubt that there are scores of scamps among the pilgrims who would take the chance to rob the place.'

'That is very probable,' Tom said. 'We had better put the ladder flat on the ground.'

We placed the ladder underneath the house and then hurried off towards the encampment. The pilgrims were still entering one by one into the cavern to drop their offerings into the pit, though the number of those who had done their duty and were now giving them-

selves up to the pursuit of pleasure was, of course, considerably larger than when we went away for dinner. There were many amusing games being played, but we did not stop to watch them and pushed our way through the crowd to Frank's regiment, to which Tom and I were attached.

'You take command this morning,' Frank said to Tom when the regiment had fallen in.

'It is very good of you,' Tom declared, and never had I seen him so happy as on that occasion. He was a man who loved the profession which he had quitted under a cloud, and the depressed air which he frequently wore was caused, I knew, by brooding over his ruined career. But this afternoon he was a different man entirely—a typical smart, intelligent officer.

'If his Fatness had any sense,' Frank said to Tom when the men were dismissed, 'he would give you the command of this regiment. His Majesty was watching us for about ten minutes, but I fear he has not enough intelligence to know a smart soldier when he sees one. I do, however, and I have learnt more this morning from your handling of the men than ever I should have learned from the antiquated drill-book which poor old Jackson gave me.'

'I am very glad you are satisfied,' Tom replied, modestly. 'I have enjoyed myself greatly.'

Frank and Tom stood discussing military matters for fully half-an-hour, and would, in all probability, have continued talking for much longer had I not suggested that some tea would be very refreshing.

'So it would,' Frank agreed, and we started off in search of it. There were many vendors of hot tea among the pilgrims, and one of these we persuaded, by promises of extra payment, to make us tea according to our liking. The liquid which the man was selling was horribly strong, and two or three cups of it would have upset both our nerves and our digestions, but under our direction he succeeded in making us some really good tea.

Then we sat down under some durian-trees and enjoyed ourselves. We talked of home and agreed that we should be glad to be back in the old country; but as it would be foolish to arrive there without any money, we decided to serve his Majesty the King of Siam for two years longer, saving in the meanwhile as much of our pay as possible. Then we would resign our commissions, or take French leave, whichever appeared the wiser step when the time arrived.

'But we must not let Menandez know anything of our plans,' Frank declared, 'in case he should tell them to his Majesty.'

'He wouldn't do that,' I said, firmly. 'Menandez may be a rascal in money matters, but I am certain that he would not betray us. You and Tom were prejudiced against him from the first and won't give him credit for any good qualities, but I have known him much longer than either of you and understand his curious character. He calls himself a European, and for that reason alone he will stick to us through thick and thin. Nevertheless, as you wish that he shall not know we intend to leave the country in two years' time, I will not say a word to him about it. I shall, however, have a quiet chat with him and endeavour to dissuade him from his mad plan of robbing the treasure pit.'

'The sooner you make the attempt the better,' Frank declared. 'Why not broach the subject this evening? I shall not return to the hut until late at night, as I expect the ammunition to arrive shortly, and must see it placed in a safe spot before I turn in. If Hutton will stay and help me, you and Menandez will be able to have the hut to yourselves for two or three hours.'

'I will stay with you with pleasure,' Tom said.

'Very well, then,' I said. 'I will speak to Menandez this evening.'

'But don't expect that you will be able to make him give up his project,' Tom warned me, 'for nothing but death will stop him from making an attempt to obtain the treasure.'

'Anyhow, I will do my best to dissuade him,' I said, as Frank and Tom walked away.

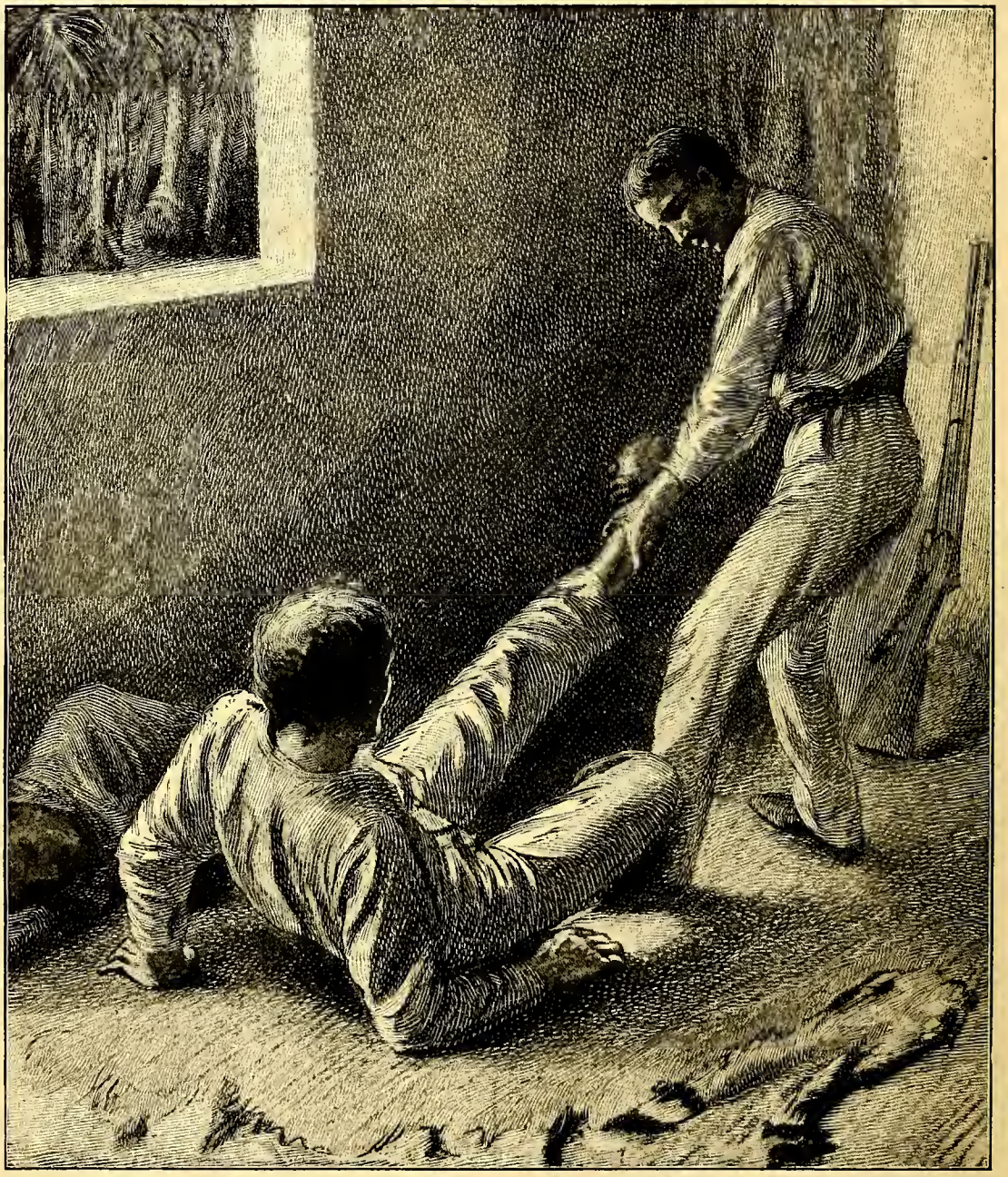
Thinking it very unlikely that Menandez would return to our hut before sunset I did not hurry away, but amused himself for some time by watching the natives at play. The wrestling was remarkably good, and it was not until I had witnessed several exciting bouts that I passed on. Then I came across some actors giving an open-air performance, and, as I had never seen a Siamese play, I sat down on the ground to watch them for a few minutes. Knowing but a few Siamese words I could not understand what was being said, but the antics of the players amused me and the loud laughter of the onlookers made it evident to me that a really good play—from a Siamese point of view—was being performed.

Suddenly it occurred to me that the two abject-looking creatures, who were kicked and cuffed by the other performers, were supposed to be Burmese ambassadors, and on their being eventually driven off the stage I concluded that they were being sent back to their King with an insulting message for his royal ears. A minute later an army of thirty men marched on, and from the ironical laughter of the audience I guessed that it was a force sent by the King of Burma to avenge the insult he had received. The Burmese army, amid renewed laughter and jeers, went through a series of warlike movements which came to an abrupt end when two Siamese warriors rushed on the stage. Without a moment's hesitation, the Burmese threw down their weapons and fled in terror, pursued by two Siamese.

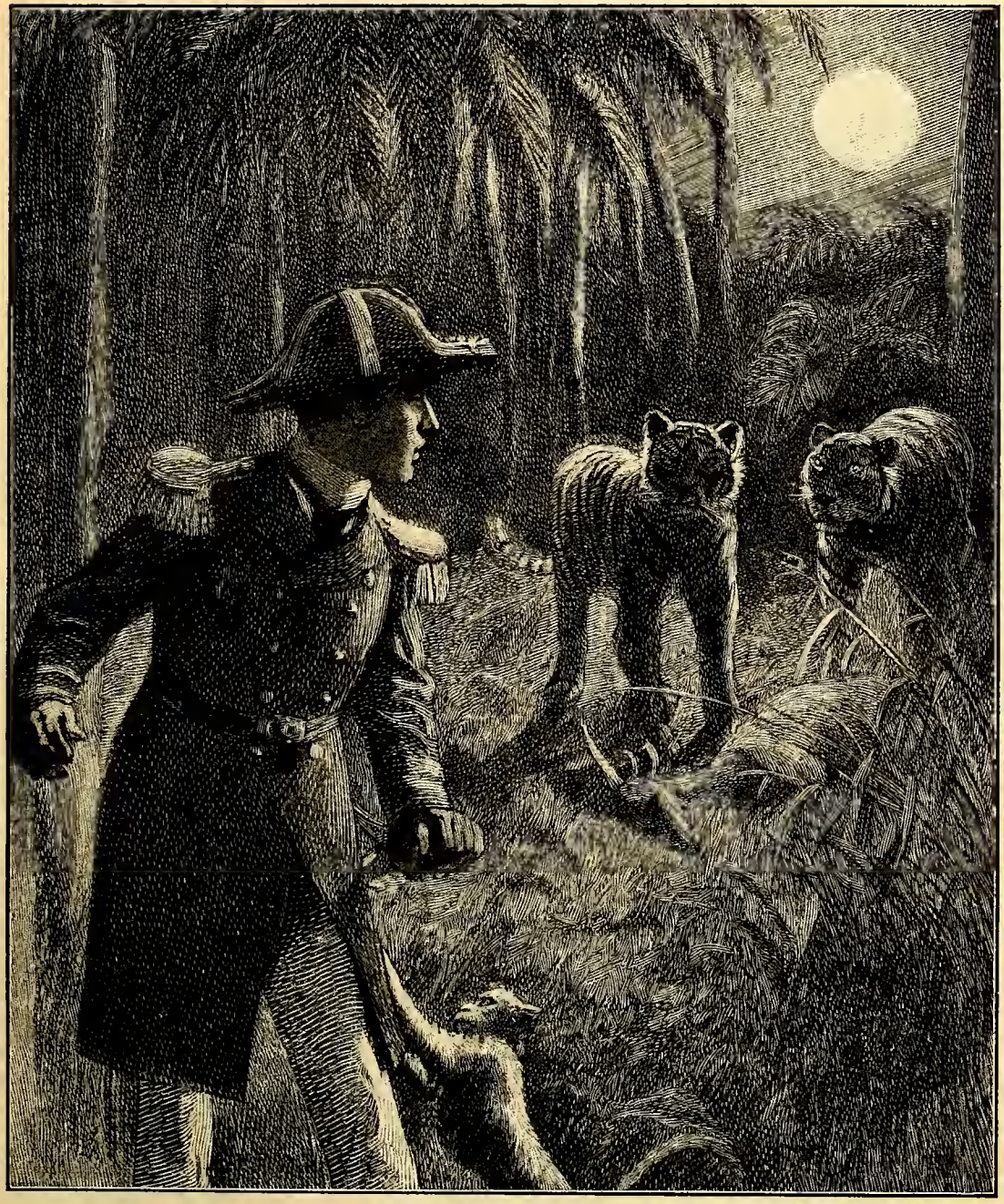
The defeat of the Burmese army was received with enthusiasm by the audience, many members of which shouted excitedly a sentence which I had frequently heard and understood—'Down with the Burmese geese!'

The portion of the play which I have described had taken about three-quarters of an hour to perform, but, being amused, I had not noticed the flight of time, and was surprised to find that the darkness of night had come over the country. I rose at once, annoyed that I had lingered longer than I had meant, and not relishing the walk to our lonely, lofty hut. That there were tigers and snakes in the neighbourhood I was well aware, and the bonfires which were now blazing around the encampment proved that the Siamese considered them numerous. The fires would prevent the tigers and reptiles from approaching near enough to attack the sleeping pilgrims, but that made greater the probability of my encountering them.

(*Continued on page* 186.)



"I caught hold of Frank's leg and pulled it."



"I saw two fully-grown tigers looking straight at me."

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 183.)

OF course, the wisest thing for me to have done would have been to wait until Frank and Tom were returning from the festival; but I was young enough to think that it would be more manly to run the risk of being killed by a tiger than to act cautiously, and therefore I started off on my lonely walk. When I had passed beyond the glare of the bonfires I quickened my speed, looking first to the right and then to the left, as I hurried on through the semi-darkness. Three or four times some jungle bird or beast uttered an unfamiliar cry and almost startled me into running, and twice I stood still and peered at some dark object which lay in my path. Although it proved on each occasion to be only a clump of jungle plants, it appeared to me at first to be some wild animal waiting to spring upon me. The fact is, I was nervous. It is useless my attempting to convince myself that I was not, and I do not see why I should try to do so, knowing perfectly well that nine out of any ten Englishmen would have felt nervous had they been in my position.

I had no musket, only a sword, with which to defend myself, and that, I concluded rightly, would not be a very satisfactory weapon, as I should be unable to use it until the tiger, cheetah, or whatever animal attacked me, came to close quarters.

As I was passing one clump of trees, Ted, who was sitting on my shoulder, uttered a frightened little cry and clung tightly to my neck. Instinct evidently told the white monkey that there was a wild animal lurking there; but why it did not attack us I cannot imagine.

At last I came within fifty yards of our hut, and felt that all danger was over. I was, however, somewhat disappointed to see that there was no light in the hut, as it proved that Menandez had not yet returned, and that I might possibly have to spend an hour or two with Ted for my only companion. Frank would no doubt have declared that he preferred Ted's company to Menandez's; but, much as I liked my little white monkey, I could not pretend that I considered his society as pleasant as that of the man who, whatever his faults, had proved a staunch friend to me.

'Now, Ted,' I exclaimed when we arrived at the foot of the hut, 'jump down. I must put up the ladder.'

The words had barely passed my lips when there was a loud, fierce growl, which I recognised, to my horror, as a tiger's. Then, looking in the direction from which the growl came, I saw, about twenty yards away, two fully-grown tigers looking straight at me.

At their feet lay the mangled body of some animal on which they had been feasting when I disturbed them. I gazed at them with a feeling of despair, assured that my last hour had come. Nevertheless, I determined to make a good fight, and placed my hand on the hilt of my sword, ready to draw it from its scabbard the moment that either of the tigers moved towards me. But, to my surprise, they appeared to be in no hurry to attack me, possibly being reluctant to quit their feast.

Suddenly, Ted, who had jumped back to my shoulder on hearing the tigers' growls, sprang on to one of the posts on which the hut stood and climbed up it. My little white monkey had shown me how to escape, and, with a thrill of delight, I gripped the post with hands and knees and climbed quickly after him. It was a good thing for me that I had been a sailor, and was accustomed to climbing, for the moment I moved, one of the tigers sprang towards me. I do not know how many jumps it made, but it finished with a spring upwards and clung to the post with its claws only a few inches from my feet. Perhaps the wisest thing I could have done would have been to continue climbing, but it is not every man who, in a moment of peril, can think of the right thing to do. I drew my sword with my left hand, and, with a backward cut, wounded the tiger on its left foreleg. It was not a very severe wound, but it made the beast furious—so furious that it attempted to spring upwards, and, to my great relief, fell to the ground. It was on its feet again in a minute, and, probably being maddened with pain, instantly sprang at the other tiger. The fight was the fiercest I have ever seen between animals, but, after I had watched it for about half a minute, I remembered that the best thing I could do would be to climb to the top of the post. Ted was already peering down at me from the platform on which the hut was built, but I quickly discovered that it would be very risky for me to attempt to do as he had done. The top of the pole was under the hut and some two feet from the edge of the platform, but I should not have hesitated about grasping the platform with my hands and pulling myself up on to it had I not feared that the planks would not bear my weight. Some of them appeared to me to be rotten at the edge, and I remembered noticing that the platform in front of the door had recently been mended. But the portion of the platform which I would have to grasp was at the side of the hut, and, as there was no necessity for any one to stand there, it had probably not been considered necessary to repair it. I determined, therefore, to remain clinging to the pole until an opportunity arrived for me to descend, place the ladder in position, and enter the hut in the proper fashion.

(*Continued on page* 194.)

NESTS.

BIRDIES, when the Spring is come,
Seek in forest-ways a home;
Every tiny feathered thing
Finds some spot to nest and sing.

Tender thoughts and fancies fair,
Flying here and flying there,
Seeking out some place of rest,
In my heart, come, make your nest.

THE COUNT AND HIS BED.

COUNT B——, an eccentric Parisian, who died not long ago, ascribed his great age to his habit of spending a whole quarter of each year in bed. During this season of retirement he would see no one but the servant who brought in his meals, and even he was forbidden to speak a word to his master. Just before the Germans laid siege to Paris in 1871, the Count had *embedded* himself for his annual three months' repose. The servant, strictly obedient to orders, said nothing of the stirring events outside. One day, however, the bread was so bad that the Count demanded an explanation. He then learned that Paris was surrounded by the enemy.

Springing out of bed, he paced to and fro. 'What,'

he exclaimed, should a B—— do in such circumstances?' He stopped suddenly. 'Of course,' he cried, 'he should *go to bed!*' and immediately suited the action to the word. To bed he went, and there he remained until the siege was at an end.

DANGER SIGNALS.

[Second Series.]

III.—BUOYS—AND OTHERS.

GAS buoys, whistling buoys, bell buoys, can buoys, cask buoys, nun buoys, and spar buoys—really there is no end to them. They bob about in all the waters of the world; they assume all manner of shapes, and almost every shape means some special duty. The best thing for us to do is to take them in the order in which we have named them.

Gas buoys are very important sea-marks indeed, and may be regarded as little floating lighthouses anchored to the sea-bed, for they proudly carry on their summits lights that flash, and lights that revolve, with nearly as much dignity as any in the most celebrated towers. The buoy itself is a large, hollow iron vessel, sometimes egg-shaped, sometimes barrel-shaped, and sometimes specially designed. From the upper portion there rises a light framework of steel supporting the lantern at the top. Beneath this, and sometimes in the body of the buoy, the apparatus for making or holding the gas is stored, small pipes leading it up into the lantern, the brightness of the flame being increased by a steady pressure of air from a chamber designed with this object. The cost of these buoys varies of course, in accordance with their powers. Thus, in 1905, the Irish authorities placed two in the Bay of Dublin for 1037*l.* 18*s.* 2*d.*, while two more were stationed at the entrance to Belfast Lough for 799*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* When such sums are spent in fitting them for their duties, it is only to be expected they should perform those duties well.

In those that show a revolving light, the steel framework also carries the mechanism which causes the lantern to slowly turn round. Once the little flame is lighted it will burn brilliantly for three months at least, though, of course, the length of time depends upon the size of the buoy.

The Great Lakes of North America are dotted with a whole army of buoys, and it is the duty of the lighthouse tenders to 'care' for them, each tender having a district to itself. Thus the gas buoys are visited at certain intervals every season, and if they threaten to go out unless they are allowed to have 'more gas,' the tender recharges them with the chemical which manufactures the gas, and leaves them for another three months. Occasionally they grow sulky, gas or no gas, and fail to show a light at all. Then the visiting tender is obliged to look into matters and remove the cause of complaint.

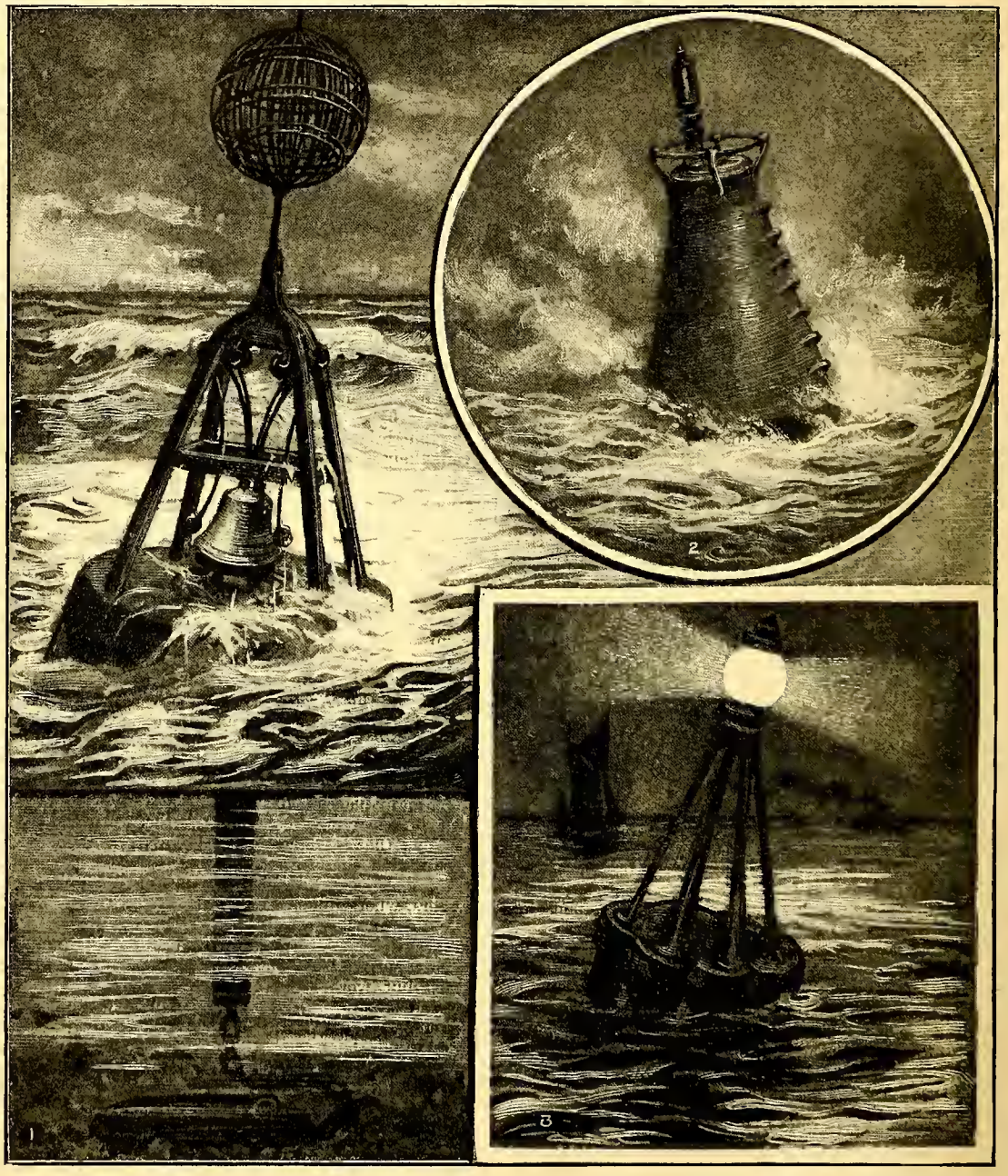
This is seldom or never the case with the whistling buoy. He always does his duty cheerfully, bobbing up and down on the rolling water, whistling day and night to warn the passing vessel not to come too near. If we examine the cause of his cheerful note, we shall find that it is due to that very rising and falling of the water in which he floats. The bulging metal form that rests upon the surface is pierced from top to bottom in the centre by a wide and open tube. A little less than half-way up this is a valve, or thin round disc (like a large penny), which completely fills it. From the upper side of this disc there rises a long slender pipe, passing out above the top of the large tube just mentioned. At the summit of the pipe is the whistle. Now, without going into confusing detail, it is easy to understand that when a wave rolls by, the water rises considerably in the central tube and compresses the air against the round disc already described. In the effort to escape, the imprisoned air rushes up the small pipe and sounds the whistle at the top. There are other and more complicated whistling buoys, but this is a common and serviceable kind. You will imagine the amount of noise that some of the modern ones can make, when you are told that the whistles alone are nearly as large as the street pillar-boxes in which we post our letters.

We have said that they may be relied upon for performing their task, but there is one weakness they share with all floating sea-marks. They will now and then go off on a holiday without giving notice. Then the tenders have to sail in search of the truants, and, if possible, bring them back with stronger chains to prevent their escaping again. For what is the use of a whistling buoy piping cheerfully away in mid-Atlantic where no danger is, when he ought to be giving warnings in quite another place?

Some ten years ago, a bell-buoy from Noonday Rock, a very tempestuous spot on the Californian coast, escaped in this way, and no one knew anything about it till an in-coming ship reported having seen it floating northwards, forty-five miles from the coast. Away went the tender in pursuit, but the search was in vain, and a few days later news was received that it had been heard and seen a hundred miles further north, still on its way to the Arctic ocean. It was never heard of again. Who knows? It may have come to anchor on some frozen shore at last, where its warning bell is the only sound that breaks the silence, and none to listen but a few wondering Polar bears.

In many places it has been found advisable to establish buoys which combine all the duties of a light station; that is, show a light, blow a whistle, or ring a bell; and these are very serviceable where shipping traffic is busy and fogs are not uncommon. In Canadian waters, where during the winter navigation is entirely stopped by ice, all the buoys have to be collected before the great frosts set in, and stored high and dry till the spring. This leads to an enormous amount of work, but, were it not done, there would be the still greater labour and cost of replacing lost buoys. Of course, a very large number are what we call 'dumb' and 'blind' buoys: that is, buoys that merely act the part of floating beacons, and show no light and make no sound. They are of many kinds, including can buoys, cask buoys, nun buoys, and spar buoys. The first of these is shaped somewhat like a common slender-pattern whip-top, and generally marks the sailing-channel, so that the moment a captain sees it he knows on which side of it he ought to steer. The nun buoy tapers at both ends, and represents the spot at which a ship has sunk; and the spar buoy is a long narrow shaft having the appearance of a coloured mast sticking above the water. The colouring and design, however, of all these buoys undergo changes from time to time, though notice of such change is, of course, widely spread through the shipping world.

The usefulness of floating lights and sea-marks has



1. A Bell Buoy (showing anchorage at bottom). 2. A Combined Gas and Whistling Buoy.
3. A Lamp or Gas-lighted Buoy.

led to bold inventions, but among the boldest were the floating lighthouses. Some years ago designs of these were exhibited, representing tall steel lattice-work towers, erected on vast hollow floats constructed in the shape of a star. 'You see,' it was suggested, 'the inlets between the star-rays would be such useful places for ships to shelter in during stormy weather.' Then again, such lighthouses, requiring no foundations, could be placed anywhere on the oceans, forming even a line of lamps cabled together at as frequent intervals as suitable across the widest sea.

But the floating lighthouse for deep water has not y competed with the anchored, lighted buoy, becau perhaps, it is so far 'too much of a good thing.'

"The comical sight of a boy with his head in a saucepan."

THE SAUCEPAN HELMET.

A True Story.

'LOOK at my helmet!' said Billy to his particular chum, Tommy. 'It's a real helmet. Now we can play soldiers!'

'I haven't got a helmet, if you have,' said Tommy enviously; 'and you can't be a soldier without a helmet or a busby.'

'Yes, you can!' retorted Billy; 'you can pretend you lost it in battle. I have seen pictures of soldiers fighting bareheaded, and they looked so brave!—ever

so much braver than the others' he added eagerly, trying to induce Tommy to play the part.

'I shan't play without a helmet,' said Tommy gloomily.

Billy felt desperate. He must think of something: he could not be disappointed of his game!

'I have thought of a thing!' he cried after a minute's pause, 'Something which will make you a splendid helmet! Get a saucepan, and wear that on your head! It will look just like a real helmet in front, and the handle will be at the back where it will not show one little bit.'

'I might do that!' said Tommy, brightening. 'We have a good saucepan, and mother is out, and won't be back before twelve; we shall have done with it before then.'

'Of course!' said Billy confidently. 'Go in and fetch the saucepan, and then we can begin our game.'

So Tommy fetched the saucepan: it fitted nicely on his head, and he felt almost as grand as Billy. The two boys played happily together all the morning.

At last the big factory bell startled Tommy, and he stopped chasing Billy. 'It's twelve o'clock! There goes the bell. I must run home. Mother may be back any minute, and she will want the saucepan for the potatoes.' As he spoke he was busily tugging at the saucepan, but it stuck to his head and refused to come off. 'Help me, Billy,' he said at last, somewhat nervously. 'I can't get this saucepan off!'

'Come here, I will manage it,' said Billy in his lordly way; 'helmets do get battered in war!' But though Billy did his best and tugged and pulled with all his might, the saucepan still remained firmly wedged on Tommy's head.

'I *must* get it off!' said Tommy. 'Mother will be so angry—she will want the saucepan, and besides, I can't always go about with a saucepan on my head,' Tommy broke down here, and howled aloud.

'Don't cry—let's run home; we shall find something in the kitchen to get it off with,' said Billy somewhat vaguely, and he led the still sobbing Tommy home. His mother had just returned, and seeing the boys she said sharply—for she was hot and tired—'Now then, what's all this crying about?' Then, seeing Tommy's 'helment' she said angrily, 'Take that saucepan off your head, you naughty boy! How dared you put it on!'

'I can't get it off!' sobbed Tommy. 'It won't move! I have tried, and so has Billy, but it's no use. I shall have to live with a saucepan on my head! Oh! oh! oh!' and poor Tommy's howls were louder than ever.

'Not come off! Nonsense!' cried Mrs. White. 'Stop that noise, Tommy: I will get it off, I promise you, and if ever you do such a thing again——'

'I never, never will!' broke in Tommy, 'if only you will get it off, Mother.'

Mrs. White did her very best, and nearly dragged Tommy's head off his shoulders, in her endeavour to get off the saucepan; but it would not move. At last she bethought herself of calling in the policeman, but even his strength was of no avail. That saucepan had come to stay!

'Take the child to the hospital,' at last said the man in blue, with great good sense; 'the doctors there will know what to do; they manage stiffer jobs than that every day.'

'I suppose I must!' said Mrs. White, now quite in despair, 'but I shall have to go by 'bus; I'm not going to walk half a mile down the high road with a child with a saucepan on his head!'

So with Tommy still sobbing loudly Mrs. White got into the omnibus which was to land them at the hospital. Of course none of the passengers could help laughing at the comical sight of a boy with his head in a saucepan, and as for the conductor he was so overcome with the joke that he could hardly punch the tickets!

But it was no joke to poor Tommy, whatever it might be to others: and he cried so bitterly that at last a lady took pity on the poor little fellow. 'Don't cry! Don't cry!' she said gently; 'the doctor will soon get the saucepan off your head, and here is sixpence for you.'

Sixpence! Tommy's sobs ceased as if by magic! He had never possessed a sixpence in his whole life, and he eagerly turned himself round to take the proffered coin—forgetting the saucepan-handle which stuck out behind, and which the next minute went crashing through the omnibus window!

'Was there ever such a tiresome child!' said the sorely tried mother, giving her son a shaking; and now the conductor looked in, and said grimly, 'I shall have to charge two shillings for this damage.'

'I haven't got it—and that's true!' said the unfortunate woman. 'I shall have to go to gaol, for pay I can't.'

At the word 'gaol' Tommy's sobs became louder than ever, till once more the lady came to the rescue.

'There! there!' she said somewhat impatiently to Mrs. White, whose tears were now flowing. 'There is no question of gaol. It was an accident, and as I was partly the cause of it, I will pay the damage.'

So that matter was happily settled, and now the 'bus stopped at the hospital gates, and to make a long story short, in five minutes' time Tommy and his mother were on their way home with the saucepan—not on Tommy's head, but firmly carried in his mother's hand.

Never again, under any circumstances, will Tommy attempt to wear a Saucepan Helmet.

MUSICAL TREES.

POETS have often told us of music in the trees, and recent travellers inform us that in Barbadoes the musical—or, at any rate, the whistling—tree is a thing of literal fact. This tree has a peculiarly-shaped leaf, and pods with a split edge. The wind, passing through the seeds in the pods, sends forth the sounds which give the tree its name.

There is in Barbadoes a valley filled with these trees, and when the trade winds blow across the island, the continued moaning, deep-toned whistle which proceeds from them has, especially in the night, a very weird effect.

A species of acacia which grows abundantly in the Soudan is also called 'the whistling tree' by the inhabitants of that region. Its hollow shoot-sheaths produce as loud a sound as can be got out of a sweet-toned flute.

HOW LUMP-SUGAR IS MADE WHITE.

IT is said that the means of making sugar perfectly white was discovered in a very curious way. A hen which had been through a clay-mud puddle, went with her muddy feet into a sugar-house and left her tracks on a pile of sugar. Some one observed that wherever the tracks were, the sugar was whitened. Some experiments were made, with the result that wet

for his age. But it is not always the tallest people who are best able to reach the laurels of fame. They must be industrious and talented as well, and John Everett Millais was not lacking in either of these qualities. When the day came for the presentation of the medal, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex arrived at the rooms of the Society of Arts to give it away. He sat in a stately chair behind a large table, while the Secretary of the Society led out the prize-winners one by one. When Millais's name was called, a little boy, dressed in a white tunic, with a black belt round his waist and short trousers and socks, trotted timidly up to the table and waited. The Duke of Sussex, who had failed to notice him, waited also, wondering why no answer was made to the Secretary's summons. At last he ventured to remark, 'Is not the young gentleman a long time coming?'

'He has already come, and awaits your Royal Highness's pleasure,' replied the Secretary.

The Duke leaned forward over the table to discover, with some amazement, the tiny artist standing on the other side of it. He then handed the boy his own footstool to bring him on to a more dignified level, and presented the prize with words 'suited to the occasion.'

Such a beginning would lead one to guess that a boy like this must soon rise into greater reputation, with no other footstool than his own good will, and the Life of Sir John Everett Millais, in which the above is related, tells many incidents of the great artist's rapid progress in his boyhood.

WATER FROM TREES.

THERE are in Queensland several kinds of trees (including three species of Eucalyptus and the Kurrajong) from which water can be obtained. The greatest quantity is yielded by the Eucalyptus, which is a variety of Blue Gum. Growing chiefly on sandy or light loamy soil, it throws out numerous roots horizontally from the surface of the ground. When the natives wish to ascertain the position of these roots they drive a spear or pointed stick repeatedly into the ground, at a distance of about six or eight feet from the trunk. The soil is then removed for twenty feet (or more), and the root, having been cut off at either end, is chopped into lengths of about eighteen inches. The bark is taken off, and the lengths are stood on end in a receptacle to contain the water. Before the removal of the bark, the roots chosen are about as thick as a man's wrist.

MAIMU.

'GO, Maimu, I'm tired of you! Go!' Cyril threw a stone; the little black-faced monkey cried out sharply, swung himself into a tree, and rocked to and fro, nursing his hurt foot.

Cyril then fed the swans, but he could not feel happy, for he knew he had been unkind.

'I'm going to wait outside, Mother,' he called out, and ran quickly past the band-stand. Threading his way through the crowd he soon reached the park gates. Some camels were passing; behind was an Arab woman, riding a donkey tattooed black and white. Cyril crossed the road to look after them, for he had been in Egypt a few months only, and there was much he had not yet seen. Finding himself by the canal-banks he stopped to watch the dark grey buffaloes bathing in the water. As he was turning away, he saw a long scarf on the ground.

'It must belong to the Arab woman,' he cried. 'I will run after her and give it to her.' He went as fast as he could, but the donkey was trotting briskly, and was soon out of sight. A large flat-bottomed boat came towards him. A tall Arab, in a loose white robe, was guiding with a long pole, while his son stood at the other end. When opposite Cyril the boy put out his hand and asked for 'backsheesh.' Cyril tossed a pebble, which the boy caught cleverly, laughed when he saw it was not a coin, and threw it back. Both enjoyed the game, and kept it up for a long time. The boat came very close to the bank, and the pebble was tossed from one to the other by little jerks of the hand. All at once Cyril felt himself being seized and lifted into the boat.

'I don't want a trip; I must get home,' he cried.

For answer the boatman pushed into mid-water. Cyril was a good swimmer. Certain that the Arab meant to steal him, he made up his mind to dash for freedom. He sprang overboard, but was at once dragged back, had a cloth forced into his mouth, and cords bound tightly round his wrists and ankles.

It grew very dark; his bonds hurt him; he felt very helpless, and feared he would never see home again.

At last the boat stopped, and he was lifted out and dragged past some palm-trees into a dirty tent. A camel was resting near the opening. An Arab woman just outside was cooking over a fire. The grain was soon crisp and brown. The cord round Cyril's hands was loosened, and he was very glad to be given some of the pods to eat. In a few minutes, however, he was again bound. In pain and fear he tossed in the darkness, while the others slept.

A warm touch on his face startled him. Had the Arab come to kill him? . . . Something moved near his wrist, and he fancied he heard a faint grinding sound. Then he found his hands were free, and that some one was working at the other cord. Could it be a friend?

Very carefully he passed his hand down, expecting to find it was the little Arab boy. But no! . . . Something warm and furry was there. Before he could think what it might be the second cord was loose. Scarcely daring to breathe, he crawled past the Arabs, and lifted the flap of the tent-door just enough to let himself through.

The light was very faint, but Cyril was glad indeed to see it. There was no sound but the waving of the palm-branches overhead. 'I am free,' he thought, and started to run, when, at that moment, his leg was caught from behind. In terror, he turned round. Then he forgot all else while he hugged Maimu closely, crying out: 'Maimu, Maimu; you have come after me and saved me, and I was so cruel to you. What a brick you are!'

But Maimu scrambled out of his arms, tugged at him to go on, and Cyril, remembering his danger, ran quickly.

Once he glanced back, caught a glimpse of a tall figure, and rushed on wildly. A stone hit his leg. He rolled and fell into a hole. Covering himself with the sand, he lay there until he felt he could scarcely breathe.

He was terribly afraid that the Arab was standing above; but, in spite of this, he shook the sand off his face, opened his eyes, and looked around. No one was there. He drew himself up and peeped.

"He was at once dragged back."

The Arab had knotted a rope round the trunk of a date-palm a little way off, and was climbing up. At first Cyril was puzzled; then he understood. The black object above the dark clusters was Maimu, but the Arab thought it was he.

Cyril seized his chance when the man's back was turned and crept out of the hole. He raced along, at times almost choking with fear that he was going the wrong way, and would find himself back at the tent. The palm-trees seemed endless. Utterly spent,

he at last caught the flash of carriage lamps, staggered forward into the road, fell down, and knew no more.

* * * * *

Two months later Cyril sailed for England, taking with him his beloved Maimu, whom he had bought for his very own. Sheila C. Dalgleish.

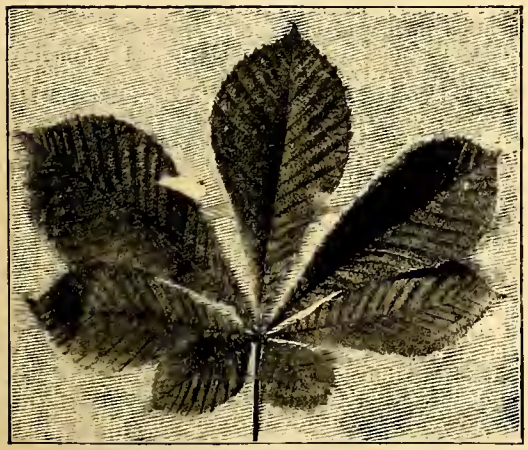
SOME ENGLISH TREES.

V.—THE HORSE CHESTNUT.

THIS aristocrat of the tree family, as it has been called, was not, so to speak, born in England. It is a foreigner, and although naturalised, and indeed very much at home in Great Britain, comes from Asia, whence the first specimens are said to have been brought from the Levant in 1550. Parks, gardens, avenues, streets in pleasure places, and indeed every place where beauty of form and colour are most desired are the homes of this lovely flowering tree.

May is its time for blossoming, and a huge horse chestnut tree in full flower is one of the wonders of the world of Nature. Bushey Park, near Hampton Court, shows one of the finest avenues in the world of these glorious trees, and adds much to the happiness of Londoners who throng its leafy shades in May and early June.

The flower-stalks are very large, and being usually seen in masses high on the tree are often not appreciated for their individual beauty. The mass of pinky-white blooms contained by every spray and the daintiness of each deserves and repays careful



Horse Chestnut Leaf.

examination, with its setting of rich dark leaves, each consisting of seven leaflets, the whole spray sometimes measuring as much as two feet across.

The seed-vessels are well known by every child, with their glossy coats of mahogany brown, and may be almost said to be the most universal playthings existing. What boy has not at some time derived enjoyment from slinging these handy toys of Nature, and shouting with glee the old doggerel, 'Obly, obly onker, my nuts conquer!'

Other creatures besides boys have even more practical associations with the horse chestnut trees. Cockchafers or May beetles haunt them by thousands, finding unlimited provisions, and the timid deer love to shelter beneath their spreading boughs, seeking for chestnuts and fallen leaves, to both of which they are very partial.

Beauty is a necessity of life to the horse chestnut tree, as on it its very existence depends. It is only an ornamental tree. As timber it is practically use-

A Horse Chestnut.

less, and its only available product is charcoal for gunpowder, and that not of the best.

There is a magnificent avenue of very old horse chestnuts in the Schloss Park of the Dukes of Nassau at Biebrich on the Rhine, near Wiesbaden. The enormous size and great age of the trees make it quite a show-place, and certain trees are known by special designations, for instance, the 'Lyre-tree,' called thus from the curious fashion in which the branches take the form of that musical instrument.

One marked peculiarity of chestnuts is the lack of twigs and smaller shoots, which in other species form quite a lacework among the branches.

Helena Heath.

SMALL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE glow-worm's is a tiny gleam,
The smallest light of any beam;
Yet to the world's great store of light
It shows its little lamp at night,
And contributes its tiny mite.

The daisy is a simple bloom,
Smallest of flowers, with no perfume;
Yet to the beauteous store of Spring
Its little offering it doth bring,
And blossoms fair, a lovely thing.

The world has a great store of good—
The hero's deeds, the patriot's blood;
Yet if with kind and loving will,
Daily my small part I fulfil,
In good it will be richer still. Frank Ellis.

DAISY'S LESSON.

'HAS any one explained to Katherine about the French marks?' asked Maud Ellis, the head girl of St. Margaret's, as she joined a group gathered at the far end of the school hall.

'Surely she won't be in our class?' exclaimed Gladys Parker, glancing at the shy little new girl, who certainly could not have been more than twelve years old and looked even less.

'Yes, she will; Mademoiselle told me,' answered Maud, lowering her voice. 'She examined her this morning and says she is awfully well on—she has had a French nurse or something.'

'But she's only a baby. Would you tell her the dodge about the marks?' asked Daisy Marshall, a tall girl of sixteen with a long plait of fair hair.

'Tell her? Of course! Why not?' said Maud decidedly. 'Come here, Katherine. We are going into school directly for French, and you have been put into the first class. We always do dictation on Tuesdays, and there is a special dodge about the marks which you must learn. When the dictation is finished, Mademoiselle reads it through, spelling all the hard words, and we have to correct the mistakes ourselves. We don't do our own, but pass the books down one place to the left. You will sit next to Daisy Marshall, I expect, so you will have to correct hers.'

'Oh, dear! I hope I shall do it right!' said the little girl, nervously.

'That's just what you must not do,' laughed Maud. 'I haven't told you the dodge yet. That is only the rule. The dodge is that we all agree not to put down more than three or four mistakes (of course, none at all would be too suspicious). Mademoiselle never looks at the books herself, and so every one gets pretty good marks, and no one has mistakes returned to write out, which is simply horrid.'

'But—but are we allowed to do that?' asked Katherine.

'"Allowed," you little silly! Of course not! But it's never found out.'

'But isn't it cheating?'

'Cheating! Nonsense! It's just a plan to save everybody trouble.'

'I think I would rather not do it, please,' said little Katherine.

'But you must!' scolded Maud. 'If you don't, Daisy's dictation will seem to be a lot worse than ours, which won't be fair, and you will be a horrid, mean, little prig!'

Katherine's gray eyes filled with tears. 'I'm not a—a—prig,' she said chokily. 'But I think it isn't telling the—truth.'

'I don't care what you think,' said Maud, angrily. 'You have got to do as you're told, and if you don't——'

'Oh, let her alone, Maud,' said Daisy Marshall. 'I will explain to her. Come out into the garden, Katherine, and don't cry.'

Katherine obediently dried her tears and followed the elder girl through the long French window.

It seemed so dreadful to have to refuse to do anything for Daisy—Daisy who had been so kind to her last night when she was so lonely and homesick! But Katherine was a very truthful child, and she made up her mind bravely that however Maud might threaten or Daisy coax her, she would never be guilty of the deceitful trick which they had just described.

'Un point—c'est la fin.' ('Full-stop, that is the end.')

Mademoiselle closed the book from which she had been dictating, and changed from French to what the girls called 'Frenchy-English.'

'I go to read the dictation in spelling the words. Pass each her book to left and correct the faults. For each fault of spelling you will take off one mark, for each forgotten accent you will take off a half-mark.'

The girls changed books as they were told, and all appeared to be busily employed in correcting the mistakes and adding up the marks. Little Katherine watched them and blushed as she thought of the deceit that was going on. Then each girl took back her book and gave in her marks. Maud Ellis began with twenty—the highest possible.

'Bon!' said Mademoiselle. 'Next?'

Of the first eight or nine girls not one had less than sixteen—even Ida Matthews, who was so stupid as a rule.

'Bon!' said Mademoiselle again, when she read out her imaginary marks. 'Ida, you do better your dictation than your other lessons.'

A smile went round the class, and Katherine's cheeks felt hotter.

'Next?' said Mademoiselle. 'Daisy Marshall?'

'Three,' answered Daisy in a low voice.

A gasp from the class and a French exclamation of astonishment from Mademoiselle.

'Daisy! only three? What is it that you have done?'

'I have made seventeen mistakes,' said Daisy.

'But you have taken no pains at all! This dictation is, if it is possible, less difficult than the one for which you have had good marks last week. Bring me here your book!'

Daisy carried her book to Mademoiselle's desk amid dead silence.

'It is certainly disgraceful. You, Daisy, you are one of the girls the most advanced in the class, and you have done by much the worst dictation. Even Ida has sixteen marks, so it cannot be difficult. It is necessary that you stay here till you have written out each mistake twenty times. The rest can go!'

Daisy returned to her seat with scarlet cheeks.

The other girls filed out of the class-room, several casting sympathetic glances towards the culprit, while all looked at Katherine with mingled anger and dislike.

'Well!' said Maud, banging the door. 'Now what is to be done with this miserable child? How shall we punish her?'

'I haven't done anything, truly,' said Katherine, turning white. 'I did nothing, I——'

'Oh you may call it nothing to get poor Daisy into

disgrace and have her kept in half the afternoon, just in order to make yourself out better than we are! Daisy of all people,' continued Maud, turning to the other girls and the dozen juniors who had joined them—'Daisy who had been so kind to her and helped her with her prep. and put her up to everything!'

'Ungrateful little wretch!' said Dorothy.

'Mean little sneak!' said Sylvia.

'Odious little prig!' said Gladys.

'I didn't, truly——' began Katherine with trembling lips.

'Hold your tongue!' said Maud. 'Well, what shall we do with her?'

'Send her to Coventry,' suggested some one.

'Yes! yes! we will!' said several voices.

'Very well, she deserves it. Listen, everybody!' cried Maud. 'Katherine Lovell is in Coventry, and no one is to speak to her, or play with her, or take any notice of her till we give leave.'

'I haven't done a mean thing!' cried Katherine passionately. 'It wouldn't have been mean if I had done it, but I haven't—I didn't——' And then she burst into tears.

'Leave her alone,' said Maud coldly. 'Come out and play tennis, Sylvia. Will you come, Gladys?'

Gradually every one drifted away, and Katherine was left sobbing bitterly in the deserted hall.

The miserable afternoon wore away in time, and at last a bell called the girls in to tea in the big dining-room. Katherine followed the others timidly. Maud, who poured out, handed her a cup, as in duty bound, but no one spoke to her or passed her one of the plates laden with thick pieces of bread and butter or treacle, and she was far too frightened to help herself.

At last the door opened, and Daisy Marshall came in, looking rather pale and tired. She was greeted by a chorus of sympathetic voices.

'Oh, here you are, you poor thing!'

'How fagged you look!'

'Come along, we have kept you the treacliest pieces.'

Daisy sat down and was just helping herself to bread and treacle when Katherine's woebegone little face and empty plate caught her eye.

'Why, Katherine dear! what's the matter?'

'Oh, don't speak to her, Daisy,' said Maud, while Katherine's tears overflowed afresh at the kind words. 'She's in Coventry.'

'In Coventry on her first day? Whatever for?' asked Daisy.

'Why, for what she did to you, of course—putting down all your mistakes, the horrid little mean——'

'Don't, Maud! Katherine is not horrid, and she's the only girl in the whole class who isn't mean!'

A sort of gasp went round the table and every one looked at Daisy as if they did not recognise her in her present mood.

'We have all been mean—horribly mean,' Daisy went on with burning cheeks. 'We have all cheated and told untruths about those marks for months and months, and Katherine is the first girl who has had the pluck to refuse to do it.'

'Oh, well, Daisy,' grumbled Maud, 'you have always done it yourself, you know.'

'I know I have,' said Daisy firmly. 'But I never will again. And as for this afternoon, I may tell you that Katherine did not correct my dictation. She had made up her mind to do it fairly, but she was so nervous of doing it wrong and counting too many mistakes that I went to Mademoiselle just before the class and got her to let her off, as it is her first day. So you see you have been bullying her for something she didn't even do.'

A short pause followed Daisy's speech. She was the most popular girl in the school, and her words had a good deal of effect on the others, most of whom looked very ashamed of themselves.

At last Maud said, 'Who was it who did correct your dictation then, Daisy, and was so desperately honest that you only got three marks?'

'I corrected it myself,' said Daisy.

Dora Percy Smith.

THREE FAITHFUL SERVANTS.

HERE are three stories of Trusty Servants, stories taken from lands and ages wide apart, but all with the same keynote, the test of the highest service—'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.'

For the first, we must go back into the dim, far-away days of the conversion of Ireland. Patrick, the Christian British lad, had been carried off by Irish pirates and served six weary years of slavery among the glens of Antrim. But when he had made his escape, at last, and returned to home and friends, the piteous cry of his heathen captors sounded for ever in his ears, summoning him back to repay good for evil by bringing the truth to the land of Erin. It is fascinating work, indeed, to search among the wild and fanciful stories which have grown up around his name, for the facts on which the legends are founded, and to learn to know the fearless, loving teacher, who journeyed to and fro, preaching, persuading, daring the wrath of kings, overcoming the jealousy of the heathen, winning the hearts of children and simple souls; and of how he was beloved by his own followers, this story gives us proof.

In heathen Ireland, as in Britain, the worship seems to have centred round certain sacred stones, which were regarded with superstitious reverence. Patrick, wishing to strike a decided blow at the false faith, had destroyed one of these monuments, showing that the heathen god was powerless to avenge the insult. A neighbouring chieftain vowed to punish the rash stranger, and waited, biding his time until chance should bring Patrick within his reach.

The fearless missionary concerned himself very little with his personal danger, but Oran, his servant and charioteer, kept careful watch over the valuable life. One day their way lay past the home of the angry chief, and Oran, knowing that the enemy would surely be informed of their movements, felt certain that he would be in ambush near the road by which they must pass. With loving stratagem, he feigned illness or weariness, and begged that his master would take for a little while the place of driver. Patrick readily agreed, and gave up to Oran the seat of honour—never, surely, so honourable as now when it had become also the 'Seat Perilous.' Nor was the faithful servant mistaken. As the chariot passed by the dwelling of the chief, a spear, flung by an unerring hand, flashed through the air and pierced the heart of the man who sat behind. Oran had perfected his loving self-sacrifice and saved his master for fresh work and triumph in the cause of truth.

(Continued on page 202.)

"Oran had saved his master."

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"The horses made their last desperate effort."

THREE FAITHFUL SERVANTS.

(Continued from page 199.)

OUR next story takes us on through many centuries and into far different surroundings. Instead of the green hills and valleys of Ireland, we are in the solemn depths of a Russian forest in the dusk of a mid-winter afternoon. A nobleman and his family were returning home, hurrying in their travelling carriage as swiftly as might be along the snowy tracks, in the hope of accomplishing the last stage of their journey before nightfall. The postillions urged the four horses on with voice and whip, while the travellers, wrapped closely in their furs, strained their eyes into the growing darkness for the lights which would mark the end of the long, cold drive. Then, upon the great silence of the forest, came that awful sound, the terror of a Russian winter, the long howl of the wolf. Nearer it came and louder, and the travellers knew but too well what it meant—that the beasts were hunting in pack, following their prey in terrible earnest, and that a race for life and death was before them. The Baron in the carriage and his servant on the box in front waited, steady and resolute, with loaded pistols, the right moment to fire, and, as the leaders of the pack came within shot, first one and then another of the fierce beasts rolled over on the snow.

There was a moment's check, while the horses were urged to their fullest speed, and master and man reloaded. Then the wolves came on again, gaining fast upon the heavily-moving carriage. The order was given to cut one of the horses loose; even at the risk of making slower pace, one of the poor beasts must be sacrificed to save the human lives. A few minutes were gained while the wolves turned aside to pursue and seize the fresh prey, but the delay was all too short before they once more followed the carriage. A second horse was cut loose and pulled down by the maddened beasts, and the remaining two, half mad themselves with fear, plunged and laboured forward through the snow. And now, in the distance, gleamed the lights that meant shelter and safety; but the agonised fugitives realised that it was beyond their power to reach them. Every moment their pursuers were drawing closer; they might shoot down the leaders, but the whole pack would be upon them directly; at any moment the wolves might spring upon the horses and the end would come—a horrible death within sight of help.

Then the faithful servant's resolution was taken. 'I will get down and stop them for a few minutes,' he said, 'a few minutes should make all safe. Do you fire, sir, when I do; I will climb a tree if I can.'

For the sake of wife and children the Baron could not gainsay him. There was no time for thanks or farewells, only a 'God bless you,' and then the crack of the pistols as the heroic servant jumped from the box seat of the carriage. In the moment's respite, the horses made their last desperate effort, the travellers were clear of the forest, dashing on into the welcoming rays of the friendly lights, hardly able to realise that the danger was over. Behind them three pistol shots had sounded; they listened for a fourth, but it never came. The trusty servant's devotion had not been in vain, and surely, as for Mr. Valiant in the Pilgrim's Progress, 'all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.'

(Concluded on page 219.)

A CLEVER STRATAGEM.

THE church of St. Nicholas, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, is renowned for its beautiful spire. So elegant is the structure that even Sir Christopher Wren, who seldom was at a loss for patterns, was glad to copy it. For many centuries it has looked down on the smoky city, an object of pride and admiration to the town-folk: but once upon a time they came very near to losing it. The Civil War was raging, and an army from Scotland laid siege to Newcastle. The town, however, refused to deliver up the keys, and the gates were too well guarded to be attacked with success. A plan was therefore devised for bringing the people of Newcastle to their knees. An officer with a flag of truce carried a message to the mayor, informing him that if he did not surrender at once, the spire of St. Nicholas' should be destroyed by cannon-balls.

But the mayor did not surrender. Instead, he collected all the Scotch prisoners of war in Newcastle, and ordered that they be confined in the belfry of the church immediately under the spire. Then he sent a message to the enemy telling them exactly what he had done, and inviting them to cannonade the spire—if they liked.

The ruse was wholly successful, and the church was left untouched.

A RIDE IN FRONT OF AN ENGINE.

IT must be a thrilling experience to ride on the buffer-beam in front of a flying express. Such rides have to be taken sometimes for various purposes, the principal one being to test the varying pressure of the steam in the cylinders of the locomotive, which are placed under the front of the boiler, one on each side. The pressure is automatically registered by means of the steam-indicator, which was originally invented by James Watt, though it has been greatly improved since his days. It may be briefly described as a tiny brass cylinder and piston, which, being connected with one of the working cylinders of the locomotive, and receiving its steam from it, copies the movements of the piston in the larger cylinder. A pencil attached to the piston of the indicator traces a rising and falling line on a sheet of paper rolled on a little revolving drum.

I have an account of a ride which was made from London to Yarmouth and back for this purpose some years ago. A platform was laid over the buffer-beam, which is the flat front of the engine-frame from which the buffers project. A stout iron railing was placed round the platform, the ends of the rails being attached to the smoke-box, which lies immediately below the chimney. Seats were arranged so that an operator might sit on each side with his back to the wind. Each operator attended to one indicator, attached to the cylinder of the locomotive on his own side, every engine having at least two cylinders. An attendant occupied the middle of the platform, and made a note of the time at which each quarter-mile post was passed, and of other particulars.

The engine was an express, and some parts of the journey were made at a great speed. The main driving-wheels were seven feet across; they had only to turn two hundred and forty times, and the engine had travelled a mile. It was quite possible to count by means of the indicator the number of revolutions which the wheel made in the course of a minute, and

these were found to number occasionally as many as two hundred and fifty, or even more. The highest record was two hundred and sixty in the minute, which represented a speed of sixty-five miles per hour. Notwithstanding this rapid motion, the engineers experienced no great discomfort and felt no danger. The wind, however, at this high speed blew with the force of a hurricane, and proved both trying and wearisome. The journey was made in pleasant weather, and, indeed, it would scarcely be possible or safe to make such experiments in the teeth of a hurricane if it were charged with rain, sleet, or snow.

W. A. Atkinson.

ANIMAL GEOGRAPHY.

V.—THE ANIMAL LIFE OF AFRICA.

THE world, they tell us, is growing smaller and smaller every year, and so in a sense it is, for messages which would have taken weeks to travel in the form of a letter, can now be flashed through space over thousands of miles in a few minutes. And similarly, railways and giant liners now travel in a few days a distance it would have taken our forefathers weeks to accomplish. Yet for all this those whose means are limited find even this England of ours a big place.

If ever the means were within my reach, the first foreign country I should visit would be Africa. To me this vast and wonderful continent, with its strange peoples, strange beasts and birds and fishes, and its no less remarkable vegetation, has always had a marvellous fascination. Of all lands to me it is the most wonderful.

Of the various black races of mankind which form its native population we cannot speak here, for these would require a chapter for themselves, to say the least. And we can only give but a brief outline of the lower orders of creation, for they are so abundant in kind and variety.

Strange as it may seem, yet in a sense it is true, that the bulk of the animals which now live in Africa are foreign to the soil: they do not belong there! I am speaking, of course, about lions and elephants and so forth, which most of us have come to regard as peculiarly African. Yet as a matter of fact they are strangers from more northern realms, as we shall explain, which have migrated to Africa in the remote past.

The real natives of Africa, among the legions of creatures now living there, are of a much more lowly and ancient type, and most of them have long since become extinct. Of these last we must here say nothing, or we shall have no space to speak of their living representatives, and of the wonderful creatures which have supplanted them, as we, in our turn, are supplanting the black races of men.

In the first place, then, Africa, as we have already seen, was once linked with South America by a common land area dividing the North from the South Atlantic, West Africa joining hands with Brazil. And this we know because the most ancient types of animals now living in Africa have much in common with the more ancient types now living in South America. So that these animals roamed over a common area: there was thus, in those days, no Africa and no South America, for the two continents had not then come into being separately: this they did when, by sinking of the intermediate land, the North and South Atlantic came together and formed one great ocean.

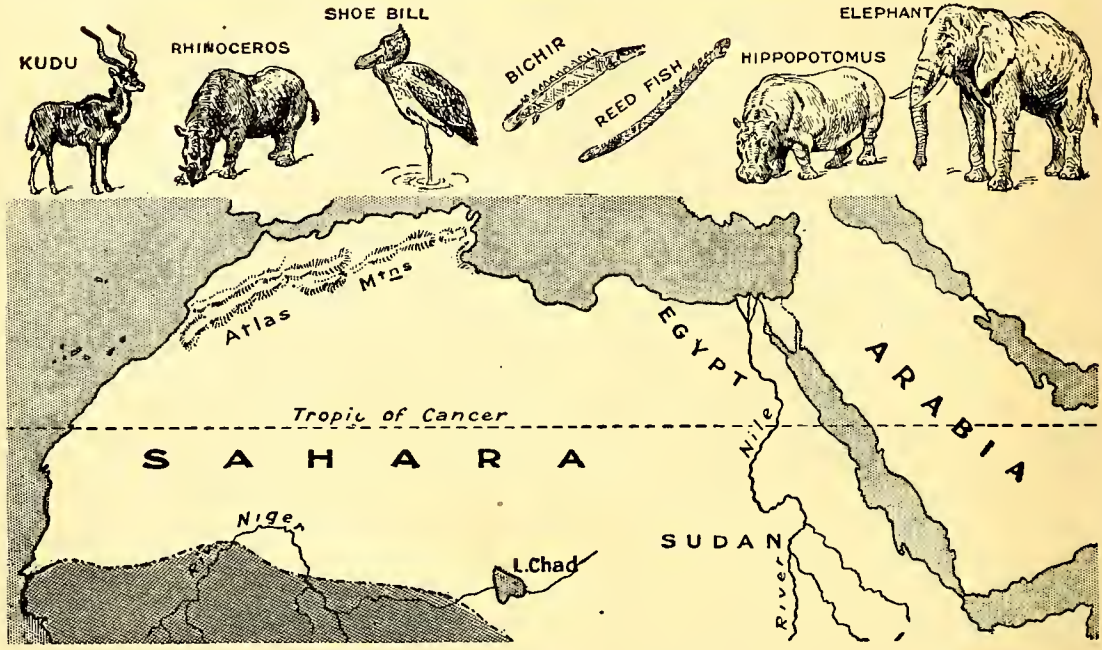
Now for some facts in support of this. In Africa, to-day, there are to be found some strange creatures known as ant-bears, pangolins, and golden moles. These all, when examined anatomically, prove to bear a close likeness to South American animals. The two first-named are distant cousins of the ant-eaters and armadilloes; the last, of certain small insect-eating animals found in the West Indies—part of the old bridge between Africa and South America—and in a fossil state in the Argentine. What these animals were like, and others of the same kind, must be gleaned from our illustrations, for we have so much else to say concerning the more active, more intelligent (because larger brained) creatures which gradually replaced them, for it must be remembered that brains, not brute-force, among the humbler types of animals, no less than with men, have in the end prevailed.

These new races, the ancestors of the present-day 'fauna' of Africa, came from India and Persia and Arabia on the East, and Southern Europe on the North; and while the descendants of these early settlers are still thriving to-day, others gave rise to new types which are peculiar to Africa. The zebras, or striped horses, are among these new types, being met with nowhere outside Africa. They are a branch of the great horse family, which is still to be met with wild in India and Central Asia, and was in earlier times found in Europe.

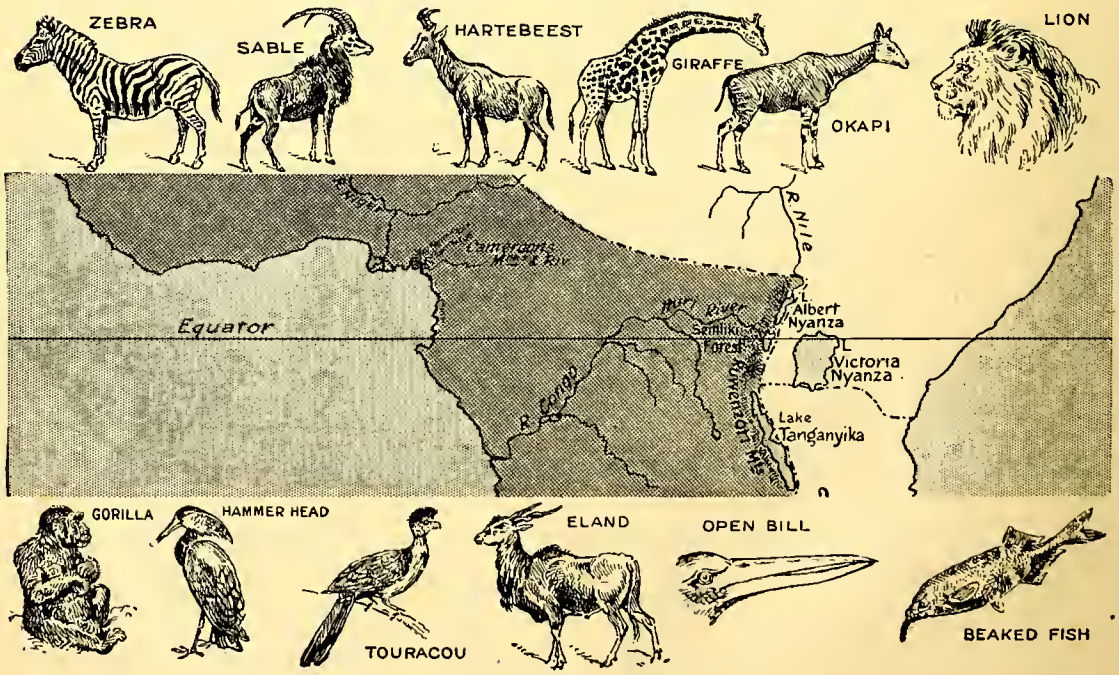
Space forbids us to trace all the varied types of animal life from their early migration to their settlement in Africa, though we can mention a few cases of special interest as we go on. Rather let us take a survey of the tribes which have attained settlement.

One never thinks of Africa, probably, without also thinking of elephants. Now, at the present day, elephants are found nowhere else in a wild state, save in the Indian region, and the Indian and African species differ in some important respects from one another. Thus, the African elephant has a round forehead, immense ears, huge tusks, and quite peculiar grinders. Yet these two types are closely related, and remains of fossil elephants of the African species have been found in Southern Europe and Northern Africa, where it is now no longer met with, so that we can trace its wandering into Africa, where, but a few years ago, it roamed in enormous herds throughout the great forest regions. To-day its numbers are greatly reduced, and extinction is possibly not far off. Another animal common to Africa, and at one time regarded as a pigmy relative of the elephant, is the little rock dasu—the coney of the Bible—but as a matter of fact it is more nearly related to a huge beast, now found in a fossil state in South America, the toxodon. Here, then, we have another link in the chain joining Africa and South America.

Before we go further, perhaps we had better say a few words about the vegetation of Africa; for this has an important bearing on animal life and on what follows. Briefly, then, this great continent may be divided into three sub-regions: (1) the great pasture-lands (comparable to the prairies of America) of East Central Africa; (2) the west sub-region, constituted by enormous forests; and (3) the Saharan region, great wastes of sand and scanty herbage; and



Northern Africa and some of its Fauna.
(*The forest region is tinted dark grey.*)



Central Africa and some of its Fauna.
(*The forest region is tinted dark grey.*)

included in this is that part of Arabia south of the Tropic of Cancer. This Saharan region is a kind of buffer state, some animals wandering into it from Africa to the south, others from the country to the north, and from Southern Europe, and from Persia in the east.

The great pasture-lands, interspersed with dense scrub, 'elephant-grass,' and jungle, afford harbourage for countless herds of antelopes large and small, many of rare beauty, like the oryx, sable, roan, kudu, and harnessed antelopes, and the giant elands and palla antelopes, the spring-buck, reed-buck, and water-buck, and the handsome blesbok. Some of these, like the spring-buck—in the days of the early Dutch settlers, and later—roamed over this vast area in countless thousands; so huge were these herds, indeed, that they covered the ground for miles, as far as the eye could stretch, when in migration. Then there are the herds of great buffalo wallowing in the mud along the river-courses, and the quaint hartebeestes, and gnus or wildebeestes—so named by the Dutch settlers. Those two wandered in thousands; to-day one species of gnu, the white-tailed, is practically extinct.

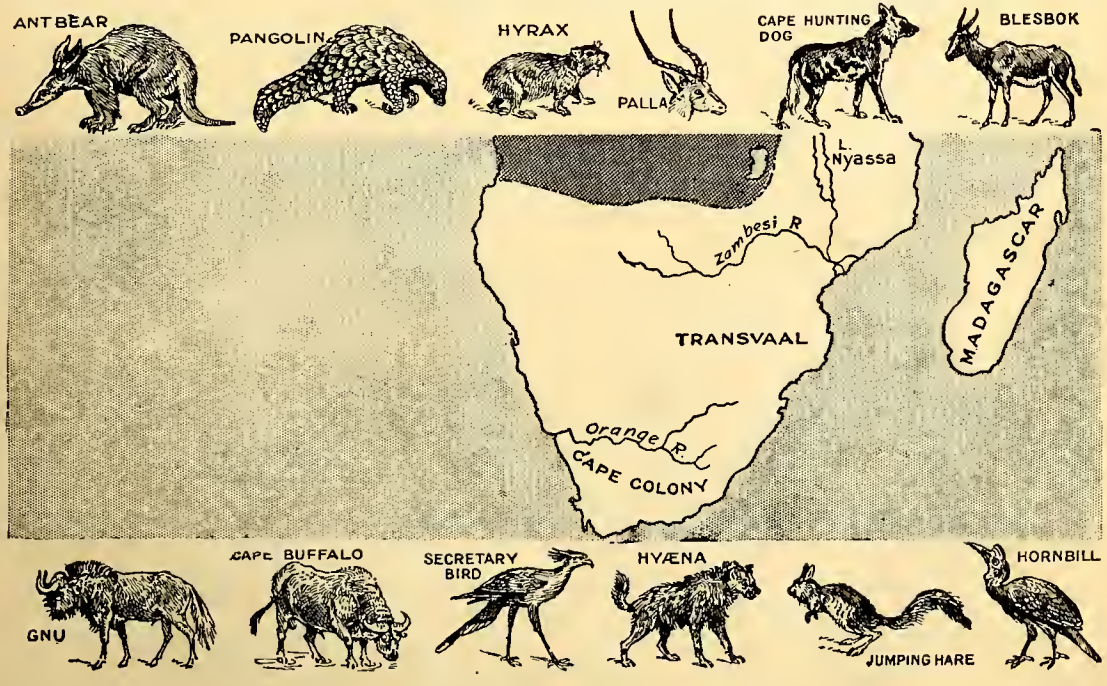
Besides these we must reckon that most wonderful animal, the giraffe, and its recently discovered relative, the okapi of the great Ituri Forest, the easternmost limit of that enormous West African forest area of which we have already spoken, extending almost to the shores of Lakes Albert and Albert Edward Nyanza, and extending southwards parallel with Lake Tanganyika to its southern limit.

Then, too, there are the great two-horned rhinoceroses haunting the jungles, and the huge hippopotami lazily disporting themselves in the water. There are no true pigs in Africa, but the pig tribe is represented by the handsome red river-hog, and the hideous warthogs and bush-pigs. Similarly, there are no deer in Africa, save in the most northern portion of the continent, which, as we have remarked, in its fauna—as the animal life of a country is briefly called—belongs to Southern Europe.

Among the carnivorous animals the pride of place must be given to the lion. There are, besides, quite a number of small carnivores which are but little known save by naturalists; but mention must be made of the hyaena, and the strange hunting dog, specimens of which are to be seen in the London Zoological Gardens. Be it noted there are no bears in Africa.

Of the rodents, or gnawing animals, only one or two specially interesting species can be mentioned—such for example as the Cape jumping hare of South Africa, and the strange jerboa of the extreme north of Africa, which indeed scarcely enters the boundary of the truly African fauna. These, like the jumping shrews of North and East Africa, which belong to the insect-eating mammals, have, like kangaroos, enormously long hind legs and take prodigious leaps. Another remarkable rodent is the African flying squirrel. It does not really fly, as bats and birds fly, but takes flying leaps into the air, from the top of one high tree to the lower branches of another, by means of a fold of skin stretched along each side of the body between the fore and hind limbs. It then climbs the tree on which it has alighted, partly by aid of its feet, and partly by means of a series of horny plates under the tail which is pressed against the bark to prevent slipping.

Finally, so far as the mammals are concerned, we



Southern Africa and some of its Fauna.
(The forest region is tinted dark grey.)

come to the strange lemurs and monkeys. The lemurs have their home in Madagascar, but two peculiar species have strayed into Africa. There are the beautiful long-tailed little galago lemurs which are to be found in the forests right across Africa from Senegambia on the West, and Abyssinia on the East, and as far South as Natal. By day they sleep, but become very active at night. When on the ground, they jump like jerboas and kangaroos. The other is the potto, or awantibo.*

Of the numerous species of monkeys, mention need only be made of the hideous baboons, and of the chimpanzees and the huge gorilla found in the dark and steaming forests of West Africa. One would fain write of these at length, so interesting are they, but our task here is rather to point out these various types of animal life in Africa, than to deal with the mode of life of these creatures.

And now a word as to the birds. Any attempt to give even a condensed account of the birds of Africa would end in failure, and would prove but the dullest of reading. Let it suffice, therefore, to point out the more striking species. Among these we will put the ostrich first. But no less striking, in many respects, is the great, long-legged secretary-bird, one of the eagle tribe, which does an immense amount of useful work by killing, and eating, the poisonous snakes of which Africa, like other hot countries, has its full share.

Africa possesses some strange types of the stork tribe, such as the great short-billed stork; the little, but odd-looking scopus; and the big open-bill stork, so called because there is a great gap running the whole length of the beak, allowing only the tips to meet.

Next must come the beautiful plantain-eaters, the strange colies, or 'mouse-birds,' and the celebrated honey guide. Then come the beautiful wood-hoopoes, with their glossy black plumage and bright red beaks and legs, and their huge cousins the hornbills, which look more like monsters in pantomime than real birds. Lastly, we must mention the wonderfully beautiful, glossy starlings, the strange ox-peckers, which are so cherished by buffaloes and antelopes for the service they render in picking from their bodies the various parasites that infest the skin, and the gaily-coloured weaver finches, which build such wonderful nests.

The reptiles and fishes of Africa form a numerous host, most of which are quite unknown except to the professional scientific man. But many are of great interest, and many, so the inhabitants think, could well be spared. Such are the host of poisonous snakes, of which perhaps the most dreaded, because the most deadly, is the puff-adder. Among the lizard-like forms are some strange chameleons. But the largest of the reptiles are the crocodiles, which levy toll on both man and beast.

Among the fishes are some really extraordinary forms, especially those known as beaked fish, which abound in the Congo region. There are also to be found many species of the remarkable mailed cat-fish tribe. Perhaps the most singular of all is the lung-fish. Protopterus, which, on the approach of the dry season, when the water in the haunts it frequents dries up, dives down into the mud and, curling itself up, falls into a state of torpor—a summer sleep—which is not broken till the rains descend and the floods tear along in fury over the parched water-courses.

Other strange fish are those armed as it were in mail: these are the bichir and the reed-fish, of which illustrations are given here. They may be regarded as 'living fossils,' for in ancient times all fishes were so clad. To-day such enamel-encased creatures occur on in Africa and America.

W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.

* See Chatterbox, 1910, page 77.

TOOLS.

THE artist took his pencil. It was 'stubby' as could be,
But it traced a lovely picture that the world rejoiced to see.

The poet dipped his pen-nib—'twas a cheap, corroded thing,
Yet it scratched a charming lyric that the world rejoiced to sing.

The builder plied his trowel. It was far from being new,
But it laid the bricks and mortar till a lordly mansion grew.

Ah, pencil, pen, and trowel! You have frequently displayed
How will can win achievement with exceeding little aid.

Yet daily in Life's markets, in its playrooms and its schools,
Folk grumble: 'I could prosper if I had some better tools.'

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 194.)

CHAPTER XI.

'WE need not be anxious about Menandez,' Frank said. 'He is far too cautious to run the risk of being attacked by a tiger. We may be certain that he will remain with the crowd until daylight.'

'He is not a coward,' I replied. 'When his ship was on fire he was as calm and collected as any white skipper could have been.'

'I don't say he is a coward,' Frank retorted. 'I can quite believe that if he found himself in a fix he would act bravely; but, nevertheless, he is not the kind of man to run into danger. His sole ambition in life is to become wealthy.'

'You have gauged his character correctly, no doubt,' Tom remarked; 'but still, I do not think we should be right in assuming that he will not return to-night. How would he like the idea of paying a share of the rent of this place and then sleeping elsewhere? At any rate, Yabsley and I owe our lives to him, and it would be shameful if we did not put ourselves to some trouble to guard against the possibility of his being attacked.'

'It would indeed,' I agreed. 'You and I will patrol the road to the encampment until daylight.'

'You are not going out again just yet,' Frank said to me. 'You have had quite enough excitement for one night. Tom and I will look out for Menandez.'

'If you will promise that I can relieve one of you in an hour's time, I will go to sleep at once,' I said.

'We will wake you when an hour has passed,'

Frank replied, and he and Tom without further delay took up their muskets and went out.

As they descended the ladder I removed my sword and spurs, and flung myself down on my mat to sleep. I was very tired, and sleep came to me almost instantly. It seemed to me that I had been asleep scarcely five minutes when I awoke suddenly, fancying that I heard some one speak. I listened for a few moments, but hearing no sound concluded that I had been dreaming. I closed my eyes again, but at that moment a cry of 'Tokay! tokay! tokay!' came from the far corner of my room. It did not appear to be a human voice; had I believed it to be a man's I should not have been as disquieted as I was. My adventure with the tigers had been sufficiently unpleasant to make me have no desire to come to close quarters with any more wild beasts.

'Tokay! tokay! tokay!' The cry was repeated again and again, but I could see no signs of the animal that uttered it, for the room was in darkness, except in one corner where a candle, burning in the kitchen, shed its faint light through the doorway. For some minutes I stood sword in hand expecting to be attacked, but to my relief the intruder contented himself with crying 'Tokay! tokay! tokay!' As my mysterious visitor did not advance I decided that the wisest thing I could do would be to retire to the kitchen while I was yet safe. This I did, but in my hurry to shut the door, I knocked over the candle, which stood on the corner of the table, and put it out. Unfortunately I had no means of relighting it. Although I was in darkness, I felt greatly relieved at having gained the kitchen in safety, thinking it very unlikely that my visitor would succeed in forcing his way through to get at me. But while I was congratulating myself on my safety, there was a sudden scurry across the adjoining room, which ended with a thump at the door. As the door was secured simply by a wooden catch, I placed my back against it to prevent the animal bursting it open. Baulked in his intention the animal scratched vigorously at the door, but finding the proceeding futile, uttered a sharp little cry, which I recognised instantly. I had forgotten the white monkey, and had left him alone with the strange animal.

'Ted,' I exclaimed, and renewed scratching confirmed my suspicion that it was the white monkey who was at the door. I opened it, and as he sprang nimbly into the kitchen, I heard the cry, 'Tokay! tokay! tokay!'

Closing the door quickly, I sat down with Ted on my shoulder to consider what I could do. I decided that the best thing to be done would be for me to remain where I was until Frank and Tom returned, as they would probably know what the animal was. Moreover, they had muskets, and could be relied upon to deal with the intruder.

The time now passed very slowly, but when a quarter of an hour—which of course appeared to me to be much longer—had gone by, I heard Frank's voice. He and Tom were returning, according to their promise, to awaken me.

'Frank,' I shouted from the window, 'take care; there is some wild animal in the front room. I am in the kitchen.'

'What kind of animal?' Frank inquired.

'I really don't know. I haven't a light and can't see the brute. It is continually crying "Tokay! tokay! tokay!"'

'All right,' Frank called out, after a fit of coughing. 'We will come up and tackle it. Throw down the candle, so that we may have a light to see the monster.'

I did as Frank requested, and a minute later they were climbing the ladder. I heard them reach the top and enter the room, but, greatly to my surprise, instead of firing their muskets they tramped across to the kitchen.

'Open it,' Frank exclaimed, rapping his knuckles against the door.

I obeyed instantly, and found Frank and Tom grinning like a couple of clowns in a circus.

'A practical joke, I suppose,' I said somewhat testily, but scarcely had the words left my mouth when I heard again the cry, 'Tokay! tokay! tokay!'

I must have looked very surprised, for Frank and Tom suddenly burst into loud laughter.

'That—that is the terrible monster that has driven you into the kitchen,' Frank declared, pointing to a little reptile, about two inches long, that was climbing slowly up the wall. It was uncommonly like a tiny crocodile, and I must own that I did not like its appearance.

'Tokay! tokay! tokay!' it cried.

'What is it called?' I asked.

'It has just told you its name,' Frank replied.

'Is it a dangerous reptile?'

'It's as harmless as a worm. The Siamese would not turn a tokay out of the house on any account. As a matter of fact, neither would a European. The tokay feeds on insects, and therefore is a welcome guest.'

'Then I have made an ass of myself,' I said, somewhat annoyed.

'Not at all,' Tom was good enough to say. 'Many Europeans have been startled by hearing the tokay for the first time at night.'

'He is an interesting little creature,' Frank observed, and picking up his cane he struck the tokay in the middle of the tail, cutting it in half.

'Good gracious, Frank,' I exclaimed angrily, 'you are a brute.'

'Nonsense,' Frank replied. 'The tokay likes it.'

Had the tokay been able to speak, he would no doubt have flatly contradicted Frank, but I must admit that the loss of half his tail did not appear to inconvenience him. Leaving the severed portion wriggling on the floor, he ran up towards the rafters. A minute later he darted forward and secured a fly.

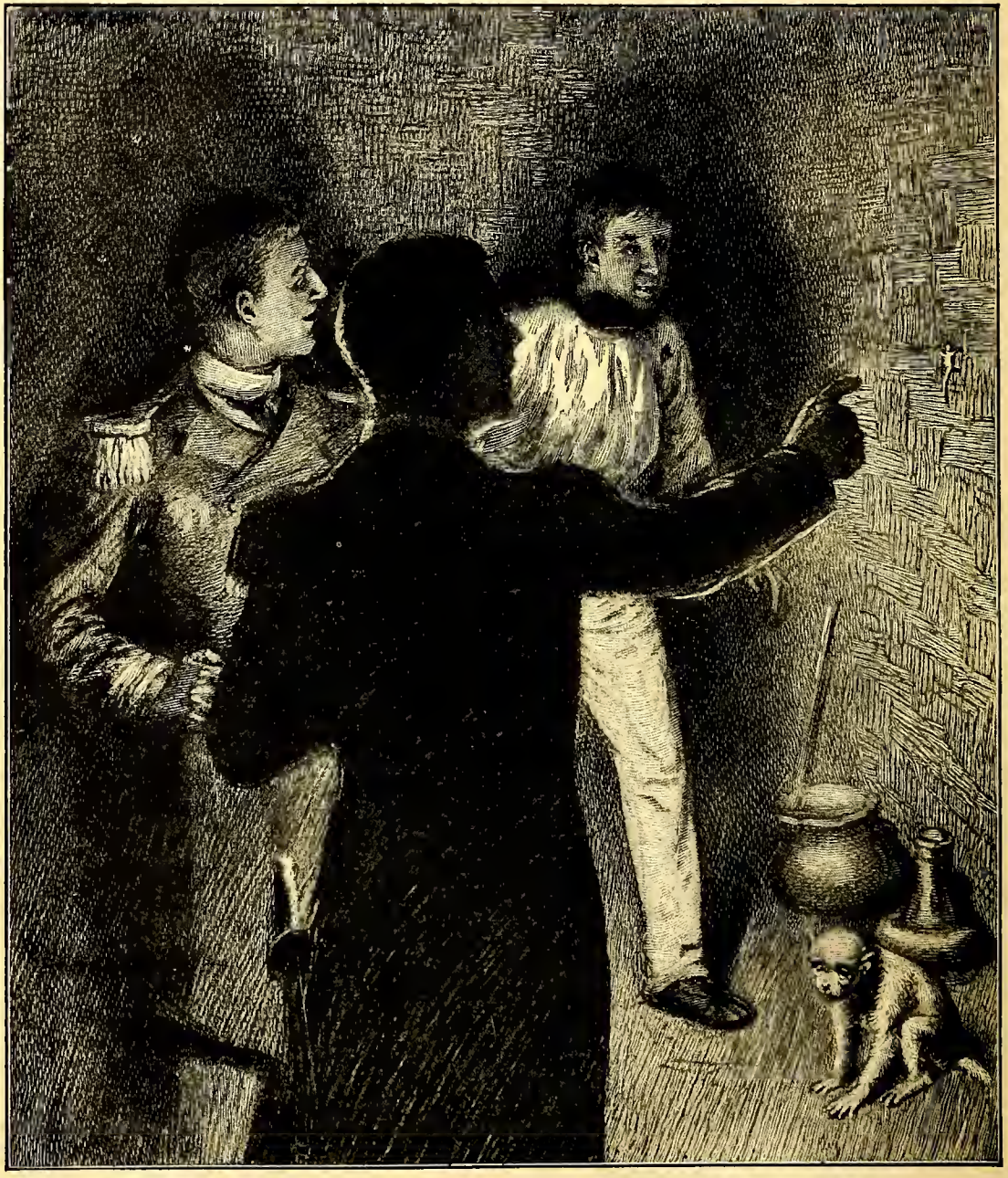
'Tokay! tokay! tokay!' he exclaimed contentedly, and took up his position for further captures.

'His tail will grow again,' Frank declared. 'My late commanding officer assured me that he had a tokay who was so fond of having his tail cut off, that as soon as he had grown a new one he came to him, and would not quit his bed-post until his tail was severed. Then he would go away again to grow a fresh one. Evidently the sensation of having his tail cut off was enjoyable. It's not one of my own stories, so I shall not be offended if you do not believe it.'

'I am glad of that,' I said, 'for I have no desire to lose my confidence in you. Now it is my turn to go out and watch for Menandez. Which of you is coming with me?'

'I am,' Tom replied. 'Frank and I have arranged that.'

(Continued on page 210.)



"'That is the terrible monster.'"

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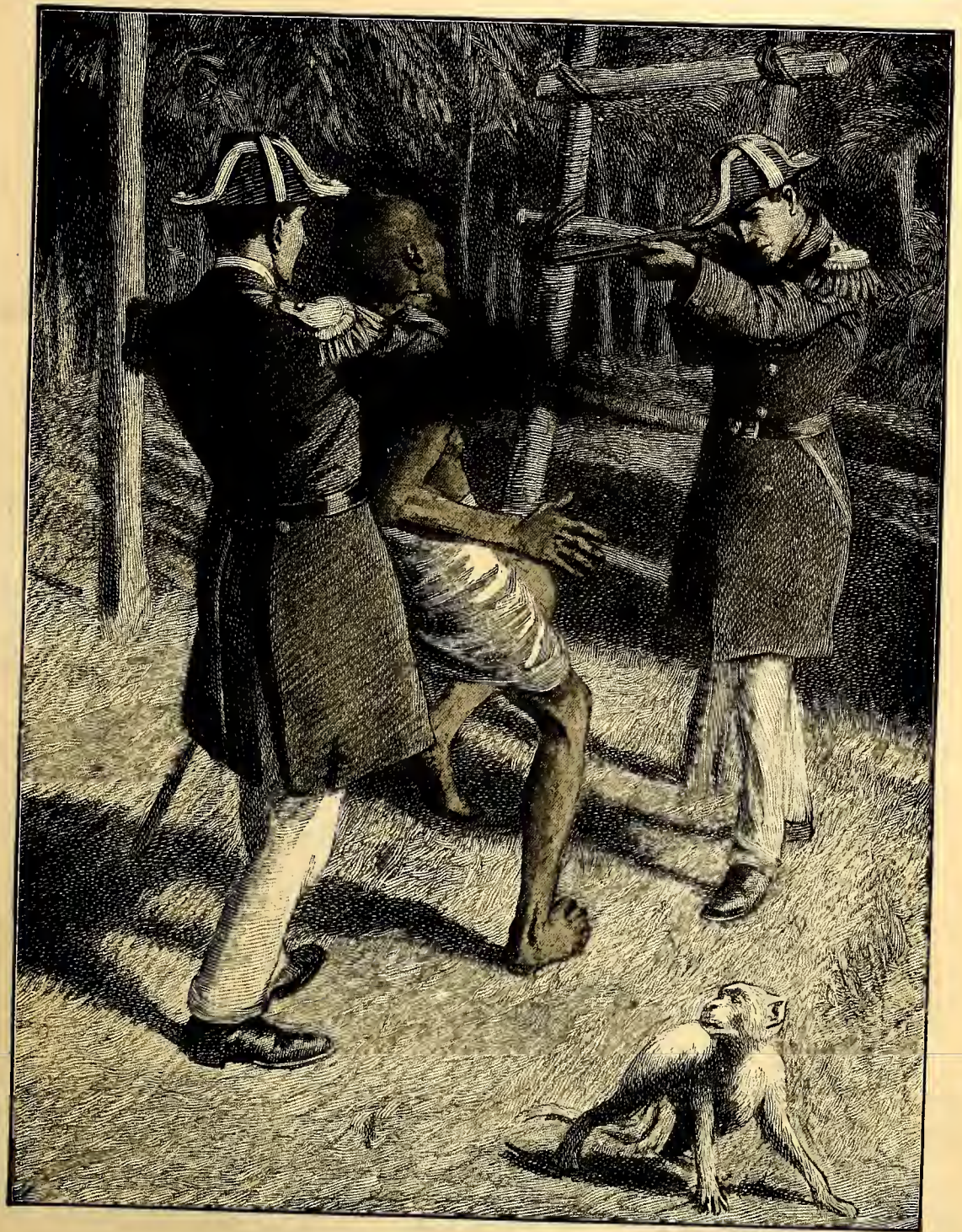


"Tom seized the thief with both hands."

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 207.)

'COME along then. Lend me your musket, Frank.'

'Here it is,' Frank said, handing it to me. 'It's loaded, so take care that the monkey does not get playing with the trigger.'

Tom and I descended the ladder, but Ted preferred to climb down the pole by which he had reached the hut when the tigers surprised us.

'This is very dull work,' Tom declared, when we had been strolling up and down the track for about half an hour.

'It is,' I replied, 'but nevertheless, I am not anxious for it to be livelier. I have had enough excitement for one night.'

'I fancy,' he said, 'that you were more frightened of the tokay than of the tigers.'

'That was because I could not see it. If I have to make the acquaintance of any other beasts or reptiles, I hope that the meeting will take place in daylight.'

'You're doomed to disappointment then, for there is something creeping towards the hut.'

'Some animal about to feast on the dead tigers,' I suggested.

'No, it's a man. He is standing up now.'

'Menandez, perhaps.'

'No, he's a Siamese, and up to some villainy, I fancy. Let us creep forward and watch him.'

Keeping ourselves as much concealed as possible, we hurried towards the hut, but we had gone but a short distance when we saw the man begin to climb the ladder. The moon was now shining, and we could see him clearly.

'He is almost naked,' I whispered.

'A thief,' Tom replied. 'We shall find that his body is greased all over, to enable him to slip out of our grasp if we catch hold of him. But we will secure him, nevertheless.'

'Ought we not to warn Frank, in case the fellow means real mischief?'

'We need have no fear of murder. That fellow is only a common thief. If he wanted to kill Frank, he would waylay him in the jungle.'

'I do not suppose that he has any intention of committing murder,' I replied, 'but if Frank were to wake, he might attack him to ensure his escape.'

'But Frank is not at all likely to be roused. These Siamese thieves can move about noiselessly as flies. If Frank did wake of his own accord, the thief would decamp instantly.'

We had now arrived within twenty yards of the front of the ladder, and the thief was evidently unconscious of our being so near, for, having arrived at the platform on which the hut stood, he crept to the window and peeped in. Having spent a minute or two there, he moved round by the side of the hut to the kitchen, and we, knowing that the platform was somewhat rotten at the edges, expected that it would give way and the thief fall to the ground. But the rascal proceeded very cautiously, and arrived at the kitchen in safety. The door was not locked, and the thief, pushing it open, entered.

'Now,' Tom said, 'let us rub our hands in the mud. With mud on our hands we shall be able to get a firm grip on the thief, in spite of his being greased.'

There was some gritty mud at our feet, and we pressed the palms of our hands and fingers into it. But while we were thus occupied, the white monkey suddenly skipped from me and climbed up the pole to the hut platform. We did not call to him to come back for fear that the thief would hear us.

'Ted will give him a surprise,' I whispered. 'I should like to see them meet.'

'I fancy you will,' Tom replied, 'for Ted does not seem inclined to go indoors.'

Ted had apparently discovered something good to eat on the platform, and sat munching it outside the front door. Having devoured his tit-bit he proceeded to clean himself, and was deeply engaged in the task when the door slowly opened and the thief appeared, but without any plunder in his hands. This surprised us, but we were still more astonished when the rascal grabbed hold of the monkey and, in spite of his struggles, held him tightly in one hand and made for the ladder.

'I say!' I exclaimed, 'he means to steal the white monkey.'

'That is evidently what he was looking for,' Tom answered.

The thief was now descending the ladder. Tom and I moved quickly but quietly from our place of concealment to the foot of it. We had not been discovered, and the instant the thief reached the ground Tom seized him by the neck with both hands, and nearly choked him.

So sudden was the attack and so tight the grip that the thief did not even utter a cry, but he released his hold on the monkey, and began clawing at Tom's hands. Tom and I had placed our muskets on the ground while the thief was coming down the ladder. I now picked up mine, and raising it to my shoulder placed the muzzle an inch or two from the thief's mouth, Tom assuring him at the same time that if he did not instantly cease struggling I would fire.

The thief dropped his hands at once.

'What is the matter?' Frank shouted to us, as he came out of the hut.

'We have caught a thief trying to carry off the white monkey,' I replied.

Frank hurried down the ladder at break-neck speed, and gave a searching look at our prisoner. 'This fellow would not steal the monkey of his own accord,' he declared. 'Some one has incited him to do it.'

'Just what I think,' Tom said. 'We must take him into the hut and question him closely.'

The thief was now told that he would have to come with us into the hut, and that if he made an attempt to escape he would be shot. He had evidently expected to be killed forthwith, for, when he heard that no harm would be done to him, unless he attempted to escape, his face brightened, and he followed Frank up the ladder without the slightest hesitation. Tom was the next to ascend, and I brought up the rear. When we were all in the hut, and the prisoner had been placed in such a position that he was unable to make a dash for freedom, Frank and Tom warned him if he did not answer truthfully every question they asked, they would deliver him over to the Lord of the White Elephant and Brother of the Moon, to be punished for having attempted to steal the white monkey.

(Continued on page 222.)

A WISE DOG.

AT one of the Newfoundland fisheries, a boat and crew, trying to enter a small harbour, found themselves outside a long line of breakers in great peril.

The wind and weather had changed since the boat went out in the morning, and her getting safely back seemed pretty doubtful. The people on shore saw her danger, and could not help her. Every moment increased the danger, and anxious crowds ran to and fro.

Among the crowd was a large dog, which seemed fully alive to the peril of the boat and the anxiety of those on shore. He watched the boat, surveyed the breakers, and appeared to think as earnestly as anybody, 'What can be done?'

At last he plunged boldly into the angry waters and swam to the boat. The crew thought he wanted to join them, and tried to take him aboard. No; he would not go within their reach, but swam around, diving his head, and sniffing, as if in search of something.

What was he up to? What did the creature mean? What did he want?

'Give him the end of a rope!' cried one of the sailors, divining what was in the poor dog's brain: 'That's what he wants.'

A rope was thrown out. The dog seized it in an instant, turned round, and made straight for the shore, where, not long after, thanks to the intelligence and sagacity of Tiger, the boat and crew were landed safe and sound.

Be kind to the dogs! Many an heroic deed and faithful service have they done for man.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

7.—Two Enigmas.

I.

'Beyond the dreams of avarice,' are riches found in me;
From me comes all the wealth there is, and more there is to be:
I am the source of all supply, from me are purses fed;
If I should close, the poor must die for want of daily bread.

And yet I am a lowly thing, some serving-maid may pull,
And bring to cook, for kitchen use, a hand or apron full.

II.

In academic groves,
Where the book-lover roves,
You may find me;
Or looking to the Past,
By mist of years o'ercast,
My form you'll see.

In humble garden ground
I'm often to be found,
And where I grow,
The mistress counts for most;
And many a savoury roast
To me you owe. C. J. B.

(Answers on page 251.)

Answer to Chronogram on Page 179.

6.—1. Macaulay. 3. Carlyle. 5. India.
2. Dickens. 4. Isaac (Newton). 6. Ireland.
MDCIII. (1603).

THE CRANE AND THE COOK.

MESSER Currado Gianfiliazzi was a wealthy citizen of Florence, five hundred years ago, who kept a large number of hawks and hounds, and spent much time in hunting and hawking, to the neglect, as some thought, of more important occupations.

One day his falcon brought down a crane, which the gentleman sent home to his cook, with the order that it should be prepared for supper. The cook, whose name was Chichibio, dressed the crane in the proper manner, and put it on the spit to roast at the fire.

As the bird was roasting, and when it was almost 'done,' a friend of the cook—a young woman named Brunetta—came into the kitchen.

'What a delicious smell!' she exclaimed.

'It's a crane for my master's supper,' Chichibio replied.

'Oh, do give me just one leg of it!' said Brunetta.

'No, indeed, I can't do that,' said the cook. 'I'm very sorry, but what would my master say?'

Brunetta grew quite angry at this refusal, and she so worried and scolded Chichibio, that at length he actually did cut off one of the crane's legs for her to eat, although he knew that it was wrong of him to do so.

Messer Currado had friends to supper that evening. When the roasted bird was placed on the table, he at once noticed that one leg was missing.

He called in his cook.

'What is the meaning of this, Chichibio?' asked the master. 'Where is the crane's other leg?'

Of course, Chichibio ought to have told the truth; but he was so frightened that he told a lie. Fear sometimes makes people untruthful.

'This kind of bird has only one leg,' he said.

Messer Currado was very angry at receiving such a ridiculous and wicked answer.

'How can you expect me to believe such nonsense?' he cried. 'Many cranes have I seen in my time, and each one of them had two legs.'

'Believe me, sir,' persisted Chichibio, 'I am right; or if you will not believe me, I can easily prove the thing to you.'

Messer Currado would argue no longer with the fellow in the presence of his guests, who were waiting for their supper.

'Very well,' he said, 'to-morrow morning you shall prove to me, if you can, that cranes have but one leg apiece; and if you fail to do so you may expect a sound thrashing. And now, gentlemen, let us taste this one-legged bird.'

Early the next morning, Messer Currado called for his horses, and commanded the cook to mount one, and ride with him towards the river, where he knew that there would be plenty of cranes. Chichibio was in a great fright, lest they should see some standing on both legs.

But fortune favoured him. As master and servant came near the river, they saw about a dozen cranes, not yet awake, standing on one leg, in their usual manner while sleeping.

'There!' triumphantly exclaimed the cook, 'you see, sir, that I was right.'

"'Where is the crane's other leg?' asked the master."

'Wait a moment,' said his master.

Riding nearer to the sleeping birds, he shouted, 'Shoo! shoo!' and in a moment they had put down their other legs, and scurried away.

Now it was Messer Currado's turn to say, 'There!'

'How now, you lying rascal?' he exclaimed. 'Has a crane two legs, or not?'

'Sir,' meekly replied Chichibio, 'I see that you are quite right; but you did not say "Shoo!" to the crane which lay upon your table last night. Had you done so, perhaps it would have shown its other leg

and fled away as these did; but that would have been a pity, for then you would have lost your supper.'

Messer Currado burst out laughing at this clever answer, and dismissed the cook with a reprimand.

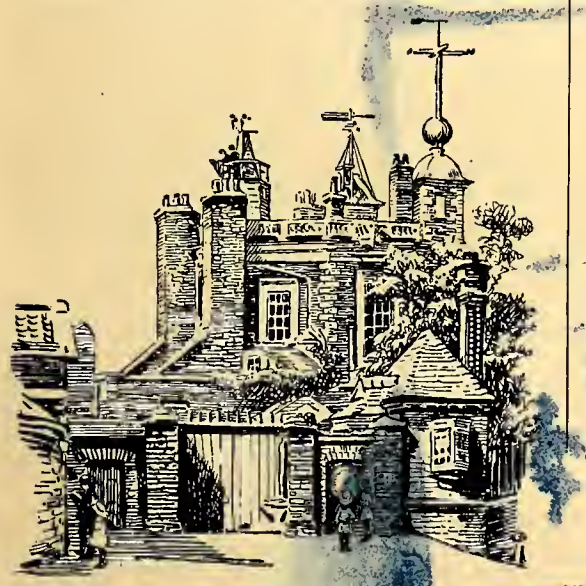
E. Dyke.

ROUND LONDON TOWN.

V.—GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

FEW of us, perhaps, who visit Greenwich Park and wander amidst its shady groves, or cross the sunlit glades where the deer are feeding, fail to make our way, sooner or later, to the top of Observatory Hill, or Flamsteed Hill as it used to be called, after a great astronomer. If our approach be from the river we have a climb before us, but we are well repaid for our labour by the splendid panorama which is unfolded to our view. Seated beneath the wall on the north side of the Observatory, with the town and the grey buildings of the ancient Hospital at our feet, we gaze across the valley of the Thames, noting the busy shipping on the waters and the crowded wharves and docks on the further side. To the west the eye may follow the windings of the river as far as the Tower Bridge, and if our visit has been timed for sunset, and the evening is fine, we may chance to witness a glorious sight. Beyond the bridge the dome of St. Paul's rises out of the sea of blue haze

The Dome of Greenwich Observatory.



The Entrance to Greenwich Observatory.

Greenwich Observatory.

which represents the smoke of London at this distance and hour, and as the sun sinks to rest its rays catch the golden cross above the dome and cause it to blaze out like a fiery meteor in the sky. Every moment the contrast between the colours above and below increases; below, the purple mass of London grows deeper and deeper in tint; above, the red and gold of the sky shades away to greenish blue, and then to blue of deeper and purer hue as the eye travels towards the zenith. To the east the darkened sky, though devoid of the glory of the west, is more mysterious, the heights of Walthamstow are shrouded in a pall of deepest purple, and beyond one can fancy one traces the outlines of hills and trees until all is lost in the darkness of oncoming night.

The view is indeed a fine one, but it is not our sole reward, for the Observatory claims a share of our attention. While we have been idle spectators of the scene before us we have not realised the ceaseless activity and work which is going on in the buildings clustered upon this hill-top. For us there has been rest and peaceful contemplation, both of which have been shared by the veteran sailor with one leg who has climbed the hill from the Royal Hospital below and is now seated beside us on the bench. The old sailor's thoughts are of the past, as we shall find on entering into conversation with him. He dwells upon an active time when he sailed and fought in ships with wooden sides, and recalls the hour in his long life when he helped to train the gun upon the enemy and himself received the shot which threw him wounded and disabled upon the deck. But he reviews the past from the present, when the work of his life is over, and the hour of one of peace and rest.

Far otherwise is it with the inmates of the buildings which are behind us. For them, in this hive of industry, there is no rest. By day and by night, year in, year out, the work of scanning the heavens goes on unceasingly, continuously. As one by one the stars come out their passage across the vault is noted and followed. Every planet that rises above the horizon is an expected and welcomed guest; and should a stranger star put in an appearance, it is from this hill-top that the intelligence of its arrival, of its size and brilliancy, and of its position, is flashed across whole continents and seas. If one of those rare visitors to our solar system—a comet—is expectantly looked for, it is at Greenwich Observatory that the keen-sighted observers are on the watch, hour by hour, to catch the first glimpse of its appearance. It is from this spot that the great reflecting telescope is trained, like some far-seeing eye, upon the darkened heavens, sweeping the vast circle from point to point, as the searchlight of a war-vessel sweeps across the blackened waste of waters. Within the circle of its view, as it travels slowly along its path, myriads of stars invisible to the naked eye are resolved into separate points of light, and should the stranger be present he will be detected and his exact position ascertained.

It is impossible here to describe the daily round of work which, apart from what we may call observations of a special kind, goes on within the Observatory walls. It must suffice to say that, just as politicians and merchants watch the daily progress of events and happenings in the world in which they live, so the astronomers at Greenwich watch the daily progress of events in the greater stellar world which is beyond the reach of mortal sway. But our daily papers often reveal to us some portion of the gigantic scheme of work which is carried on from year to year. Thus we learn that the number of stars which have been photographed and catalogued has now reached the astonishing figure of nearly seven hundred and twenty thousand. The positions of some one hundred and eighty thousand of these stars (many of them, it must be remembered, being quite invisible except through the most powerful telescopes) have now been measured, and chart-plates of their positions printed and sent to all parts of the world. Nor must we omit to mention the work of photographing the sun, which is constantly going on, every hour of sunshine being utilised for this purpose, with the object of securing a perfect record of the appearances of the sun's surface for each of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year.

Outside the buildings there are several objects which claim the interest and attention of the visitor. [illegible] the huge ball situated beneath the weather-vane [illegible] the north-eastern turret. When the stroke of noon [illegible]s reached the ball slides down the pole, thus visibly announcing to the inhabitants of the town and [illegible] the mariners on the Thames the fact that the sun [illegible]s passed the meridian of Greenwich. At the same moment the electric telegraph conveys the news to every signal station throughout the country. The signalling of Greenwich mean time, however, is not confined to the hour of noon, but takes place hourly throughout the day. This brings us to the mention of a fact of the greatest importance, namely, that the spot on which we are standing on Greenwich Hill has been chosen to mark the line from which the distance of every place in the world, situated to the eastward or to the westward, as the case may be, is determined. The line in question, called the meridian of longitude of Greenwich, may be found on the map of England and Wales, and is marked 'zero.' Its course may be traced on the map from the [illegible] Sea across England to the south coast, and [illegible]be seen that it passes through the point mark[illegible]nwich on its way.

The position [illegible]line may also be recognised on the map of [illegible]nd it will be seen that from this line the [illegible]ngitude are reckoned to the right and [illegible]reach the line marked 180°. [illegible] Observatory came to be the starting-point in this method [illegible]he whole world is an interesting one, [illegible]g to be told here.

Of the Observa[illegible]self it is to be told that the building was founded by Charles II. in 1675. The direct cause of its foundation was the growth of British maritime trade and the necessity for providing assistance to mariners in directing their courses at sea by reference to the positions of the moon and principal stars. The knowledge of this subject at that time was very imperfect, and mariners were frequently at a loss to determine their position when crossing the ocean. To further the study of the heavenly bodies, and thus give practical aid to mariners by publishing accurate maps of the planets and stars, was the chief object of the Observatory, and a site close to the Thames and the Port of London was chosen most convenient for the purpose.

The first Astronomer-Royal was Flamsteed, who was appointed in 1675, and whose name was given to the hill on which the Observatory was erected.

BLACK MARKS.

A Story for Girls.

'OH, Di, aren't you longing for the river picnic? I think it will be simply too splendid!'

Katherine skipped excitedly round the lobby, where the girls were dressing for their walk.

'Don't be too sure that we are going yet,' replied Diana. 'Miss Marshall said any one who got three black marks between to-day and Saturday would be left behind.'

'We shall be careful not to get any. I should be dreadfully disappointed if I couldn't go!'

'Hurry up, you two; it's time to start,' said one of the elder girls. 'Miss Leech is coming.'

'Oh, my glove! Where is my other glove?' cried Katherine, flying distractedly from locker to locker.

'Bother! my bootlace has broken!' groaned Diana.

'Are you ready, girls? It has struck three.'

'We're coming, Miss Leech. Do hurry, you two.'

It was fully three minutes before the careless pair came racing after the others, who [illegible] them at the big gate. 'Katherine [illegible] Diana, you have kept the whole walk waiting fo[illegible]e second time this week. You will both have a bl[illegible] mark.'

'Oh, Di, how horrid!' cried Kat[illegible]rine, as they took their places at the tail of the [illegible]rocession. 'I meant to have no black marks at all—[illegible]hat a beastly nuisance!'

'H'sh!' warned Diana, hastily.

Katherine's voice had risen in her disgust.

'Katherine,' said Miss Leech, 'what word did I hear you use?'

'B—beastly,' admitted Katherine, with scarlet cheeks.

'Another black mark, Katherine; and you will be silent during the walk.'

Diana dared not whisper sympathy. If Katherine had forgotten herself enough to reply, all would have been lost. Diana was soon, however, as she herself expressed it, 'in the same boat.' The [illegible]t-lace that she had hastily tied together gave [illegible]again, and Miss Leech was the first to notice [illegible]gling end.

'Diana,' she said sharply, 'it se[illegible]eame out not only late, but untidy, th[illegible] Tie up your bootlace, and take a bl[illegible]

'Two black marks each the[illegible]' groaned Katherine, as they gazed di[illegible]lark List that hung in the school ha[illegible]

It was a bad beginning, [illegible] Katherine came out from [illegible]ss with red and swollen eyes. She [illegible] Diana, who had just been released from [illegible]usie lesson. 'I have another black mark—I shan't be able to go!'

'Oh, Kit, how awful! What for?'

'I couldn't remember those rivers,' sobbed Katherine. 'I forgot to look them up last night. Oh, Di, I was n—never so miserable in my life.'

'I wish it was me,' groaned Di. 'Oh, Kit, I am sorry!'

The great day, when at last it dawned, was wet.

'The picnic will be put off till next Saturday,' announced Miss Marshall. 'But as the trial was only to last till to-day, I must tell you now who is going. I am glad to say that, with one exception, nobody has three black marks.'

Poor Katherine's cheeks turned hotter. To be the only one left behind!

'You will all go, therefore, except Diana. I hope, Diana, that this will be a lesson to you to be more careful and attentive in future.'

At the first mention of her friend's name, Katherine had sprung forward in astonishment. Diana pulled her back with a quick, nervous grip.

'What can it mean?' exclaimed Katherine, directly Miss Marshall had gone. 'I had three black marks, and Di had only two.'

'Some one must have given me another,' said Diana.

'And Miss Leech must have let me off one of mine. Unless—could it be a mistake?'

'Mistake? Miss Leech never makes mistakes!'

'And Miss Leech must have let me off one of

'Katherine,' said the head girl coming into the room, 'you are to go to Miss Marshall at once.'

'Oh, dear—it's not a row, is it?'

'You had better go and see,' was the cold reply.

Miss Marshall and Miss Leech were both awaiting Katherine, and the Black Mark List was spread before them.

'Katherine,' said Miss Marshall, sternly, 'Miss Leech tells me she gave you three black marks. Why [illegible]there only two against your name?'

'I—I don't know.'

'By closely examining this list, I can see that one of the marks has been removed with india-rubber. Confess what you have done at once, Katherine; do not add a direct untruth to your disobedience and deceit.'

Diana at such a moment would have kept her head and cleared herself satisfactorily, but Katherine, confused and terrified, could only cry, stammer, and contradict herself.

'Say no more, Katherine,' commanded Miss Marshall. 'I am sorry you have not the honesty to confess your fault. How I am to punish you I don't know.'

There was a hasty knock at the door, and before Miss Marshall could answer, Diana burst into the room. 'It wasn't Katherine,' she said; 'it was me.'

'Diana! What do you mean?'

'I rubbed out Katherine's black mark and put it on to me.'

'What made you do such a thing?'

'Katherine was so disappointed—and I didn't think Miss Leech would notice so long as there were the same number of black marks.'

'So you altered the list, which is a most serious offence, and you tried to deceive me?'

Diana turned scarlet. 'I didn't mean to deceive.'

'I believe you did not think of it in that way, Diana, for you have proved yourself now to be both truthful and brave. You meant to be unselfish, too; but it would have been very wrong for Katherine to go to the picnic with three black marks and for you to stay at home with two. It was deceiving me, and it was disobedient.'

'Katherine didn't know,' said Diana.

'She did it for me,' pleaded Katherine.

'I will give you one more chance, Diana. You have been exceedingly naughty, but I like to see courage and unselfishness in my girls. The picnic will not be for another week. If you have not one black mark by then, you may go.'

'Th—thank you, Miss Marshall, but I'd rather not unless Katherine——'

Miss Marshall smiled. 'Katherine shall go too, if she has no black marks next Saturday.'

'Miss Marshall is splendid!' said Diana, as they shut the door. 'Kit, we must and will get through this week without one single black mark!'

And they did.

D. P. Smith.

"Diana burst into the room. 'It wasn't Katherine,' she said."

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"'There's tin about here, isn't there?' he suddenly asked."

WHAT LADDIE FOUND.

Founded on Fact.

LADDIE was a big collie. He had golden-brown eyes that looked up at you very quickly to see if you were talking in play or in earnest, and he always knew at once which it was. He loved you to say in a laughing way, 'Laddie, you rascal!' The side of his mouth went up a little and his tail waved to and fro, and he watched to see what sort of fun he was going to have. He thought that it might be a walk near where the pheasants were sitting, and then he knew that only the road was free hunting-ground, with both its delicious hedges and ditches, telling of the scampering of rabbits, of squirrels, of ferrets, and all sorts of small enemies—the enemies that play amongst them in the night and leave their doings to be read quite easily by the long, black, pointed wet nose, which sent just as much information to Laddie's brain in a moment, as a stupid man would perhaps only find out after grubbing about all day on his hands and knees. And very likely even then what Laddie sniffed out would be true, and what the stupid man thought he had sniffed out would be only what he thought ought to be true—and there's a good deal of difference between the two things.

Laddie was a collie of great determination of character. That is rather a long word, but it really means that Laddie was an obstinate dog. He showed his determination of character by always getting into trouble over the same mischief, and his master called it obstinacy.

His master was a farmer, and the value of his land stretching upwards towards a pointed rock on the Cornish coast got a little bit less every year. Sometimes the sun burnt up the thin layer of earth that covered the rock and the poor brown corn that he had hoped so much from; and sometimes, as had happened this summer that I am writing about, the sun had hidden, and the rain had soaked the thin layer of earth, and rotted the seeds so that they could not grow; and the farmer woke up one morning with tears in his kind blue eyes, for he knew that the time had come when he would have to sell the pretty white farmhouse that he had been born in, and his five heifers and four bull-calves, and the cows he loved so much, and the pigs which knew him so well that when he went to feed them they always tried to squeeze out of the meadow gate after him, and all the fowls and pigeons that fluttered down to his feet when he scattered their grain.

He sat up in bed and rubbed his red face all over very hard with his blue and white handkerchief, and said to himself, 'There are plenty of worse troubles than mine; so up I get and do my work; grizzling and grumbling never did any good and never will.'

After all the beasts were fed, and the fowls and pigeons, the farmer thought that he would take a walk up to a little patch of ground that was quite on the side of the cliff and so had been a little sheltered from the rain. He thought that perhaps the seeds would have pushed up their slender heads there to bring him some comfort. But instead of the neat little lines of tiny green soldiers, each with a bayonet on his shoulder, he saw a dreadful sight.

There were deep furrows scratched all over the field, and four or five great deep holes, and down at the bottom of one of them was a shiny black back, and a light golden-feather tail, and two light golden paws were working as quickly and steadily as a steam engine, digging deeper and deeper down, and flinging out great clods of earth behind them. The long, black, wet nose stopped a moment to sniff carefully all round the bottom of the hole; then Laddie shook himself very hard, so that a shower of earth flew up in the air from his coat.

Then up he scrambled, looking very disappointed because he could not find what he was hunting for. He had just made up his mind to trot away home and finish those bits of hard biscuit that he had left from his dinner the day before, when he saw his master looking angry and stern. His tail dropped down to the ground, and his long, shiny black ears, with their light golden fringe, went a little further back from his face and pressed themselves very tightly to his head—and he walked slowly towards the farmer, and lay down at his feet.

'Ay, ay, Laddie my man, you're an obstinate chap! I'm thinking you've about done for me!' said the master. Though his blue eyes still looked kind, they looked very sad too, and he spoke in a deep, gruff voice that went to Laddie's heart, and made him quiver all over.

'I have punished you once—I have punished you twice and thrice for this game, but the good God hasn't given you the sense to understand, and I will punish you no more. Things have got too much for me. Come home then.'

And he walked straight home without looking at the cows, or the five heifers, or the four bull-calves, or the pigs, and he did not see all the fowls that were pecking about or the fluttering pigeons, but walked into a little room that he called his office, and sat heavily down on a chair at his writing-table, while Laddie lay down with a grunt that sounded like a groan and felt like a groan, his black, shiny nose between his paws, and his golden eyes fixed on his master's broad, bent back. The farmer was writing to his lawyer to come the very next day to look over the place and arrange about selling it at once, and two or three times he had to bring out the blue and white handkerchief to wipe his eyes.

At three o'clock the next day the lawyer arrived in a dog-cart, which had been driven over from the town five miles off, and he looked very sorry for the farmer as they walked over the home lands and made a list of all the horses and beasts.

When it was finished the farmer said, 'There's a bit more land up yonder there on the cliff if you care to see it, but my dog's been making hay there; nothing will stop him short of a shot, I'm afraid; but he's about all I shall have to comfort me by-and-by, and so I shall put up with it.'

When they came in sight of the little field on the side of the cliff with all the large holes in it, the lawyer stopped and exclaimed, 'Dear, dear me! Dear, dear me!' and then went on.

And there was Laddie down at the bottom of a bigger hole than ever, and growling and barking with short, angry barks, as he worked away harder than ever with the big clods of earth falling around him as though there had been an earthquake. Then, with a snap, he began to drag at something with all his might and main, tugging and growling all the time, and then quite suddenly up he came, wagging his tail joyfully with a large mouldy ham-bone in his mouth.

'Well, I'm foundered!' cried the farmer, 'if he

hasn't been and laid low the whole place for the sake of a bone! There, look you now at that!'

But the lawyer had walked up to the biggest and deepest hole, and going down a little way he poked about and scratched this way and that with his stick. Then he bent down and took up a handful of the red earth that Laddie had thrown up, and put on his glasses to look at the little bright specks that were dotted about in it.

'There's tin about here, isn't there?' he suddenly asked.

'Ay,' answered the farmer, 'like enough! There was an old tale of a shaft here or hereabouts, that my father used to tell of, that was before his father's time; the sea ran up a good bit nearer in those times than now, and got in and swamped it, or so they say. But there, perhaps there wasn't any truth in it.'

'Yes, but perhaps there was,' replied the lawyer, 'and before we say another word, we will find out all about it.'

One month went past, and the farmer worried and worried, and then another, and he worried more; and strange men, and horses and machinery gathered together on the hill-side, shouting and digging and trampling and drawing, and keeping Laddie busy from morning till night, protesting against such liberties being taken with his master's property; until one fine day in rushed the lawyer, crying out as he clapped the farmer on the back as hard as ever he could—'Tear up all the lists as quickly as you like! There will be no sale! There's a load of tin here that will make you the richest man for twenty miles around!'

From that day everything went well for the farmer, and his kind blue eyes were always dry and shining; while Laddie became the hero of all the country-side, and proudly wore a grand silver collar, bearing the inscription—'I am Laddie, the cleverest dog in Cornwall, for I discovered the Great Trefallan Mine.'

Florence Hall Hall.

ICEBERGS AND THEIR WAYS.

THE huge mountains of ice that drift about the northern seas are a source of great danger to the ships that happen to cross their track. Only about one-tenth of an iceberg rises out of the water, and bergs have been seen off Cape Horn fully eight hundred feet high. When the enormous hidden portion begins to melt, from meeting with a warm stream, there is always the fear that the towering mass may all at once lose its balance and topple over. It crushes everything near it, and great blocks of ice become detached from the top of the berg, and are hurled about in all directions.

The Beacon Light, an Atlantic liner, steaming through a heavy fog at midnight, ran right into a huge iceberg gliding along in ghostly majesty. In spite of the vessel's powerful searchlight, it had come up unnoticed in the dense midst. The Beacon Light was not going at full speed, and this saved it; the frightful crash damaged the ship considerably, and frightened the passengers almost out of their wits, but there was time to reverse the engines and get away. It is worse to collide with an iceberg than with another vessel, for, as a captain truly observed, 'The other ship may stand by and help you if you're foundering, but there's nothing to be got out of a pile of ice, and down you go!'

An American crew, out searching for whales, sighted a gigantic 'berg' ahead of them. As they watched it, the mountain of blue ice suddenly heeled over, making such towering waves that the ship pitched about in a most violent manner, and the men had to hold on to the rigging for dear life. But it was only a temporary upset; the iceberg began slowly to right itself, and presently the sailors caught sight of an immense black object frozen into one side of it.

'A whale!' they shouted.

'Ay, 'tis a finback, by all that's wonderful!' cried the captain.

Three hundred feet up, not far from the peak of the floating mountain, was the body of a huge whale, a rorqual, nearly a hundred feet in length: an extraordinary sight, and a tantalising one, too, to the whaling vessel's eager crew. Yonder was the finest specimen they had ever seen, and quite out of reach! They could not possibly get it down from its chilly perch.

How did the whale get there? may well be asked. The huge creature—wounded, perhaps, or, it might be, dead—had probably been washed upon the ice surrounding some wild island of the far north. The snow had come down in dense masses and hidden the great body, more and more snow drifting to the spot, and gradually turning to solid ice. Then a portion of the icy sheet had broken away and floated off, bearing with it its mighty prisoner, stiff and hard as itself. Strong as they are, whales cannot always fight the elements, and skeletons of these ocean giants have been discovered a mile and a half inland, while a captain cruising up north saw a dead whale lodged in an ice-cliff three hundred feet above the water.

Icebergs have a way of playfully lifting great rocks out of the sea, which they carry along with them, and a Polar bear has been seen sitting disconsolately on one, a captive doomed to starvation, unless the iceberg drifted towards the land.

THREE FAITHFUL SERVANTS.

(Concluded from page 202.)

YET one more story, not set among such picturesque surroundings as the two last, for, in our own day, and amid the prosaic scenes of ordinary life, we can hear the trumpets sounding at the passing of heroic souls. The scene of this final tale is an oilman's shop in London, and the heroine a young servant girl named Alice Ayres. On a spring night, some five-and-twenty years ago, Alice awoke to find smoke pouring into the room. A fire had broken out in the shop and was spreading rapidly to the dwelling-house above. Alice gave the alarm, but already the flames and smoke made it impossible to escape by the stairs or for the helpers outside to enter the house. Many an older and wiser person would have forgotten everything else in the idea of self-preservation and would have sought the first means of escape in the selfishness of panic. But this trusty servant kept her head. Her thought was not for herself, but for her helpless little charges, her master's children. Those watching from below saw her appear at the window, dragging a mattress and clasping one of the little ones in her arms. She flung the mattress down and dropped the child upon it, frightened but quite

"She dropped the child, frightened but quite unhurt."

unhurt. Through choking smoke and scorching flame she fought her way back into the room and returned with another, and then another. Each one landed safely, with no hurt to speak of. With breath held the spectators watched while the heroic girl prepared to follow them. But dazed, blinded, and exhausted, she jumped short, and fell, not on the mattress but on the pavement. Ready hands lifted her up. She was carried to the nearest hospital and all that was possible was done for her, but, as with the perfect Example of self-sacrifice, the saving of others had made it impossible for her to save herself, the lives of her little charges had been preserved at the cost of her own.

Mary H. Debenham.

The Needles Lighthouse, Isle of Wight.

DANGER SIGNALS.

(Second Series.)

IV.—ALL ROUND THE ISLANDS.

FROM Bishop's Rock to the North Foreland; from the North Foreland to Muckle Flugga; from Muckle Flugga to the Fastnet, and thence to Bishop's Rock again, would take us right round the British Isles. If we made this journey at a distance of some ten miles from the coast, there would be only six occasions when, from the deck of the ship, the twinkling light of some danger signal would not be visible. Of course these lights are not placed at regular intervals, but in places may he almost said to appear in clusters, while elsewhere they only pierce the darkness one after another, like rising and setting stars. Thus, after sailing eastward from the spot first mentioned, the Bishop's Rock light would be very low on the horizon behind us when the Wolf Rock was rising in front. This, in turn, would set and give place to the Lizard, and with the Lizard's last hlink in the west the Eddystone would hail us in the east. Then the light at Start Point shines in advance, and after that comes our first little stretch of unlighted sea, a gap some five miles wide, before the radiant beam

from Portland Bill, twenty-one miles away, shows us 'where the land lies.' Of course, if, after leaving Start Point behind, we had steered more closely inshore, other less powerful lights would have shown themselves, but they are not visible so far away as our route takes us.

The next gap does not occur till we have sailed to the far north-eastern coast of Scotland, off the shore of Caithness, between Helmsdale and Lybster. This crossed, we go on again, light by light, past the Orkneys and Shetlands, to Muckle Flugga. The noble lighthouse here protects us on the start of our return journey southward by the west coast for twenty-one miles. Now comes the third gap, and it is the widest of all, extending for over forty miles.

The fourth occurs off the north-west coast of the island of Lewis, and the fifth at Sligo Bay, Ireland.

Between these two last-mentioned, we should pass the celebrated tower on the top of Barra Head in the Hebrides, which no one could pass without special attention. Its lantern is six hundred and eighty-three feet above high water, the loftiest 'light' in the British Isles. It is visible in all directions, and from first to last we keep it in sight for no less than sixty-six miles. In these particulars it is the king of British lighthouses.

Continuing our journey, the sixth gap is found while crossing St. George's Channel between the Taskan light and the famous Smalls; but in this position it must be remembered that we are more than ten miles from any coast.

Perhaps of all these danger signals there is no group more frequently consulted than those with which we started—the guardians of the English Channel. Among them we should find the very interesting tower that forms the subject of our picture. In the career of the Needles 'light,' it may be said to have 'taken a step down,' with the object of increasing its usefulness to the sailor. For the first tower originally stood high above the sea on Freshwater Down. But a little before 1859 new arrangements were made, and Sir James Walker, the famous engineer, started the erection which now stands almost with its feet in the sea, close against the most westward rock of this sadly famous reef. It was completed in 1859, and shows a light which is visible for fourteen miles. In the white chalky rock rising immediately behind it, like a huge tent, spacious chambers have been excavated for holding stores and lighthouse materials, and provided with strong storm-proof doors. By this arrangement, the time and expense of building special accommodation were saved, while no architect could have constructed such an unshakable 'house.' The tower itself is of granite; is one hundred and nine feet high, and lifts its lantern eighty feet above the waves. Nearly fifty years after its erection, eight hundred and fifty-three pounds eighteen shillings and fourpence was spent on providing it with a fog-signal; so that now the Needles may be said to keep a sharp look-out, pointing its warning with light and sound.

THE PATRIOTIC PIGEON.

TO kill the 'homing' instinct of a good pigeon seems to be impossible.

During the siege of Paris in 1870, a carrier pigeon belonging to the French was captured by the enemy.

The bird was being conveyed in a balloon to some point in the country, whence it was expected to return to Paris with a message. Its captors took it to the German headquarters, and the commander, Prince Frederick Charles, sent it to his mother in Germany.

There, in a large and splendid aviary, it fared well and sumptuously, but in its luxurious quarters the French pigeon had not forgotten its old home, even after the passage of five years. One day, somehow, the door of the aviary was left open, and the bird escaped. After mounting high into the air, and flying about for a few moments, as if to ascertain the points of the compass, it took flight in a straight line for Paris.

The next day but one, it was beating its wings against the entrance to its old loft in the Boulevard de Clichy. There it was recognised and taken in. Esteemed as a patriot who had returned from foreign captivity, it lived in great honour at the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation until its death in 1878.

THE PLEASURE TREE.

THE Pleasure Tree grows in the garden of dreams,
And red fruit hangs high on the spray;
At the heart of each fruit is a wonderful joy,
And they drop on the pillow of each girl or boy
Who has tried to be good all the day.

The Pleasure Tree grows in the garden of dreams,
And Conscience is keeper, they say.
So the beautiful fruit never drops from the tree
But stops on the branches as high as can be
When children are cross and won't play.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 210.)

'MY lords,' the thief replied, as he sat cross-legged in the middle of the room, with a dirty kitchen-cloth around him, 'if I do not speak the truth may I die.'

'Then tell me,' Frank said, 'who commanded you to steal the white monkey?'

'The wise astrologer.'

'The man who was beaten by the command of the Lord of the White Elephant?'

'My lord, that is the man.'

'What were you to do with the white monkey?'

'I was to kill it, and carry the body to the wise astrologer.'

'And what did he intend to do with it?'

The prisoner hesitated for a few moments. 'My lord,' he said, at length, 'will you, and the honourable white lords who are with you, protect me from the anger of the wise astrologer?'

'Certainly we will.'

'Then, my lord, I will tell you his words: "Nai Tum," he said to me, "kill the white monkey, and bring it to me. Then I will take it to the Lord of the White Elephant, and declare that the vile water-rats have killed it."'

'But why did you do as he desired?' Tom joined in.

'My lord, my heart is full of love for the most beautiful girl in Siam, and the wise astrologer declared that if I did not do the thing he had commanded me to do, he would, by his magic, make her as ugly as a Chinese woman. My lord, I could not let him destroy her beauty.'

'It is very evident,' Frank said to Tom and me,

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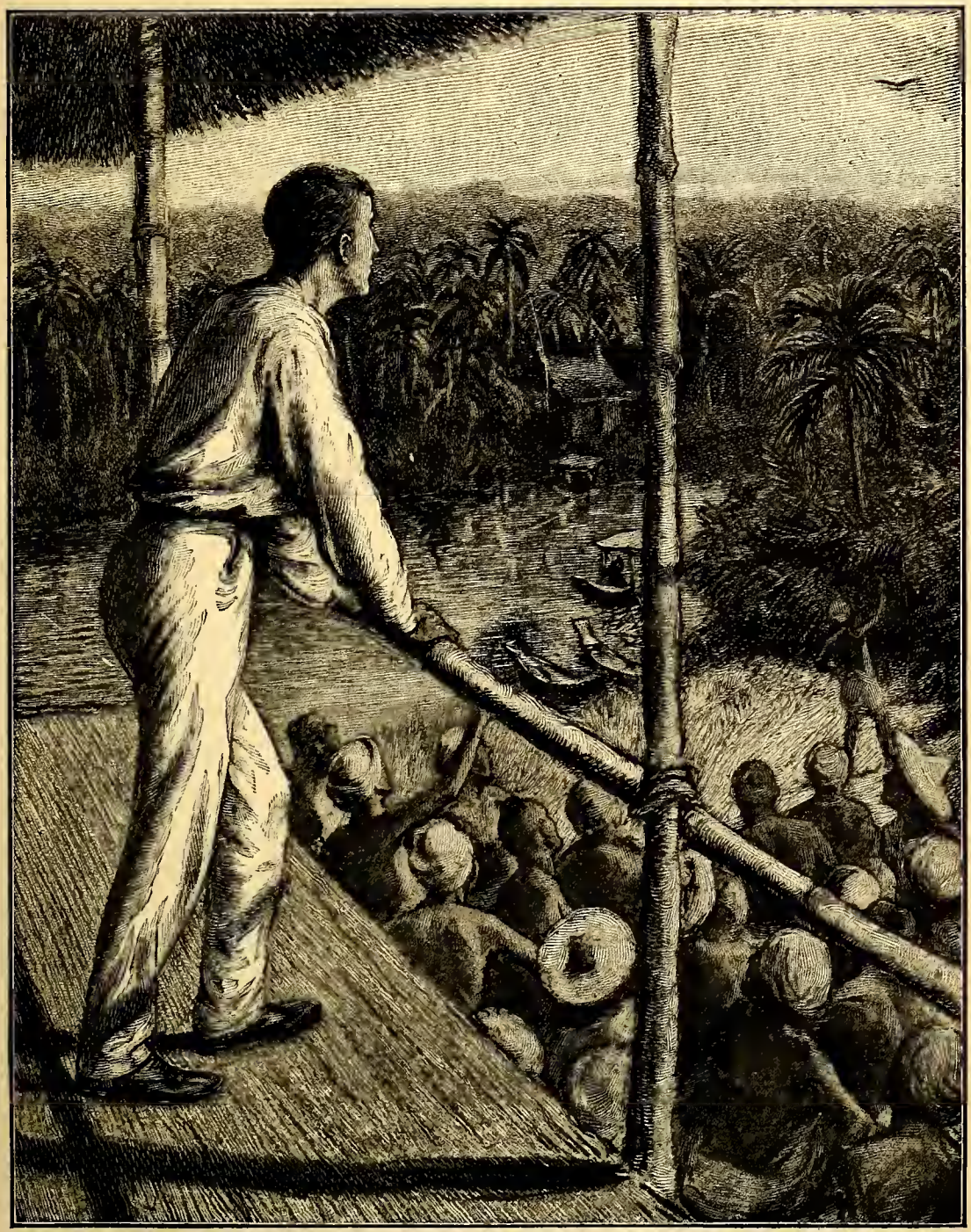

"Every man in the crowd gazed up at the sky."

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 223.)

CHAPTER XII.

THE Festival of the Sun and Moon lasted for three days. On the third day, an hour or two before sunset, the last of the crowd of pilgrims dropped his money-offering into the cavern-pit, and the return to Bangkok began almost immediately. The journey up the river had been a lively one; the journey down was twenty times more so. Every pilgrim, possessed of the belief that he had performed a good action by attending the Festival of the Sun and Moon, was in high spirits, and gave vent to them by singing, beating drums, blowing trumpets, or playing practical jokes. Scores of canoes were upset, but not a single person was drowned.

Frank, Tom, and I enjoyed ourselves as fully as if we were Siamese; but Menandez sat silently in our canoe with his right hand grasping tightly a bundle containing the money which he had obtained by threats from the astrologer. He feared that some one might have become aware of its contents, and make an attempt to steal it. No such attempt, however, was made.

When we got ashore at Bangkok, Menandez left us, telling us, before he departed, that it was very unlikely that he would see us again for some months, as he did not intend to remain in the city. We did not ask him where he was going, as we felt sure that he was about to return to the Cavern of the Sun and Moon. A few days later, our belief was strengthened by hearing from Nai Tum that he had seen Menandez starting up the river soon after daybreak.

Nai Tum was now in our service, and had taken up his residence with his mother in a hut which stood about fifty yards from our quarters.

One day, while Frank, Tom, and I were sitting talking of England, Nai Tum entered the room and, having made obeisance, said to Frank, 'The girl whom his honour,' pointing to me, 'wishes to see is standing outside. Will he come and admire her?'

Frank and Tom enjoyed this incident immensely, but I felt very angry.

'Is she the girl Nai Tum is going to marry, or her sister?' I asked suspiciously.

'It is his future wife,' Frank replied, after repeating my question to Nai Tum.

'Then I will go out and have a look at her,' I said, for I could not be so churlish as to refuse to please Nai Tum by gazing at his future wife. Outside the house the lady was waiting, and an uglier being I have never seen. She had small eyes, a broad, flat nose, high cheek-bones, black teeth, and her lips were red with the juice of the betel-quid she was chewing. Seeing that I was looking at her, she smiled, and that smile made her, in my opinion, uglier still.

'Is she not as beautiful as I said she was?' Nai Tum asked eagerly.

'She is just as you described her,' I replied truthfully.

It was not a compliment, but Nai Tum regarded it as praise, and marched away with the lady, well pleased with the interview.

Frank and Tom declared that the couple would return shortly, accompanied by the lady's sister. I, too, feared that this might be the case; but when the day passed without her appearing, I came to the conclusion that Nai Tum had put the matter out of his mind. However, I was mistaken. Seven days after we had gazed at Nai Tum's idea of beauty, I noticed an old woman standing gazing at our house, holding a white pigeon in one hand and a pale rose in the other.

During my travels I always made a point of learning as much as I could about the manners and customs of the country in which I happened to be, and as Frank and Tom were not present to explain the meaning of the woman's behaviour, I went out on to the verandah to try to discover it for myself. I found that the old woman was Nai Tum's mother. I had only seen her once before, and it was not until I was close to her that I recognised her. I greeted her with a few Siamese words which I had learnt from Frank and Tom, but no sooner had I spoken than the old woman rattled off a long speech, not a word of which could I understand. I imagined, however, that she was sounding the praises of the pigeon and the rose before presenting them to me. The pigeon was certainly a splendid bird, and the rose was one of the best I had ever seen out of England; and, wishing to show that I appreciated their good points, I smiled and nodded my head. Another long speech followed, and then, greatly to my surprise, the old woman suddenly turned and walked away, holding in her hands the pigeon and the rose. I watched her, mystified, as she hurried away, and I noticed that she said a few words to every man she met, and that each of them then came towards my house and sat down cross-legged in the dusty road. Soon a dozen men were there. Three of them, after sitting quietly for some ten minutes, suddenly jumped up and, running to the river-side, shouted excitedly to the people on the floating city. What they said I had not the faintest idea, but soon I saw scores of young fellows paddling to the shore in great haste. They, too, on landing, sat down in front of my house. There were then over a hundred men staring at my dwelling, and every minute the number increased.

Suddenly it occurred to me that they wanted to see the white monkey, so I called Ted, who scampered out and scrambled on to my shoulder. The people made a hurried obeisance, but as they took no further notice of my little friend it was evident that they had not come to see him. Somewhat annoyed at being unable to discover the cause of the crowd collecting I determined to inquire by signs, aided by a few words of Siamese, what the people wanted. But as I was about to begin there was a shout from some one, and instantly every man in the squatting crowd gazed up at the sky. Of course I looked up, and was somewhat surprised to see that they were simply staring at a pigeon which was flying rapidly towards us. A minute or so later it settled on Nai Tum's hut, and then I saw that it was the bird which the old woman had shown me about half an hour previously.

The moment the pigeon settled the men jumped up and shouted with delight, though, so far as I could see, there was no just reason for their demonstrations of joy. The bird was, no doubt, a good specimen of the carrier-pigeon, but its performance that day was not remarkable. The old woman had not been gone much more than half an hour, and therefore the pigeon could not have had a long fly. What, then, was the cause of the men's joy? To me it was a mystery.

When the shouting, dancing, beating of drums and

blowing of reed instruments had been continued for some ten minutes, it dawned upon me that the men connected me, in some way or other, with the white pigeon. Some of them addressed me from the road, but I could not gather the meaning of what they said, although I was sure from their smiling faces that it was something complimentary. It was a pleasant change to be smiled upon by people who had not many days before greeted me with angry shouts of 'water-rat.' I was anxious to remain on friendly terms with the crowd, and was very sorry that I was unable to speak Siamese. In fact, I felt very foolish just then, standing and smiling at a crowd of men whom I could neither address nor understand. I decided that the best thing I could do would be to go indoors. This I did, but there was a convenient crack in the wooden wall of the house through which I was still able to watch the merry-makers. My departure evidently caused them some surprise, but they did not slacken their shouting or the noises which they considered music. Apparently they had no intention of going for some time, and every minute their number was swelled by fresh arrivals.

(Continued on page 238.)

THE FOOLISH LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER.

ONCE in the days long ago, in ancient Egypt, there was a great lighthouse which showed the way into the harbour of Alexandria. It stood upon a little island called Pharos, and was the first lighthouse ever built.

The King of Egypt at that time was called Ptolemy Philadelphus, which means, 'Ptolemy who loves his brother,' because he was a good man, and he built this lighthouse to save ships from being wrecked.

Years passed away, and although the good king had died, and had been made into a mummy and placed in a pyramid, as was the custom in ancient Egypt, the lighthouse, or Pharos, as they called it from the name of the island, still stood watching over the harbour and leading the ships to safety.

One of the old keepers of the lighthouse had died, and another was put there in his place. The new one was a young man, and had never minded a lighthouse before, but the people told him what to do, and showed him the great stone jars of oil for the lamp. He was to light the lamp if the weather looked stormy, as the harbour was quite safe in fine weather, and they showed him all that he needed to do. As soon as he understood his duties, they rowed away from the island and left him.

Very soon the fishermen who lived on the island went to the lighthouse-keeper and asked him if he could spare them any oil for their lamps. He thought to himself, 'It does not look stormy, so it will not matter if I spare the poor fisherfolk a little of this great store of oil.'

So he gave it to them, and the weather continued fine for a long time. Gradually the fishermen got into the habit of asking for oil, and the lighthouse-keeper gave it to them a little at a time.

One day he noticed that the fishermen stayed at home instead of going out in their boats to catch fish.

'O fishermen, why do you stay at home instead of taking your boats on the sea to catch fish?' he asked.

'Because, O lighthouse-keeper,' they answered, 'there is a great storm coming; and we should get wrecked!'

'Then I ought to light the lamp in the Pharos to-night!' he said.

'Verily, O lighthouse-keeper.'

And the fisherfolk turned back to their nets which they were mending.

The lighthouse man ran to the lighthouse and found that the lamp was empty. Then he ran to the great stone oil-jars, and found that they were empty too. Then he ran to the fishermen.

'O fishermen!' he cried, 'what shall I do? I have given you all the oil, and there is none for the Pharos!'

'Then you were foolish,' was the answer. 'You gave away what was not yours, but was given to you to keep for the good of others. You have wasted it, and you will be punished.'

The poor lighthouse-keeper was in great distress, the wind began to howl, the waves began to rise and beat on the shore, the lightning flashed bright, and the thunder roared and shook the earth.

Mariners in the storm-tossed ships peered through the night looking for the welcome light of the Pharos to guide them to safety, but all was dark, and as they were dashed on to the shore and the waves beat them, they railed at the lighthouse-keeper who had betrayed them by not lighting the lamp.

When the storm had ceased, the foolish man wandered on the shore, gazing at the wrecked ships; he wrung his hands and tore his clothes, saying, 'Oh, why was I so foolish as to waste that precious oil on the fishermen?'

Presently the people came from the King to see why the lamp had not been lit, and when they found there was no oil, they took the lighthouse-keeper and hanged him from the beam of the Pharos as a warning to those who neglect their duty.

Now, what do we learn from this old, old story? The oil is like our lives, which we receive as a trust to do good to all we meet, but if we waste our time uselessly and spend our lives on things of no value, a time will come when it will be said to us, 'What have you done with your life? Have you let your light shine in goodness and kindness to people who needed it all round you? Have you done the best you could for people who want help? Have you learnt all you could, so as to improve yourself?' NO! Then remember the fate of the foolish lighthouse-keeper, and spend your lives well.

F. G. Palmer.

SOME ENGLISH TREES.

VI.—THE BEECH-TREE.

FIFTEEN species of beeches are scattered about the world, but two only are of much account in our own country, Fagus silvestris and the Copper Beech (Fagus ferruginea).

Beeches are creatures of temperate climates, unable to bear either great cold or heat. All are beautiful in growth and graceful of foliage, and one peculiarity gives them an especial charm. Although they are of the species of tree which sheds its leaves annually, young beeches up to twenty years old retain their leaves during winter, and then drop them. If, however, the trees are cut and used as sheltering hedges they keep their coats on at any age, in most accommodating fashion, throughout the cold weather. The foliage is very light green in colour, and the leaves have a soft, silky appearance, which makes a beech easy to recognise. In sheltered positions, such as a

hollow amongst hills, this tree often reaches a height of eighty, ninety, or even as much as a hundred and ten feet, with a trunk twenty feet in girth. It is an obliging tree, and although only attaining such huge size under special conditions, it will live and thrive on bare northern slopes where even pines refuse to grow, provided its roots have their necessary food, found in limestone and chalky formations.

The trunk of a beech, when well grown, is straight and clear for some height; then the branches extend in horizontal form. Probably the light, silky leaves and the alternate fashion in which they grow on the young shoots give the singular look of lightness, unusual in other forest giants. The bark is grey and very smooth, although the trunk is often broken by large knots, as if shoots had tried, in infancy, to push through and get to the light and failed.

Beeches are not as long-lived as oaks, chestnuts, or sycamores, and the timber lacks their durable qualities. The grain is short, and the wood very hard; but it is brittle, and a favourite prey of insects. Strange to say it lasts best under water, and was used largely in former times for water-mills, those picturesque aids to industry, now, alas! fast disappearing. Beechwood is, however, still used for weirs, sluices, and such purposes. Turners use it for bowls, butcher's trays, and tool-handles, wheelwrights for their special business, cabinet-makers for furniture, and in France it is greatly desired for 'sabots' or wooden shoes. The nuts called 'beech-mast' have rather a sweet taste like walnuts, and when a certain poisonous property, known as 'fagin,' has been got rid of by drying, cattle, poultry, and pigs flourish on this food, although horses can never take it safely. Oil is obtained from these nuts, and

A Beech Tree in Summer

in some countries is accounted better than olive oil, as less liable to turn rancid.

Grass will not grow beneath beech-trees, mainly because of the dense shade thrown by the closely knitted leaves; but certain other plants, difficult of cultivation elsewhere, are quite at home under its branches.

From Norway to Italy this tree is well known, and Asia Minor is one of its favourite habitations. Armenia, Java, New Zealand, and the south of South America show vast forests of this beautiful tree, and our own United Kingdom is rich in beech-woods of equal attraction, although on a smaller scale.

Whittier, 'the Quaker Poet,' wrote a charming little poem called 'The Funeral Tree of the Sokotis' on the burial of an Indian chief under a beech-tree. It is too long to quote at length, but I will give a few

Leaves of Copper Beech.

verses, in the hope that some of my readers may be interested enough to read the rest.

'And silent now the hunters stand,
Grouped darkly where a swell of land
Slopes upward from the lake's white sand.

'Fire and the axe have swept it bare
Save one lone beech, enclosing there
Its light leaves in the vernal air. . . .

"Tis done; the roots are backward sent,
The beechen-tree stands up unbent,
The Indian's fitting monument.'

Helena Heath.

A LOST REVENGE.

THE Vikings had landed at last—the cruel foes from the North Sea coasts, whose mission it was to pillage and to slay. Even the Romans had scarcely been able to keep them in check, and now that they had withdrawn their protection from the island the Britons were in a sorry plight.

Sebert and Oswald, two brave lads of noble British birth, who were watching their enemies from the shelter of the rocks, felt their hearts sink within them. 'We will sell ourselves dearly,' said Sebert, the elder of the two, grasping his spear meanwhile the tighter in his hand.

'Ay, that we will,' replied Oswald, his brother, 'and protect our mother and sister with our lives.'

"The lads decided to beat a retreat."

'Tis well that we hid them in the cave,' said Sebert. 'The Vikings are not the men to show mercy.'

Even as Sebert spoke he caught the upward glance of the Viking leader, a fierce-looking warrior, who had borne the brunt of many a fight.

Sebert paled a little beneath his tan, and whispered a word of warning to his brother. The lads, thinking discretion the better part of valour, decided to beat a retreat. Creeping along behind the rocks, they made their way towards a lonely cave, the entrance of

which was almost entirely concealed by a mass of bushy growth.

Here they found their mother and little Helena anxiously awaiting their coming. There was a meal spread upon the floor of the cave, for Sebert and Oswald, with wise precaution, had laid in a store of provisions. The cave was their own especial find, not one of their friends and neighbours knowing of its existence.

Here in happier days Sebert and Oswald had often played, and here it was that the boys, hearing of the coming of the Vikings, decided that their widowed mother and sister should find a hiding-place. 'They have come, mother,' cried Sebert, almost under his breath, as they entered the cave; 'the Vikings have landed at last.'

The news was sufficiently startling to cause a cry of distress to fall from the lips of both their mother and little Helena.

'Keep up your courage, Mother,' added Sebert; 'Oswald and I will protect you with our lives.'

'Ay, that we will,' muttered Oswald fiercely; 'they will have to kill us first, Mother, before they touch either of you.'

As may be imagined, there was little heart after this for the simple meal; indeed, there was not one amongst them who made any pretence of enjoying it.

The next few days were black with terror and gloom. Only after nightfall did Sebert and Oswald venture out, and then it was to see little else but death and desolation. It grieved them to the heart to see the ashes of the wooden dwelling which had sheltered them from infancy. Naught of their home now remained save a heap of smouldering ruins.

'Villains,' muttered Sebert, under his breath, 'if only I had my chance of revenge! It's little enough mercy I would show, if one of the Vikings fell into my hands!'

That self-same night Sebert had his heart's desire, namely, an opportunity for vengeance.

It was midnight, and the lad, unable to sleep in the heavy atmosphere of the cave, slipped out (without waking the others) into the cool, fresh air. He made his way towards the pebbly beach below, with the intention of taking a short ramble beside the sea.

Suddenly there fell on his ears a low, sobbing moan, which was followed by a half-stifled cry for aid.

Sebert listened awhile, and then drew nearer to the spot whence the sounds proceeded. There was a full moon riding in the heavens, and by its light he presently discovered a figure lying prone upon the ground.

It was none other than the chief of the Vikings.

Sebert drew a quick, startled breath. But, as he soon realised, he had no cause for fear—the man was entirely at his mercy.

The Viking (who was partially gagged) was bound hand and foot, and tied by the feet to a stake, in order that the incoming tide might claim him for its prey.

'Let him drown,' was Sebert's unspoken thought; 'I won't stretch out a finger to help him.'

The wretched man, upon hearing footsteps, endeavoured to shout aloud for aid, but the gag checked his utterance.

The rising tide had now reached his feet as he lay stretched out. Presently into Sebert's mind there flashed a remembrance of certain holy teaching which had fallen from his mother's lips. For the Romans, amongst many other things, had taught the dwellers of the island the chiefest of all good things, the worship of the true God.

After a hard struggle, Sebert's better nature triumphed. He drew close to the man and addressed him, and to the lad's surprise—when the gag was removed—he was answered in his own tongue.

The Viking, as it chanced, had married a British woman, and could speak the language well. Terror-stricken, he appealed to Sebert for help, which the boy, not without certain qualms, promised to give.

While Sebert was unfastening the knots, the Viking told how he came to be in such a terrible position. He had been overcome in the darkness by a band of Britons, who, after binding him hand and foot, had mercilessly left him to drown.

His gratitude to Sebert for freeing him from his bonds was very deep and real. After hearing the boy's story, he promised on his word of honour that not a breath of harm should befall either Sebert or his brother. As for their mother and sister, he guaranteed their safety and protection. And to his credit, it must be said, the Viking kept his word.

So it happened, after all, that Sebert lost his opportunity for vengeance, a fact which never once, in the course of a long and varied life, had he reason to regret.

Marian Isabel Hurrell.

THE ELFIN MEN.

WHITHER away, good elfin men, with slow and stately tread?
The lamp-flowers of the chestnut-trees burn palely overhead;
The lilac in the charmed dusk sways when the breezes pass
To stir to gentle melody the quiet sleeping grass.'

'Since dark of day, dear child, we've roamed, and travelled far and fleet;
In homage we bring golden gifts to lay at Summer's feet.'
'Undo your corded bales, good men, your journey's end's in sight,
And spread your magic treasure store beneath the round moon's light.'

'We'll hang our gold on gorse and broom, for Summer's fair renown,
And from the tall laburnum-trees gold showers will fall adown;
Gold cups we'll leave in meadow-land, gold pansies by the lawn;
And then "Good speed," for we must haste to elfin-land at dawn.'

SWEET APPLES AND SOUR GRAPES.

DERRICK RAYMOND and his cousin Edmund stood looking out of the latter's bedroom window. It was late October, and the apple-tree in the neighbour's garden, that overhung the hedge opposite Edmund's window, was almost bare of leaves, so that the two lonely apples still left upon it were plainly visible upon the naked branches.

It was those two apples that so constantly engaged the boys' attention. Would they never drop off, or would no one ever pluck them? Derrick had been staying at The Chestnuts a fortnight, and all the while the fruit had hung temptingly there; and to the boys' longing eyes it seemed to outline itself

more clearly each day against the withered background.

'Funny that just those two should be left in that big tree!' said Derrick. 'They seem asking us to pick them, don't they?'

'That's just how it appears to me!' agreed Edmund, eagerly. 'Wouldn't it be just glorious to climb the tree and pick them?'

'Yes. Why could not the trunk of the tree have been on your side of the hedge?' sighed his cousin.

'Yes; or the hedge have been made on the other side of the trunk!' suggested Edmund. 'We should have had the right to climb up and get them then.'

'I think it would be a much fairer arrangement, when half the branches of a fruit-tree are in one garden and half in another, for each side to have the fruit off its own branches,' argued Derrick. Then he added, suddenly, 'Who gathered all the rest of the fruit?'

'Oh! didn't I tell you? Some boys came one night—just before you came here—and cleared the whole lot, except a few that the wind has since blown down. Those two seem to hang on just on purpose to tantalise us!'

'Who lives in the house?' asked Derrick.

'An old gentleman, Doctor Hamilton. Not a sick person's doctor, you know, but a professor of some sort. I can see him walking about the garden sometimes from the window. His gardener told ours that he was very angry about the apples being stolen. There's the gong! Are you ready?'

Derrick seized a hair-brush, and applied it vigorously to his curly head, after which process the two cousins went down to the midday meal.

Afterwards Edmund suggested a walk, and Mrs. Raymond glanced at the fruit-dish, piled high with apples, standing on the sideboard.

'You had better each put a couple of apples in your pockets,' she said.

The boys thanked her and helped themselves, but, strange to say, though the fruit was perfect of its kind, it did not seem half so desirable to them as the two green specimens on the tree, which were unattainable without a climb.

'It is astonishing how much nicer things taste when you have had a job to get them!' said Edmund an hour later, as he munched his first apple. 'These are very good, of course, but I am sure those two beggars on Doctor Hamilton's tree would taste heaps better.'

'Yes,' agreed Derrick. 'I never could understand why the fox came to the conclusion that the grapes were so sour because they happened to be out of his reach. He always seemed a poor-spirited sort of chap to my mind. The harder a thing is to get, the better worth having, in my opinion.'

And with these views Edmund heartily agreed.

As they passed the professor's gate on their way home, they saw him looking over the top. He smiled in a pleasant, friendly fashion, and spoke to them.

'You are my next-door neighbours, I believe. Would you like to walk round my garden?'

Evidently the Professor was fond of boys, for he made the next half-hour pass so pleasantly that Derrick and Edmund were quite sorry to leave him.

That night the boys held a solemn conclave in their bedroom after they had been sent upstairs.

They had pulled aside the curtains, and were looking at the Professor's white stone house, which, bathed in moonlight and amid its setting of trees, looked, Derrick declared, like a Christmas card.

'Yes,' said Edward, 'he's a jolly fine old chap, and I think, as you say, that we owe it to him to save these two apples for him, considering he lost all the rest. They will only get stolen if we don't, and it would be only decent of us to return his kindness this afternoon.'

So, instead of undressing and getting into bed, the boys prepared to creep downstairs.

'We will turn our coats inside out,' said Derrick; 'then if they get torn or dirty, it will only be in the lining, and that won't matter, because it doesn't show.'

They managed to leave the house without being seen, and having gained access to the Professor's garden by means of the front gate, the two active lads found it was the work of a few moments to clamber up into the apple-tree.

Before they reached the prize, however, a bull's-eye lantern flashed up from the garden below, and a gruff voice exclaimed, 'So you are the young rascals who robbed the tree, are you? Come back for the rest of the booty, have you? I have been on the look-out for you, you see! Come down, the pair of you, and I will march you in to Doctor Hamilton, who will be only too pleased to give you in charge! A few days in prison will teach you a lesson, I will warrant!'

Fearful visions of a night spent in a prison cell rushed into the boys' minds, as they slowly came down the tree; and a very sorry pair they looked, with their troubled faces and jackets inside out, the worse for contact with prickly branches.

Lights were burning in the Professor's house, as the policeman marched the two culprits up to the front door and rang the bell.

A curious-eyed housemaid showed them into the library where her master sat reading, and the old gentleman looked up with a gesture of astonishment, as he recognised his boy-visitors in spite of their strange attire.

'Stealing my apples! Nonsense! Why, these are the boys from next door!' he exclaimed, interrupting the statement the officer had begun to make. Then turning to the boys, he asked a little sternly, 'You certainly look as if you had been up to some prank or other, but perhaps you have an explanation to offer?'

Edmund glanced appealingly at his cousin, so Derrick took upon himself the office of spokesman.

'Yes, sir. We were climbing the tree to get those apples—there are just two left, you know. But they were not for ourselves. We were going to bring them to you in the morning. You were so kind to us this afternoon, we thought we should like to do something in return——'

Derrick stopped suddenly, his conscience had given him a sharp prick. His face crimsoned, but he went on bravely, 'That was not our real reason, though. We have watched those apples from the window, and longed so dreadfully to climb up for them that I think we made wanting to do something for you just an excuse to do what we wanted ourselves!'

The Professor's eyes twinkled, but he answered gravely, 'Bravely spoken, my boy! But let this be a lesson to you to weigh your real motives before indulging your own wishes in future. If the policeman here had taken you to the station-house instead of bringing you to me, you might have had to learn this lesson by a very unpleasant experience!'

A. C. Vernon.

"'So you are the young rascals who robbed the tree, are you?'"

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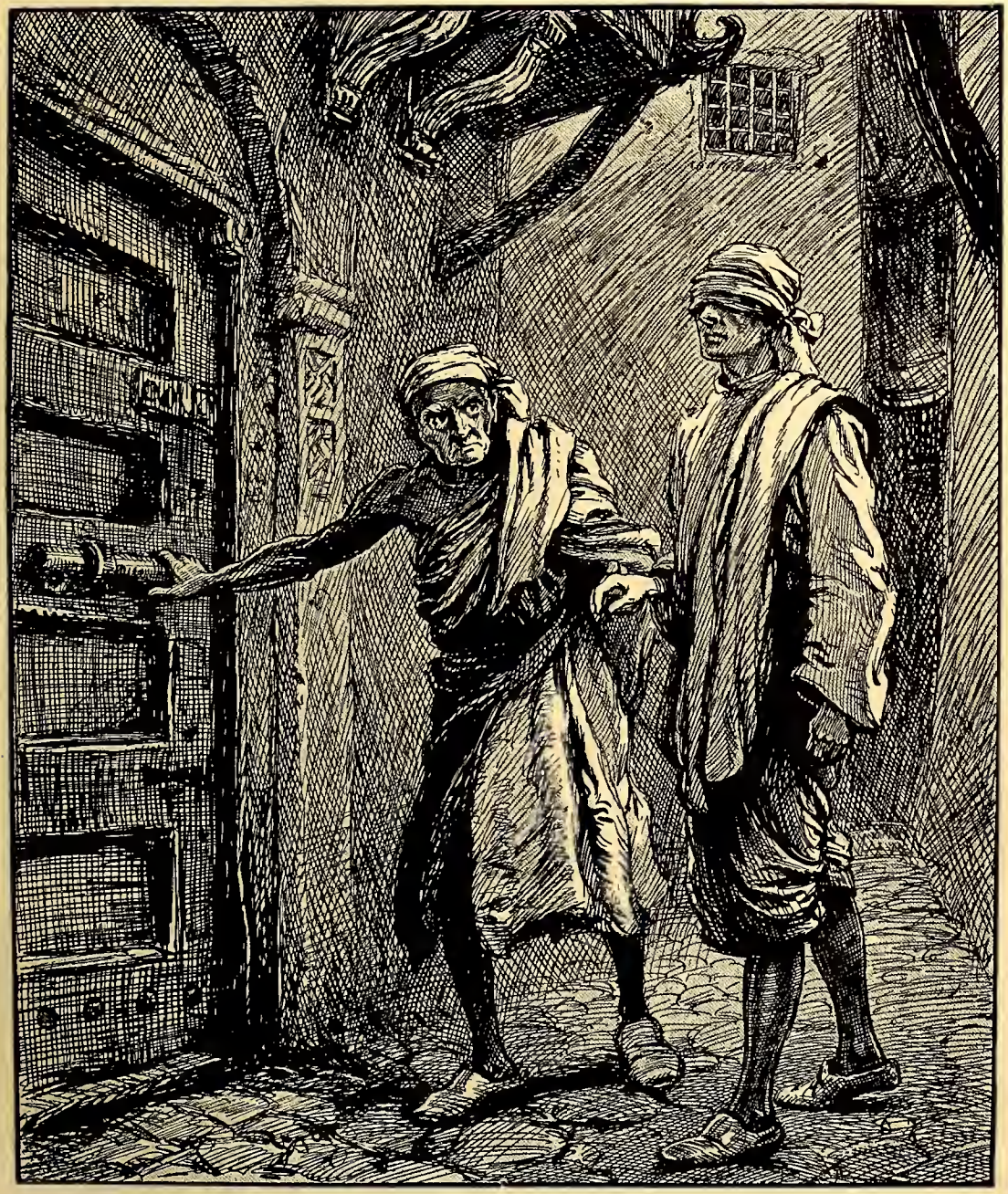


"The old slave guided him."

THE REWARD OF HONESTY.

An Eastern Legend.

TWO young men, citizens of Cam-peng, in Siam, finding themselves left with very little money, went into partnership as pearl-merchants. They bought one pearl a-piece, and with this very small stock began business. The names of the pair exactly fitted their dispositions, the elder being named Nang-sou, or 'subtle mind,' and the younger Nang-si, or 'gentle mind.'

They left Cam-peng, and went to Me-tac, where they hired a shop in the bazaar, and offered their pearls for sale. By-and-by a Moor came along, and inquired the price of the gems. He spoke to Nang-si, but Nang-sou hastened to reply, before the other could get in a word.

'My pearl,' said Nang-sou, 'is one of immense value, fit for the King himself!'

'How much do you want for it?' asked the Moor.

'A thousand gold pieces,' answered the merchant.

The Moor, greatly impressed (for he was a simple fellow), paid the money immediately to Nang-sou, and carried off the pearl.

As soon as the customer had gone, Nang-sou asked his partner why he also did not try to sell his pearl.

'You are very foolish,' said Nang-sou. 'You see how well I have done with my pearl, which is not worth a twentieth part of what that man has paid for it!'

Nang-si might have retorted that the other did not give him a chance.

'Never mind!' he said, cheerfully; 'perhaps my poor pearl will bring me in something yet. If I am unfortunate to-day, I may prosper to-morrow!'

The next day, Nang-sou bought more gems with the money which he had received from the Moor, and the two young men travelled together to the capital city. Here Nang-sou disposed of his goods to great advantage, but Nang-si's one and only pearl found no purchaser.

'Well!' remarked Nang-sou, as they were shutting up their shop in the evening, 'what do you think now? Is it not better to use a little ingenuity than to trust to chance? If you were not so over-scrupulous, you might do as well as I.'

'Never mind!' again replied Nang-si. 'Perhaps I shall have better fortune to-morrow, without asking twenty times as much as my pearl is worth.'

By now, Nang-si was disgusted with the other's covetousness, and would gladly have left him had he not been in his debt for a trifling sum which he had been forced to borrow, and was at present unable to repay. 'Oh, dear!' he sighed to himself, 'how wretched it is to be tied thus to a bad man! But I will leave him as soon as I possibly can!'

On the following day a lady entered the shop, and, after turning over a great number of Nang-sou's things, and buying several of them, was about to leave, when Nang-si's rather sad face attracted her attention. In a brisk tone she inquired what he had to sell.

'Only one small pearl,' he replied, showing it to her.

'What a little beauty!' exclaimed the lady. 'It is worthy of the Princess of Siam! But the price is doubtless very high?'

All the time she was speaking, Nang-sou was making signs to Nang-si that he should ask a big price. The straightforward young merchant took no notice of this, and told the lady that the pearl was only a common one, at the same time naming the small sum it was worth.

'I wish,' said the lady, 'that I had not already spent all my money! I never saw such a beauty in my life!'

Nang-si, seeing that her admiration of the pearl was quite sincere, begged her to take it, saying that he would trust her for the payment. This, however, she declined to do.

'You are very good!' the lady said, and then, in an exceedingly kind manner, she began to question Nang-si about himself and his affairs.

'I set up,' said the young merchant, 'with this single pearl, of which as yet no one but yourself has taken any notice. My partner, however, has had better fortune.'

'Indeed?' said the lady. 'And pray what did he set up with?'

'Also a single pearl,' replied Nang-si, wondering why she asked the question.

The lady looked searchingly at each of the young men, and then left the shop.

The two merchants wondered who she could be. Nang-sou again expressed his contempt for his companion's way of doing business, telling him that he would never do any good for himself as long as he lived.

After the shop was closed for the night, Nang-sou set forth on his usual walk, while Nang-si seated himself at the door to enjoy the pleasant evening air.

Presently an old man, who seemed, by his appearance, to be in the service of some great person, came up to Nang-si, and asked his name. Nang-si told it him. 'Then it is you I want,' said the stranger; 'you are to follow me, and to bring with you the pearl which you have to sell.'

Nang-si ran in to fetch the pearl, and then was led by the old slave through so many narrow turnings and byways that he began to feel nervous and rather frightened. At length they came to a doorway, where the old slave blindfolded Nang-si, and then guided him into a great building.

When the bandage was withdrawn from the young man's eyes, he found himself in a magnificent room. On a velvet cushion was sitting a beautiful young lady, surrounded by female slaves, who had been singing to her, and playing on sweet-toned instruments. The music ceased as Nang-si entered, and the lady then spoke to him.

'I,' she said, 'am the person who visited your shop this morning. Also I am the daughter of the mandarin, Ling-po, who has been commanded by the King of Siam to find a suitable man to succeed him in his office, my father being now old and infirm. He was so greatly pleased with what I told him of your truthfulness, honesty, and good nature, that he desired me to send for you privately. How would you like to be a mandarin?'

Nang-si, rendered speechless by surprise, could only prostrate himself humbly before her.

She raised him with her own hand, and made him sit on a mat by her side. Presently her father, the mandarin, entered the room, and with him the king in disguise.

'Sir,' said the lady to her father, 'this is the young man of whom I told you, whose fortune consists of a single pearl, with which he would so readily have trusted me this morning.'

Nang-si bowed in respectful silence. The king then gave certain orders, and his attendants brought in a purple gown.

'Put this on, Nang-si,' said the king. 'Your one poor pearl has been the means of raising you to high office. I am the king! and I now create you a mandarin of the first order.'

As the king pronounced these words, he threw off his disguise, and showed himself resplendent in a royal robe of brocaded satin. Taking Nang-si's hand, he led him forth to introduce him to the people who had gathered outside the palace.

'I present to you, my friends,' said the king, 'our new mandarin, a man of pure heart, who, I feel sure, is worthy to succeed our good Ling-po.'

One of Nang-si's first acts, as a magistrate, was to publish an edict inviting those who wished to appeal to him to do so on a particular day, when he would do his best (he promised) for all poor and deserving persons.

Upon the appointed day, the great hall was crowded with applicants. The very first decisions made by the new mandarin delighted every one by their fairness. Amongst the petitioners was a Moor, whose face Nang-si thought that he had seen elsewhere.

'I come, my lord,' said this man, 'to bring a charge against a certain merchant, who some weeks ago sold to me a pearl for a thousand gold pieces. This, he assured me, was much less than the real value, but I find that the jewel is almost worthless.'

'Where is this swindling merchant?' inquired Nang-si.

'He is here, in the court, my lord,' replied the Moor, pointing to Nang-sou, who, little thinking what awaited him, had strolled in to see what was going on.

'What has been the consequence of this unjust act?' asked the mandarin.

'My ruin!' exclaimed the Moor; 'all my creditors have come upon me at once, and, because I cannot satisfy their demands, they threaten to throw me into prison.'

'And it is you who have done this?' continued Nang-si, turning towards his former partner, who had not recognised him in his unfamiliar dress.

'I deny the charge!' said Nang-sou. 'This man is a perfect stranger to me. I never saw his face before!'

'Have you any witnesses?' said Nang-si to the Moor.

'None,' replied the man, who also had failed to recognise Nang-si. 'There was only a young fellow in the shop at the time, and he, I believe, was the merchant's partner. But I solemnly vow that my statement is a true one.'

'That, unfortunately, will avail you nothing,' said the mandarin, 'if you cannot produce a witness. You say,' he added, addressing Nang-sou, 'that you never saw this man before?'

'Never!' exclaimed Nang-sou. 'I will swear to it!'

'Wait a moment,' the magistrate said, sternly. 'There is a witness. Look at me, Nang-sou! Do you not recognise Nang-si? I am the witness to your fraud! All that this man says is perfectly true.'

Nang-sou, speechless, hung down his head.

'And were you, my lord, his companion?' cried the astonished Moor. 'Ah! now I remember your face! It was you who stood beside him in the shop.'

The mandarin then ordered Nang-sou to return all the money which he had taken from the Moor. 'And,' said Nang-si, solemnly, 'let the unjust learn this useful lesson, that the injuries which they inflict on the innocent, harm themselves more than they hurt others.'

(According to our ideas, the Moor might reasonably have asked why Nang-si stood by and allowed him to be cheated. But probably he would not dare to put such a question to a mandarin; anyhow, the story says nothing about that!)

All Nang-sou's ill-gotten wealth was about to pass into the possession of the Moor, but Nang-si remembered that he was himself in debt to his former partner. This debt—a very small one—he promptly paid, advising Nang-sou, as a friend, to begin business again with better principles.

The whole assembly shouted their approbation of the new ruler, and the lady who had 'discovered' him blushed as much as if their applause had been intended for herself.

A few weeks later the old mandarin's daughter became the new mandarin's bride. E. Dyke.

ANIMAL GEOGRAPHY.

VI.—THE ANIMAL LIFE OF INDIA.

WHILE most people still regard Africa as the 'Dark Continent,' the land of mystery and death, India, on the contrary, has had a strange fascination for the minds of generations of men. Most of us older folk, at any rate, would, as children, have pointed to India as the land of Aladdin's caves, a country of magnificence and gorgeousness, a country where ordinary and commonplace things could not exist. In other words, while Africa has stood for the land of awe, the home of savage people and more savage beasts, India has been regarded rather as the home of human, if somewhat barbaric, splendour.

But our interest in India here begins with a far remote past, at a time when the India we know now did not exist. Then, what we know as the peninsula of India—that portion bounded on the west by the Arabian Sea and on the east by the Bay of Bengal—formed a part of the continent of Africa! At that time the Bay of Bengal covered the land now forming Assam, while another sea to the north-west covered Persia, Baluchistan, the plain of the Indus and of the Ganges. The lofty snow-capped Himalayas, which now guard the northern frontiers of this wonderful country, were but low hills for the greater part of their range, cut off by an arm of the northern sea from India, but joining India on the east. As time went on, the ever-active sea carved out the continents of Africa and India.

Now, during all this time the land areas were being slowly occupied by new-comers from the north in the shape of birds and beasts. But those which took part in the pioneer movements have long since become extinct. We are concerned here only with those later types which appeared on the scene after the formation of the African and Indian continents, but before many of the present-day barriers were set up; and hence the fact that Africa and India contain certain animals in common.

The lion, for example, migrated from the west, wandering from Europe southwards, and making its way into both these great areas, though to-day the lion is all but extinct in India. The tiger, on the other hand, seems to have come into India from the north and east, and is still common in Manchuria,

for example. Whence the strange hunting leopard, or 'cheetah,' came is not so clear; but it is, at any rate, also found both in Africa and India. The birthplace of the elephants, we know, was Africa; for the ancestors of this wonderful animal—small, somewhat tapir-like animals—have been found in that part of the Egyptian desert known as the Fayum. Thence they wandered north, east, and westward, gradually changing as they went. To-day only two species survive, and these are markedly different from one another: the Indian species having grinding teeth of a quite different character, small ears, small tusks, and a curiously prominent forehead. The Indian region harbours three species of rhinoceros, Africa but two. The Indian species have teeth in the front of the jaws, and a curiously folded hide looking like armour-plate. The African species have no teeth in the front of the jaws, and a comparatively smooth skin. But it would seem that these are of Indian origin, for fossil remains have been found in Northern India of the ancestor of the great white rhinoceros of Africa. The common rhinoceros of Africa, by the way, seems to have come from Southern Europe, since fossil remains of migrants fallen by the way have been found in Greece.

Africa is rich in antelopes; India has but few, among which we may specially mention the great nylghai, the beautiful 'black-buck,' and the curious little four-horned antelope or chousinga, and two or three species of gazelles.

India, as we pointed out on an earlier occasion, belongs to what is called in animal geography the 'Oriental Region,' which embraces also Borneo, Siam, the Malay countries, and Southern China, south of latitude thirty. Thus here again we are reminded of the difference between political and natural boundaries. So far we have spoken only of the Indian portion of this realm, but it is necessary also to include a few of the more striking animals in the regions to the east of India, for these have an important bearing on the animal life of India itself.

In the Burmese countries, for instance, are to be found some curious oxen, known as gaur, and two species extend into India. But the finest of the Oriental oxen is the great arna or Indian buffalo, whose enormous horns have a spread of nearly twelve feet! The arna is also met with in Burma and the Malay countries as well as India. In speaking of the oxen of India, my readers will naturally call to mind the Indian humped cattle, or zebus, of which there are several races, some giants, some mere pigmies. But these are domesticated herds found also in Africa.

Sheep, goats, and ibexes, and strange intermediate types but rarely seen alive in Europe save in the London Zoological Gardens, known as goral and serows, are met with only in the mountains of Baluchistan, the lofty Himalayas, and the neighbouring country of Thibet. They cannot live in the hot, steamy lowlands, but require a high altitude where the snow rarely melts. Space allows reference to one only of these animals here—the most magnificent sheep in the world—that known as Marco Polo's sheep, whose enormous horns have a most beautiful sweep, and in old males are so large that the only part of the head which can touch the ground is the muzzle. This animal, however, only just enters the northern borders of India, being found in the neighbourhood of Gilgit and along the Karakoram mountains. In Thibet, the high plateau of Central Asia, it is far more abundant.

Africa has several species of wild horses, which are all striped; the only member of the horse tribe in India is the ghor-kahr, a species of wild ass met with in North-West India.

Except in the extreme North of Africa there are no deer, and we have seen that this region does not really belong to the African region—from the point of view of the distribution of animals over the world. India, on the other hand, has several species of deer, the handsomest of which perhaps is the chital or spotted deer, while among sportsmen the most esteemed are sambar, hangul, and shou deer, which, in the form of the antlers, differ a great deal from our more familiar red and fallow deer. But besides these, this wonderful region contains certain small kinds of deer known as muntjacs, or barking deer, and tiny little water deer, or chevrotains, also found in China. The muntjac is peculiar in having short, slightly branched antlers arising from a long stem or pedicel projecting far above the crown of the head, and by way of additional weapons, the bucks have large sabre-like tusks projecting from the upper jaws, like those of the musk-deer, which we have already described. The muntjac range from all over India and eastwards into Burma and the Malay countries.

Everybody knows that monkeys abound in India, but there are no great apes like the chimpanzee, or the gorilla. Further east, however—in Borneo—is found the orang-utan, one of the great apes. In earlier days, however, chimpanzees did exist in India. Borneo and the Malay region is also the home of those extraordinary creatures, the proboscis monkey, and the long-armed, tail-less gibbons, or hoolocks further east. Still more extraordinary, however, are certain species of lemurs found in the Oriental region. The first of them is the quaint-looking loris of India and Ceylon, and quainter still is the weird-looking tarsius of the forest region of the Indo-Malayan archipelago, including Sumatra and Borneo. It is one of the creatures that haunt the silences of the night, coming forth to prey on insects, which it drags out from their hiding-places by a long bony finger looking like a skeleton finger, and differing in this respect from all the other fingers of the hand, or, for the matter of that, from all other fingers of every known animal.

The region of the world we are now discussing contains some remarkable bats. Some, like the fruit-bats, are of huge size, and fly in great flocks, emerging at sunset in hordes, to fly to their feeding-grounds.

It has already been pointed out that the Burmese and Malayan countries to the east of India must be, zoo-geographically, included with India, making up the Oriental region. And we have shown that while these two divisions—India, and the countries to the east—have much in common, yet the land to the east of the Bay of Bengal includes a number of interesting animal types not found elsewhere. Some of these we have already mentioned. But two others at least call for comment. One of these is the remarkable 'flying lemur,' of which there are two species inhabiting the forests of the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, and Borneo. Contradictory though it may seem, it is not a lemur, and it does not fly! It is one of the insect-eating creatures—the group to which the hedgehog and the mole belong, and its so-

INDIA AND THE MALAY PENINSULA ISLANDS, WITH CHIEF FAUNA.

called flight is really only parachuting, which is performed by means of a fold of skin stretched between the fore and hind limbs. Its 'flights' take the form of leaping from some high tree into the air, and being borne earthwards, supported by this expanded membrane.

The other beast yet to be mentioned is the Malayan tapir, remarkable for its peculiar coloration, the hinder quarters being white, the fore part of the body black: a parti-coloured livery which enables it to conceal itself, amid its surroundings, from its enemies.

As to the birds of the Oriental region, these are so numerous that mention can be made only of a few of the more striking forms. Chiefest among them stands the peacock, which needs no description. Some, like the parrots and broad-bills, are birds of brilliant coloration; while others, like the megapodes of the Nicobar Islands, have little to boast in the way of beauty, but have become famous for their strange nesting habits, to which we have already referred in Chatterbox. These birds, it may be remembered, take but little care for their young, laying their eggs in vast piles of decaying vegetable matter, and leaving them to hatch by the heat generated by decomposition. When the young are hatched, they leave the mound ready to fly and fend for themselves. But the real home of the magapodes is still further east, and lies within the Australian region, wherein quite a number of species are found. The beautiful egrets, so shamelessly slaughtered to provide 'osprey' feathers, the strange adjutant storks, and the remarkable 'open-bill' or anastomus, are other curious and interesting types of bird-life of this region; but these are but a sample of the host that might be described.

Of the lower orders of creation—the reptiles and fishes—we can but touch upon the crocodiles and snakes. Of the former, there are two distinct kinds. One is a huge beast with a great broad head; the other, also of great size, but with a long, narrow snout, provided, in the males, with an inflatable bladder! This last species is found only in the Ganges. Of the snakes there are many, and some of the most deadly poisonous kind. Of these the best known is the cobra, used by the snake-charmers of India, who, however, generally take the precaution to draw their fangs as soon as they are caught, and to remove the new fangs periodically as they grow. But the most dreaded is the 'krait,' which causes more deaths than any other snake in India. It is common in Bengal and Southern India, and has an unfortunate fondness for creeping into houses.

W. P. Pycraft, F. Z. S., A. L. S., &c.

VIC'S NEW DRESS.

VIC had a new dress, and she did feel so grand;
She wore it one fine sunny day,
And went out with Nurse, holding fast to her hand—
She didn't run races or play.

Then, when they reached home, Nursie said, 'Change your dress,
And put on your every-day one.'
'Oh! Nursie, please need I?' begged Vic, in distress;
'For wearing new clothes is such fun.'

Nurse answered, 'Well, wear it, my dear; but take care—
You mustn't rush round and be rough;
Because, as you know, it will easily tear—
It's made of such very thin stuff.'
'All right,' replied Vic, 'see, I won't run about;
I'll sit here as still as can be.'
Just then Jim, her brother, called, 'Vicky, come out!'
Make haste, and play cricket with me.'

'I'll change my frock now. You were right, Nursie, dear;
The old one is "comfy,"' cried Vic.
'I'd love to play cricket. Jim, wait for me here
A minute; I'll really be quick!'

Leslie Mary Oyler.

QUEER HOUSES.

'HUSH-A-BYE, Baby, on the tree-top!' says the old nursery rhyme, and in one part of the world at least, the babies—and grown people, also—are rocked on tree-tops. In the neighbourhood of certain towns in the Mexican State of Guerrero, many of the natives live in trees.

These tree-dwellings are constructed in a similar fashion to that of a bird's nest, reeds and grasses being interwoven with the twigs and branches of the trees. 'When the wind blows, the cradle will rock,' but the roughest wind cannot wrench the house from the tree. In big trees, which stand closely together, houses of two or three rooms are often built, and in some localities whole villages of tree-homes are to be seen.

In these houses the people are safe from most wild animals. But the chief object of elevating the dwellings is to prevent them from being shaken down by the frequent earthquakes. The rocking of the earth, although it gives a swaying motion to the trees, does no harm to the houses. Thus, whether the earth quakes, or the wind blows, the cradle does not fall; 'cradle, baby, and all,' are safe in their snug little tree-home.

E. D.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 227.)

I HAD been watching the crowd for about twenty minutes when, to my great relief, I saw Frank and Tom returning. The crowd parted to let them pass, but it did not cheer them or smile at them, which added to my perplexity.

'I am very glad that you have returned,' I said as they entered the room. 'Those people outside have been speaking to me, but, of course, I was unable to understand what they were saying. Perhaps you will tell me. They are very excited and, as far as I know, it is simply because Nai Tum's mother's white pigeon has flown back from somewhere or other.'

'A white pigeon,' Frank repeated, and then walked to the hole in the wall and looked out.

'How long has the crowd been here?' he asked, a few moments later, and I told him.

'Have you any idea what caused it to collect?' Tom inquired.

'Nai Tum's mother attracted it,' I replied, and straightway gave an account of her visit and all that had happened then and since.

No sooner had I finished speaking than Frank burst into a roar of laughter.

'Well,' I said, 'what is the joke?'

'Joke, my dear fellow!' he replied with a pretence at eheeking his laughter. 'There is none. It is a very serious matter, I assure you. Allow me to congratulate you.'

'Upon what?' I asked.

'Your betrothal.'

'My what?'

'Betrothal,' he replied, and then went off into another fit of laughter.

'What is the matter with him?' I asked Tom. 'Has the sun affected his head?'

'The fact is,' Tom replied, seriously, 'you have got yourself into a precious fix. According to Siamese eustom you have plighted your troth to Nai Tum's future sister-in-law.'

'But I've never spoken a word to her; never even seen her,' I blurted out, angrily.

'Siamese men of position frequently become betrothed to a girl whom they have never seen.'

'At any rate I am not such an ass as to follow their example.'

'My dear fellow, you have done so. Unwittingly certainly, but, still, you have proposed to Nai Tum's future wife's sister. Don't interrupt me, and I will explain how you came to make the proposal. Nai Tum had evidently told his mother that you admired the girl he was about to marry, and informed her of his suggestion that you should marry her sister. I know that Frank told Nai Tum, on your behalf, that you could not be betrothed to a girl whom you had never seen, but the old lady probably considered that an absurd objection, not to be taken seriously. Therefore she decided to hasten your betrothal. When a Siamese wishes to propose to a girl, he sends a woman—usually his mother—to carry to her a white pigeon and a rose. If the girl does not like the man, she declines to accept the gifts, but if she regards the proposal with favour, she takes the rose and fixes it in her dress, and sets the pigeon free to fly back to the man who sent it. Your pigeon has returned, and therefore, according to Siamese custom, you are betrothed to the girl.'

'But,' I protested, 'I hadn't the faintest idea what the old woman meant when she showed me the pigeon and the rose.'

'Of course not, but she will not believe that. Very possibly she imagines that there is only one way of betrothal throughout the world, and that is the Siamese way.'

'Then what shall I do?'

'You will have to decide quickly,' Frank joined in, 'for the girl's father will call on you shortly. He will paddle down the river in his best canoe, and expect to receive a hearty reception from you. I think you ought to get some fireworks to let off as he approaches the house.'

'If he enters the place I will kick him out,' I declared, furiously.

'You had better not do anything of the kind,' Tom warned me. 'You must remember that the father has no idea that you had not seriously proposed to his daughter. If you treat him disrespectfully, the crowd outside will set upon you.'

'And what is the crowd waiting for now?'

'To witness the arrival of the girl's father, and, when he arrives, to partake of your hospitality. They expect to have a jolly time as your guests.'

'They shall be disappointed,' I said. 'The mistake which I have made must be explained at once. Will you make the explanation, Tom?'

'It may make the mob angry,' Tom answered.

'And what if it does? I would rather suffer than have anything to do with the girl.'

'We must not act hurriedly. I will explain the mistake to Nai Tum first, and try to persuade him to set the matter right.'

'But he is not here, and I must have the explanation made to the crowd before the father arrives.'

'Very well,' Tom said; 'I will explain.'

'You are too late,' Frank declared. 'The old fellow has arrived.'

There certainly was an uproar outside the house, and I had no doubt that Frank had guessed the cause of it. I walked over to the hole in the wall to have a peep at the man who expected to become my father-in-law, but on looking out I saw that the cause of the uproar was not what we had imagined.

'A messenger from the palace!' I exclaimed.

'Oh, bother his Fatness!' Frank grumbled. 'What can he want us for at this hour of the day? He ought to be sleeping after his dinner.'

'Something important has certainly happened,' I declared; 'for the fellow is in a tremendous hurry, and is clearing a way through the crowd with his spear.'

A minute later the messenger entered our house, and commanded us to proceed at once to the palace, where the Lord of the White Elephant was waiting for us.

'Why does the Brother of the Moon send for us?' Frank asked, with the idea of discovering the humour of his Majesty.

'The Burmese geese have invaded Siam,' the messenger replied.

'That means war!' Frank exclaimed.

'Hurrah!' Tom shouted, his face flushed with excitement.

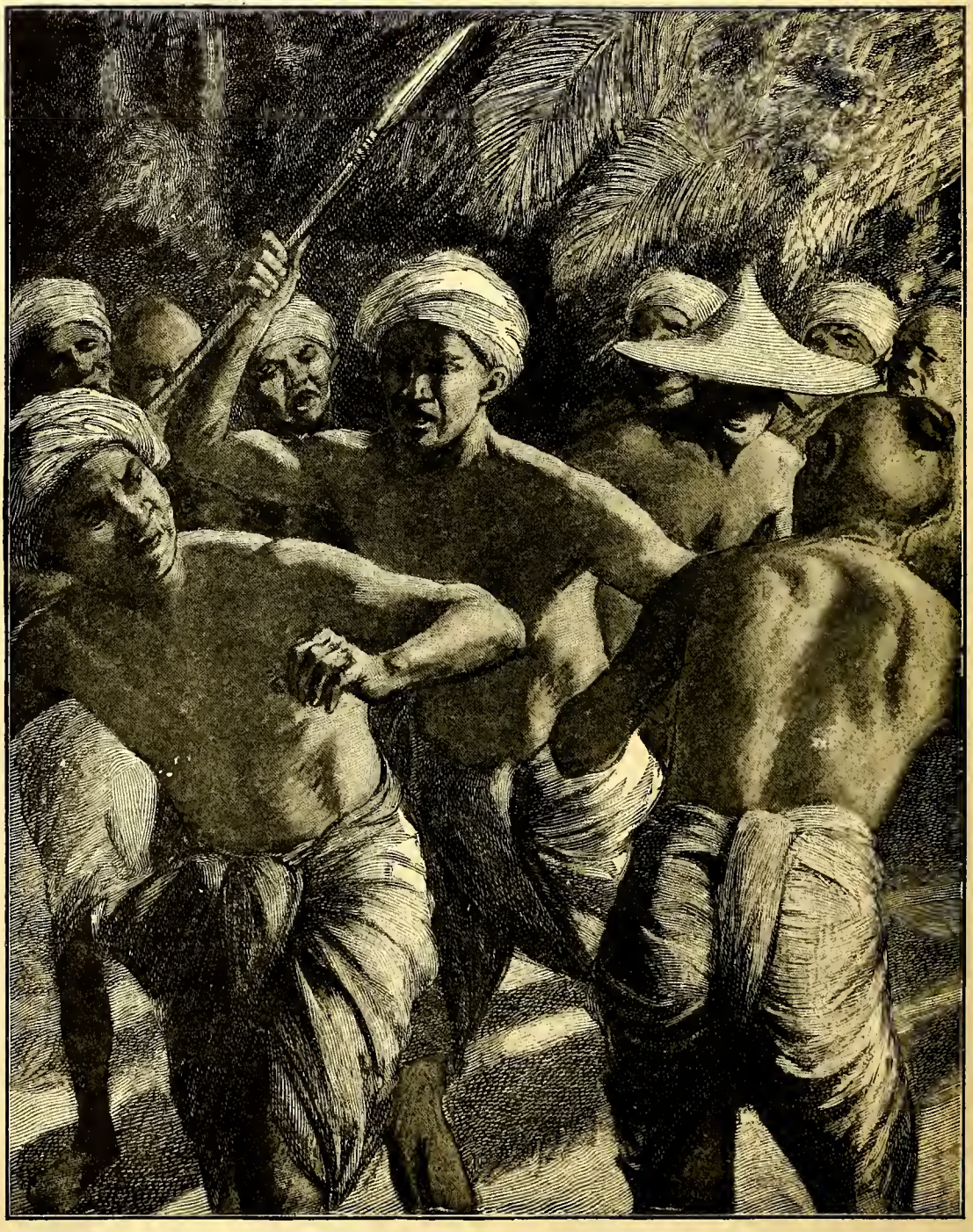
I, too, was excited, but it was not at the prospect of fighting for the Siamese. Although I wore the uniform of a Siamese officer, I was not very eager to lead my men against a foe, as I had doubts as to their being good soldiers. I was excited solely because being sent on active service would give me an opportunity to escape from the girl to whom, without any desire on my part, I had become engaged. I would have no communications with her or her friends, but would depart as if I were unaware of her existence. I had no scruples about taking this course, as the girl, never having seen me, could not have the slightest affection for me.

Frank, Tom, and I donned our full-dress uniforms in haste, and a few minutes later we were on the way to the Palace. The crowd of men bent on congratulating me had melted away. The news of the Burmese invasion had become known, and created the greatest excitement everywhere. The Siamese were not alarmed, but boastful, declaring that the King of Burma would be brought in chains to Bangkok and executed.

"That is a bad sign,' Frank remarked when we had entered the palace enclosure. He pointed to a man being flogged by the public executioners. We recognised the man at once—he was a State officer.

'His Fatness is evidently in a vicious temper this afternoon,' Frank continued. 'We must not offend him on any account, or we shall find ourselves being treated as they are treating that poor fellow.'

(Continued on page 242.)



"Clearing a way through the crowd with his spear."

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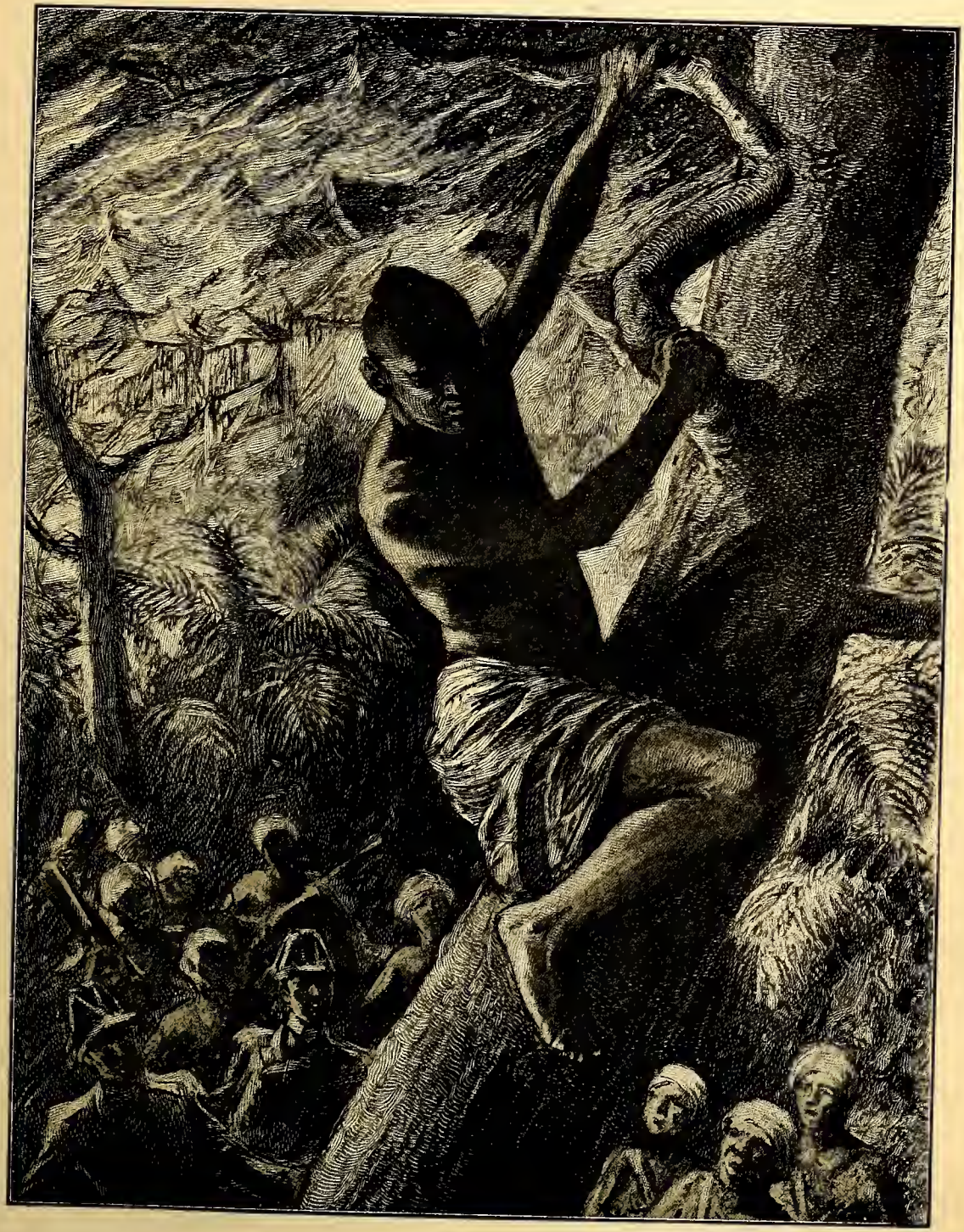


"The man climbed down.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 239.)

ON entering into his Majesty's presence we made obeisance, and then sat cross-legged a few yards from the foot of the throne. I raised my eyes for a moment and looked at his Majesty, and saw at once that he was trembling with fear. Nevertheless he spoke boastfully.

'The Burmese geese have dared to enter my country,' he declared, addressing Frank, Tom, and me; 'but not one of them shall return to his own land. They shall all be killed, and the King of Burma shall become my slave. He is a foolish man. Has he forgotten the fate of his ancestor, Alompra, who, thinking that because he had defeated the Peguans he could conquer our land, presumed to lay siege to Ayuthia? He was killed, and his army driven out of the land.'

Frank, Tom, and I knew this to be untrue. Alompra, the Burmese warrior-king, was stricken with a mortal illness while laying siege to Ayuthia, and, being anxious to die in his own country, he raised the siege and hurried homewards. He died in Siam, but he was not killed by the Siamese, nor was his army driven out of the country.

Of course we were not so foolish as to suggest to his Majesty that his knowledge of history was faulty. Had we done so our interview, and perhaps our lives, would have come to an abrupt ending.

'If the Burmese were a warlike nation, and not a flock of geese,' the Brother of the Moon continued, 'I would myself lead my army against them. But they are dogs, and we are tigers, and therefore it would be degrading for me to raise my spear against them. Nevertheless, they must be driven from the land, and therefore I command you three Englishmen to march your troops at once against the presumptuous invaders. Show no mercy to them; but if the King of Burma is with his men, take him prisoner and bring him to me.'

'Lord of the White Elephant,' Frank replied, 'we have heard your commands and will hasten to obey them, but will you inform us of the strength of the Burmese army?'

The man who had brought news to the palace of the invasion at once told the King that the Burmese force was about fifty thousand strong.

Frank, being perfectly aware of the Siamese tendency for exaggerating, concluded that the invading force contained about ten thousand men. But ten thousand men would be a strong force for our two regiments to attempt to defeat.

'Lord of the White Elephant,' Frank said, 'to defeat the fifty thousand Burmese who have dared to invade your territory, it is necessary that other troops be commanded to join us.'

'Your words are wise,' his Majesty replied. 'Take any troops you desire.'

'Lord of the White Elephant, we thank you.'

Having withdrawn from the royal presence, we paraded our troops at once. The men who had been under Frank's command for some time were enthusiastic on hearing that they were to proceed at once against the Burmese, but the rabble whom Tom and I had been trying to turn into decent soldiers were more frightened than pleased. Some of them showed a desire to desert, but to prevent their doing so a number of Frank's men were told off to watch them, and to shoot the first man who attempted to leave the ranks without permission.

The regiments which Frank had selected to go with us were by no means up-to-date in the matter of equipment. Every man carried a spear in his right hand, a shield on his left arm, a bow and a quiver of arrows slung on his back, and a big knife hanging from his belt. They were a picturesque body, and likely to be more useful than the native-officered regiments, which were armed with antiquated, and frequently useless, muskets.

Our force was by no means ready to take the field, but the King insisted that we should start without delay, and consequently, not very long after our interview, we embarked on a flotilla of barges and canoes, and proceeded slowly up-river.

A hearty send-off was given us, and our soldiers added to the enthusiasm of the crowd by proclaiming loudly their intention of destroying the enemy.

'There is far too much boasting to please me,' Tom remarked, and Frank and I were of the same opinion.

CHAPTER XIII.

Before we had proceeded many miles up the Menam it became clear that we were likely to have some trouble with the Siamese officers of the regiments which Frank had selected to go with us. They were, we heard afterwards, indignant at Frank being placed in command of the expedition, and openly questioned the wisdom of several orders which he gave.

'You must cow them at once,' Tom declared; and acting on his advice Frank had the native officers brought before him, and in a few dignified words warned them that while he was in command he meant to be obeyed implicitly. If any of them neglected to obey, or questioned his orders, they would be sent back at once to Bangkok. The native officers made no reply, and although, henceforth, they executed Frank's orders promptly, it was plain that their feeling towards their commanding officer was far from friendly.

Fortunately, there was no necessity for Frank to apply to his native officers for advice as to the best way to reach the district where the enemy was located, as the King had sent with us, to act as guide, the man who had brought to Bangkok the news of the Burmese invasion. This man knew the district thoroughly, and for some hours Frank was busy questioning him concerning it, and drawing a rough map from his information.

Acting on our guide's advice we landed, early on the second morning after our departure from Bangkok, on the right bank of the river, and, marching for some two hours through the jungle, arrived at a small village, where we heard most alarming reports concerning the doings of the enemy. Villages were being plundered and burnt, and men, women, and children slaughtered.

'Where were they when you last heard of them?' Frank inquired.

'My lord,' the headman of the village replied, 'they are two days' journey from here.'

'Are they marching towards us?'

'My lord, I do not know. I have sent men to watch from the hill-top, and if they see the enemy approaching they will hasten back and give us warning, so that we may hurry to the river and escape.'

Having obtained all the information the headman

could give us, we marched from the village into the jungle. Our progress would have heen very slow had not our guide always diseovered a fresh track when the jungle appeared to us to be almost impenetrable. It was terribly hot work, for the hushes and tall grass on either side of the track kept the air from us. Perspiring and panting, we emerged at last from the jungle and ascended the first of a series of bills which lay hetween us and the village where the enemy had last been heard of. Here we met the men who had heen sent out to watch for the enemy's approach. They had seen nothing of him, nor had any fugitives from the villages near the Burmo-Siamese frontier heen met.

Continuing our march, we arrived an hour after sunset at the hroad summit of a high hill.

'We will bivouac here," Frank said to Tom. 'Please say that I forbid any lights to be shown during the night.'

'The native officers will clamour for bonfires to keep the wild beasts at bay,' Tom remarked.

'Warn them that my order must be implicitly obeyed.'

Tom did so, and although the Siamese grumbled at the order, they did not dare to disobey.

In spite of the fear of wild beasts the Siamese slept soundly, but Frank, Tom, and I could get no rest, the mosquitoes being terrihly persistent. I fancy that the wretched little pests must have been in a semi-starving condition when they discovered us, for they stuek to us like flies to a piece of sugar. It was a waste of energy to brush them from our faces, for the moment we dropped our hands they were hack again at their feast.

'They will send me mad before daybreak,' I said. 'Is there nothing that will drive them away?'

'Only fire,' Frank replied, 'and that we cannot have.'

We gave up the attempt to sleep, and sat on the ground talking. We had been chatting for about an hour when Frank called our attention to a light in the valley, ahout two miles away.

'The enemy!' Tom exclaimed. 'Look! the light is spreading. The scoundrels are burning a village.'

'I think you are right,' Frank said; 'we must advance at once.'

The troops were awakened, and fell in silently and rapidly. Fortunately for us, the side of the hill and the valley below was almost free from jungle, and we were thus able to advance rapidly and in fighting order.

In the centre of our extended force, Frank had placed his own regiment. The native-officered troops were on the extreme right and left, and the men whom Tom and I had been trying to train brought up the rear. We fully expected that on the fight beginning the latter would turn and run, and Frank had therefore put them in the rear, so that if they fled they would not discourage or disturb the other troops.

Quickly hut quietly we advanced towards the burning village, but to our surprise we met none of the enemy.

'It is my opinion,' Tom said, 'that the Burmese cleared off after setting light to the place.'

'In that case we should have met them,' Frank replied.

'That is assuming that they are hound for Bangkok, which I tbink unlikely. They may bave entered Siam simply to loot a few villages, and then return as quickly as possible to their own territory. The Siamese and the Burmese are fond of raids of this kind.'

'Well, we shall soon discover whether or not your idea is correct.'

As we drew nearer to the village the heat hecame intense, and Frank, Tom, and I almost wished that we were as lightly elad as some of our men. (Half and hour earlier—when the mosquitoes were worrying us—we had congratulated ourselves on having more clothing than the Siamese.) But the heat did not, of course, check our advanee, and we were within three hundred yards of the village when Frank espied a man hiding among the branches of a tree.

'Come down,' he shouted in Siamese, and the man climhed down with the agility of a monkey.

(Continued on page 254.)

JANIE'S VASE.

'OH, Miss Myrel, I can't let you go, I can't! Can't I come with you? I wouldn't get in the way. I'd be your little maid. No one's good to me here; no one eares a bit for me hut you, and I shall be so awful lonesome when you're gone.'

Myrel looked trouhled. She was certainly very fond of this poor little waif, who was so young to be maid-of-all-work in the big lodging-house; yet they would be off that evening, and there was scareely time to speak to her father ahout it now.

'I will ask Father, and you shall come next time, Janie,' she said; 'and I will hring you—what shall I bring you from Cbina? What would you like?'

Janie dried ber eyes to eonsider. 'A real vase, miss; like those in the drawing-room—all mine, 'twould be lovely!'

'All right, I will get you one. Only, don't you cry any more; I shall soon come back.'

The ship sailed easily through the placid sea, and Myrel yawned and yawned again. She was so tired of it.

Every holiday her father called at the school for her, and took her with him on his voyages. Many were the curious ports she had heen to, many the queer things she had seen; hut there was nothing for her to do, and she was tired of exploring the ship, tired of talking to the men, and Captain Dysart never thought of asking one of her school-fellows to come with her. The sea was enough for him, and he thought it must he for his daughter.

'Nothing ever happens,' said the little girl. 'When it's wet you go below, when it's fine you stay on deek, and that's all. I wish Janie were here.' She was just going to yawn again when she stopped suddenly. 'What's that?' she said, and looked again. It was dusk on hoard; the sun had nearly set, and deep shadows lay upon the deck. In one of these something moved, something that crept out and out very quietly, then halted, as it saw the girl sitting quite still in the deek-chair. 'Come out, so that I can see you, or I will scream!' said Myrel. With a careful glance round, the something crept out, and sat upon its heels, looking at her. 'I do believe you're a stowaway. How perfectly lovely!' eried Myrel.

The boy nodded; his little pinched face looked very white in the evening light, and a pair of big brown eyes looked at her imploringly. 'You won't tell of me?' he asked. Tben, with a sob, 'I'm awful hungry!'

'I won't tell, but where have you come from? Oh, wait a minute, and I will get something to eat.' The boy crept back into the shadow, and presently Myrel joined him again. 'I have brought some bread-and-butter and biscuits,' she said. 'They're mine, so they won't be missed. Have you been on board ever since we started?'

'Yes, miss,' he said between bites of bread, 'I had a little to eat when I came on, but it has gone now. If the Captain caught me I expect he'd beat me——' here he shivered; 'but I had to do something and go somewhere. I come up for a little fresh air, miss. It's horrid stuffy down below.'

'I expect it is. Why did you come on this ship instead of another?' asked the little girl, curiously.

"'You won't tell of me?' he asked."

'Father's always been dreadfully set against stowaways. I think they're interesting.'

The boy seemed confused, and drew further away. ''Cos—'cos 'twas the first one I came to,' he faltered.

She watched him making short work of her tin of biscuits. Presently he stopped and looked at her 'Miss Myrel,' he said.

The little girl jumped. 'How did you know my name?' she cried.

'Heard the sailors a-talkin' about you,' returned the boy, promptly. 'You won't tell, will you?'

'No. But are you going to stay down there where you hid?'

He nodded. 'If I can get enough to eat I don't mind—it's better than——' He checked himself abruptly, and Myrel leaned forward.

'I wish I could see you better,' she said. 'Your voice reminds me of some one—I don't know who.'

The boy gathered up the remainder of the bread hastily. 'I think I must be getting back, miss; it's near time for the men to be about.' And he vanished before she had time to stop him.

Tell! No, that Myrel would not! Here was a real live adventure, and she knew her father would be very hard on the boy if he heard of it. The next evening when she sat on deck various provisions were secreted near, and by-and-by the stowaway came out to fetch them.

Captain Dysart wondered a little during the next week or two at his daughter's marvellously increased appetite, and the cook grumbled when a whole loaf disappeared at once, but as it did not occur again, he did not think it worth while mentioning it to the Captain. So every night Myrel stole to the trysting-place with her spoil, and the stowaway came up to take the air.

(Concluded on page 252.)

ROUND LONDON TOWN.

VI.—THE CHARTERHOUSE.

ON May 4th, 1535, three men attired in the habits of monks were being conducted to Tyburn Tree, there to suffer the fate of common malefactors and traitors. Along the road stretching westward from the City, towards the spot where the Marble Arch now stands, the trees and hedgerows were bursting into green leaf, the birds sang blithely, and all nature

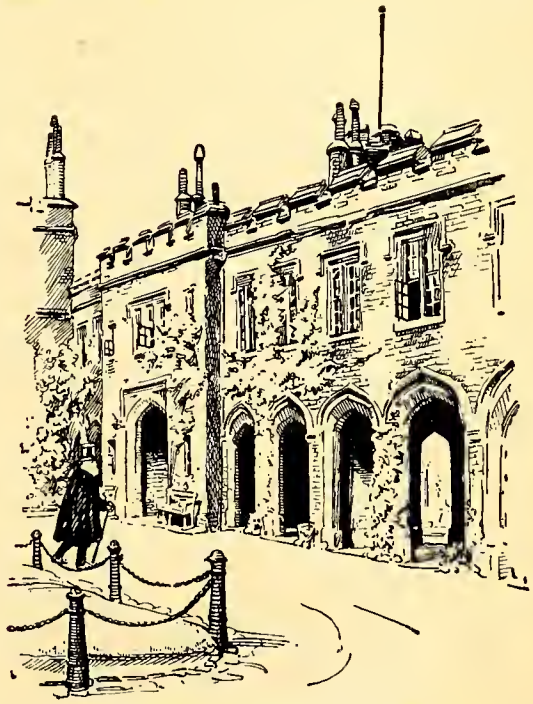
The Old Hall of the Charterhouse.

seemed to be rejoicing in the sunshine and warmth of early summer. As the cart rumbled slowly along, the three men exchanged cheerful glances and spoke comforting words to one another, as if, indeed, they

were bound upon some heavenly pilgrimage which had even now begun.

'The sun shines upon us, brethren,' said the Prior: a good omen for our journey, which will be but short. We shall crown in Heaven the work which we have begun on earth; and, God be praised, we sought not this of our own selves, but God hath ordained it for the fulfilment of our joy and love in Him, of which our lives here are the witness.'

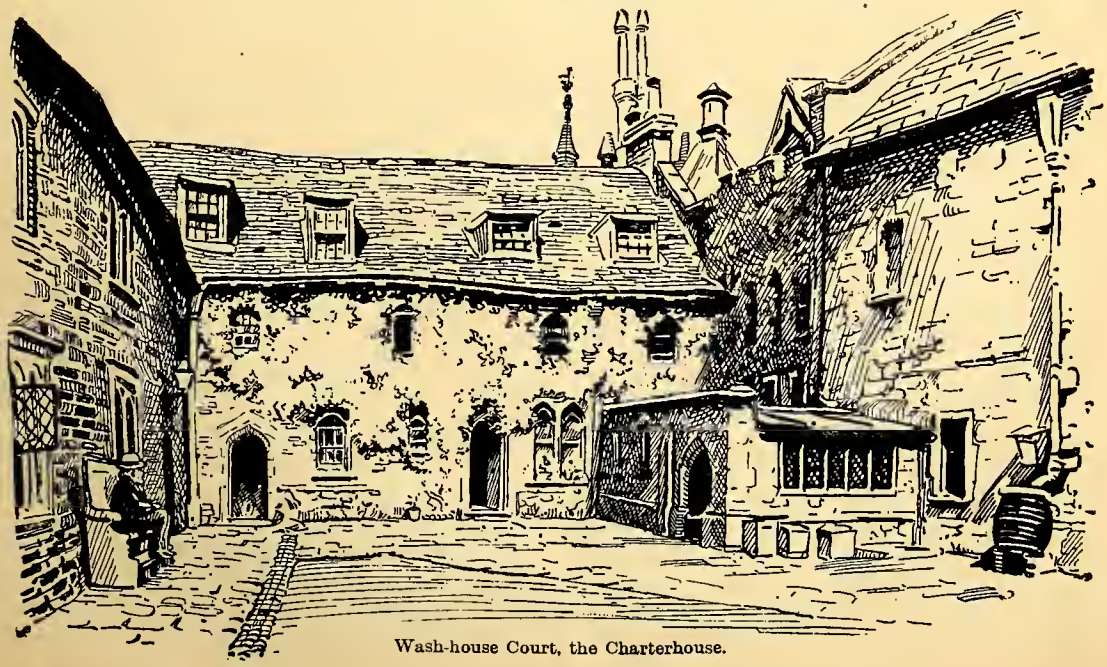
The good Prior of the Charterhouse spoke the truth when he said that the lives of the brethren in the cloisters were a witness to the love of God; for no other religious house in England at that day could vie with the Carthusians of Smithfield for charitable deeds rendered to the sick and needy of the City. Nearly two hundred years before this date, the monastery of the Charterhouse had been founded by Sir Walter Manny, Lord of Manny, in the diocese of Cambray, France, who was made a Knight of the Garter for services done to King Edward III. Though 'a stranger born,' Sir Walter had already (in 1349) shown his goodwill and tenderness towards the poor citizens of London. In 1348, Ralph Stratford, the Bishop of London, had bought a piece of ground in Smithfield known as No Man's Land, and dedicated it to the Christian burial of such persons as had 'desperately ended their lives, or were executed for felonies'; whence, for long afterwards, the spot was called 'Pardon Churchyard.' Manny, following the example of the good Bishop, purchased a plot of ground adjoining the first, and obtained the consent of the Bishop to consecrate it as a burying-ground for those poor persons who had died of the pestilence which at that time had invaded London from the country. Here he built a chapel, and it is told that fifty thousand bodies were buried here in that year of pestilence (1349), while altogether above one hundred thousand persons, 'poor people, travellers, and others



The Cloisters of the Charterhouse.

that were deceased,' found a last resting-place in this spot.

The site of these burying-grounds was that chosen by Manny, in 1371, for founding a house of Carthusian monks, 'which he willed to be called the Salu-



Wash-house Court, the Charterhouse.

tation.' The Order itself had been founded by Bruno, in 1080, in Chartreux, France, and, from the corruption of the name, the house in London came to be known as the Charter-house.

Of the brethren dwelling in the monastery in 1535 none was more beloved or respected for holiness of living than John Haughton, the Prior. When the decree went forth that every religious Order in England must acknowledge King Henry VIII., and not the Pope, as the head of the Church, the Carthusians were the first to be called upon to obey the royal will. Haughton, after being confined in the Tower, made a sort of submission; but he was quick to see that the King would not remain satisfied with half-measures, and that nothing would avail to save himself and his house from the extremity of the law. On being released from the Tower he called the brethren together and told them of his fears. 'Our hour, dear brethren,' said he, 'has not yet come. In the same night in which we were set free I had a dream that I should not escape thus. Within a year I shall be brought again to that place, and then I shall finish my course.'

When the Oath of Supremacy was demanded of them, the brothers refused to give it. A second time the King's Commissioners came and demanded it, with threats of heavy punishment, and this time the monks submitted—but only 'so far as it was lawful for them so to do.'

But, as the Prior had foreseen, the matter did not end here. The brethren had given an outward submission, but they were now subjected to questionings as to their conscientious belief in the King's supremacy, to deny or even to doubt which was made high treason. When the Carthusians saw that all hope of averting the stroke of doom was gone, they one and all prepared to die.

The brethren awaited the end bravely. Haughton, on being brought to his trial, boldly asserted his belief that every good man in the realm was against the King and his advisers, and that as for himself he neither looked for mercy nor desired it. Sentence of punishment for high treason was passed, and the Prior and two of the brethren were condemned to the gallows. 'This is the judgment of the world,' was the only remark of Haughton when the sentence was pronounced. All three met their end with fortitude, and after the bodies had been quartered the arm of the Prior was placed over the entrance gate of the Charterhouse as a warning to the rest of the brethren of what they had to expect if they continued to resist the law. For answer to this cruel threat the monks removed the poor relic of their beloved Prior and buried it with honours in the Chapel, and then awaited their own fate calmly. Attempts to bring them to submission were met by refusals to answer, and they were finally cast into Newgate, chained to posts, and left to perish miserably from prison fever and starvation.

Thus was brought to an end a Brotherhood united in deeds of charity and devotion; the good and faithful suffered equally with the evil and disloyal of heart.

After the dissolution the monastery fell into ruins, but about the year 1537 Sir Edward North erected upon the ruins 'a fair dwelling,' which was successively occupied by different noblemen, until in 1611 it was purchased by Thomas Sutton, a rich merchant of London, who fitted up the house and buildings and endowed them as 'the Hospital of King James.' Sutton died in the same year and was buried in the Hospital Chapel; his portrait hangs in the Great Hall.

There is but little of the old monastery remaining at the present day, but the wooden gates may be seen, and the east and south walls of the Chapel, and Wash-house Court, serve to recall some part of the ancient life of the place. In Wash-house Court were lodged the lay brothers who acted as servants. Remains of the old monastic refectories are also to be seen in the walls surrounding the brothers' library, while beneath the library itself is the monks' cellar.

The foundation of Sir Thomas Sutton provided for eighty poor brethren being housed and fed, with an allowance of fourteen pounds a year and a gown to each in place of clothing. Provision was also made for forty-four 'foundation scholars,' who were maintained free of expense. Among these scholars we have to reckon many men of eminence, such as Isaac Barrow, the divine, Lord Chief Justice Blackstone, Joseph Addison and Richard Steele (who were scholars at the same time), and John Wesley.

In September 1872 the school was removed to new buildings at Godalming, Surrey, and in 1875 the boys of Merchant Taylors' School—another very old London school—were installed in the buildings of the Charter-house.

THE NEEDLE AND THE DOCK-LEAF.

IN a lane bright with blossoms of varying hue,
'Mid the violets and moss-rose a sting-nettle grew;
In its leaves that looked harmless a sting lay concealed,
That only with patience and skill might be healed.

Now close by the nettle a dock-plant was seen;
It lifted aloft its bright leaves broad and green:
For wherever the nettle with sting may abound,
Hard by the good dock-leaf is sure to be found.

And when the sharp nettle brought pain with its sting,
To the child that was hurt one the dock-leaf would bring,
And the pain of the sting was soon charmed quite away,
And the child with a smile would soon go on its way.

As on through the pathway of life we may stray,
Sweet actions and kind may our hands do each day;
Let us heal where we may, as our feet onward move,
The sharp nettle of fate with the dock-leaf of love.

Frank Ellis.

HOW NELL WON THE V. C.

'WHEN I grow up I shall be a brave man and win a cross like Uncle Jim's,' said Jack.

'And when I grow up I shall be a brave girl too,' said Nell.

'Yes, but you can't win a cross like Uncle Jim's, you know: the King won't give a cross like that to girls.'

'I know,' said Nell. 'I do wish that I was a man and could win one too.'

'Well, of coure it is hard luck to be a girl. But come on now, and let us have a race to the pool; I will give you a start as I'm two years older than you are. Come on, old girl.'

Jack gave Nell a start, and soon the two small

figures were on their way to the big, dark pool, which lay at the end of the field. Jack was ten and Nell was eight. Jack was going to school next month, the thought of which made him feel so old and grand that he found it hard to play with one so young as Nell. In spite of the start which Nell had had, Jack won the race.

'You are an old slow-coach,' Jack said. 'Why, I can run twice as quickly as you.'

'It's so hot,' said Nell, and she took off her hat to fan her face. 'It's so hard to run when it's hot.'

'You are a muff,' said Jack. That was a word which he had often heard Uncle Jim use, but Jack did not know very clearly what it meant.

'Oh, dear,' he said, 'I should like to climb that tree.'

The tree had a long branch which hung over the pool, and which Jack thought was quite strong.

'I have a good mind to climb up to it,' he said at length. 'I should like to get to the end of it and look right down into the pool. Come on, Nell, give me a hoist up.'

So Nell took hold of Jack's legs and held him up so that he might get a firm grip of the trunk of the tree. Soon she saw him near the big branch. At last he was on it, and then Nell gave a great jump of joy. Jack's face was red, and at first he was too much out of breath to speak.

'Well done, Jack,' Nell said. 'Well done! you are a brave boy.' But Jack did not seem to hear her, his eyes were on the end of the branch which he wanted to reach. As he drew near to it he heard a faint crack.

'What was that?' he said, and his voice had all at once got quite low. 'What was that, Nell?'

'It was the branch. Oh, Jack! take care, take care. The branch is break——'

Then came the sound of a loud splash. The branch split in half and fell right into the pool with Jack still on it.

'Oh, Jack, Jack!' Nell cried. 'Jack, Jack!'

'Help me,' cried Jack, his mouth full of soft, wet mud. 'Help me! oh, help me—quick, quick!' His hands were still round the branch, but his feet were stuck so fast in the mud of the pool that he could not move them. 'Quick, Nell, hold me up—hold me up!'

Nell did not wait to think, but gave one jump right into the middle of the pool where Jack was. She caught hold of the branch and tried to drag it to the bank, but it was too big for her to hold, and soon her feet were stuck as fast in the mud as Jack's.

'Oh, Nell, Nell—we shall die, I know we shall. We shall sink right down, and soon we shall be gone.'

'We will scream first, though,' said Nell. 'Some one may hear us.' But no one heard their screams.

'The mud has got to my legs,' cried Jack at last in a great fright, and he hit out with his hands, which made the slime the pool was filled with splash all round him.

'Don't, Jack,' said Nell. She gave her right foot a great tug as she spoke, but she could not free it. The mud had reached her knees now, and she had to hold her head back to keep the water out of her mouth. Big tears fell from Jack's eyes and splashed into the slime.

'Poor Jack!' said Nell. 'Poor, poor Jack!'

Then from a long way off she heard the sound of a whistle.

'That's Uncle Jim. Oh, Jack, Jack, it's Uncle Jim!' And they both gave a loud scream. 'Uncle Jim, Uncle Jim!'

Soon they saw him. He was tall; he had a big stick in his hand, and a very kind face.

'Dear, dear,' he said. 'Why, Jack and Nell, what have you done?'

'Quick, quick, Uncle Jim. We shall be drowned if you don't save us quick!' said Jack.

'All right, my boy,' said Uncle Jim. 'You just stay quite still. You're quite safe now that I'm on the scene. Come on, Nell, catch hold of my stick, and I will drag you to the bank.'

'Don't leave me, Nell,' cried Jack; 'don't leave me. Oh, Uncle Jim, let me go first!'

'Yes,' said Nell, but her face had grown very pale, and her voice shook as she spoke, 'help Jack first.'

'Come along then, my boy.' Jack caught hold of Uncle Jim's stick and was soon safe on the bank.

'Now for the girl,' said Uncle Jim with a laugh, and soon Nell was on the grass too.

'Feel bad?' said Uncle Jim.

'No,' they both said, 'we're all right now.'

'How did it happen?' and Uncle Jim sat down next to Nell on the grass.

'Jack got on the branch and it broke,' said Nell.

'That was very wrong of Jack,' said Uncle Jim.

'Oh, no,' said Nell, 'it was very brave of him. Jack is a brave boy.'

'Is he?' said Uncle Jim. 'Well, do you know, Nell, that I think I know a girl much braver than Jack?'

'Oh, no,' said Nell, 'I'm not brave. Girls never are brave. The King never gives the cross he gave to you to girls.'

Uncle Jim gave a smile at her words. 'Look here, Nell,' he said at length, 'some day when you are old, or it may be when you are still quite young, you shall have the cross the King gave to me.'

'Oh, Uncle Jim—for my own?'

'For your own,' said Uncle Jim. 'And perhaps Jack will have one of his own by then too; but even if he has, he will know all the same that it was Nell who won it first. We must be off home now, though, to change those wet, black clothes of yours, eh?'

They went back hand in hand with Uncle Jim, but Jack did not say a word all the time. His face had grown quite red, and Nell saw that there were tears in his eyes.

That night she thought she heard the sound of a sob from his bed, so she stole out of hers and went and stood beside him.

'Jack,' she said in a low voice, 'when I get Uncle Jim's cross, I will let you wear it whenever you want to.'

No,' said Jack, 'I don't want yours; I want to win one of my own.'

'I am quite sure you will some day,' said Nell. 'And I am quite, quite sure that Uncle Jim does not know how brave you are.'

'No,' said Jack, 'I don't think he does, and he likes girls much more than he likes boys; but I will show him some day what sort of stuff I'm made of—though I do think you are brave too, Nell. I—I—think that you were braver than I to-day.' Then he gave Nell a kiss, and though Nell felt his face all wet with tears, she went back to bed with a smile upon her lips.

In years to come Jack did win a cross like Uncle Jim's. He was a grown-up man then, and wore a red coat, and white gloves, and a sword.

'But you won it first, Nell,' he said, the day the King put it on his bright red coat.

"'We shall be drowned if you don't save us.'"

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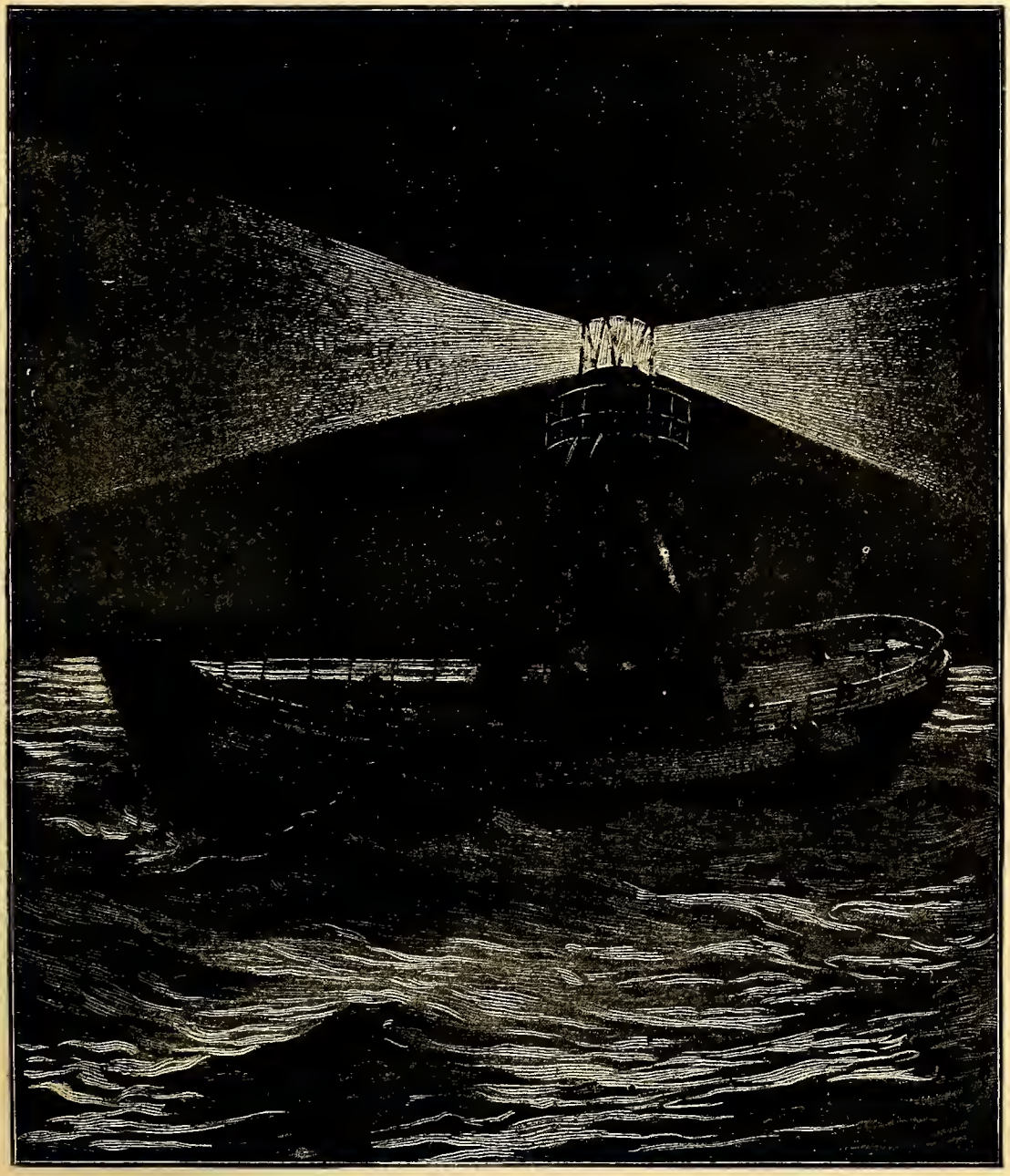

Lune Deeps Lightship, Morecambe Bay.

DANGER SIGNALS.

(Second Series)

V.—LIGHTSHIPS.

THE lightship is a close relation to the lighthouse. Its duties are in many respects the same, but it generally occupies a position in which a lighthouse could not be built. The lighthouse requires a foundation, the lightship requires none. Its warning lamp, swaying from side to side, when the wind-driven waves swell round the hull, is sometimes used to mark a dangerous sand-bank, sunk beneath the surface of the sea, and sometimes points the entrance to safe harbourage. Of course it is as necessary that a lightship should remain faithfully at its post of duty, as that a lighthouse should, and this is often a matter of difficulty. Strong as the cable may be that moors the vessel, it is sometimes broken by the impetuous rush of the waves, and the vessel is driven far out to sea or down the coast. Of course, when such an unfortunate event as this takes place, the light that shines from the mast-head is more likely to mislead other ships than protect them, and the wisest thing to do is to put out the lantern directly the moorings give way.

Among the many that have been thus sent upon undesired voyages was a light-vessel known as the Hen and Chickens, for more than fifty years in the coast service of the United States. She was the oldest boat on all the American coast, having been built in 1849, and the position she occupied was one of the most troublesome. The 'Hen and Chickens' are a number of small rocks in Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts, very dangerous to passing ships. The stormiest waters beat around them, and occasionally great quantities of ice flow in and out of the bay. But though these powerful enemies drove the lightship away more than once, her diary shows that for the most part she gallantly held her own. Perhaps her greatest defeat occurred in November 1898, when, on the night of the 27th of that month, the angry billows tore her from her moorings and swept her out to sea. With storm-sails set, she worked her way slowly back to the coast, but the gale, gathering in threefold fury, drove her off again. For six days she was the sport of the sea; ever striving to regain her place, and ever being thwarted. At last, on December 5th, she crept into Nantucket Bay, some thirty miles from the 'Hen and Chickens,' and dropped anchor at Dutch Island. After a short rest of four days, and a little patching and repairs, the lighthouse tender towed her back to the post of duty. This veteran lightship was relieved altogether a few years ago, when her place was taken by a stronger vessel built of iron instead of wood, and fitted with modern defences against the sea.

Owing to the different kinds of stations they occupy, lightships, of course, vary greatly in their construction. Some are quite small, carrying no sails; some are large, and fitted with steam-power. Two splendid ships of this kind belong to the Canadian lighthouse authorities, and each was built at a cost of about thirty-six thousand pounds. They are called the Lurcher and Anticosti—the names of the two places they occupy. The 'Lurcher' shoal is in the Bay of Fundy; Anticosti is in the St. Lawrence; so it is easy to see what important guardians they are.

At the tops of two tall masts, sixty feet from the water, each vessel carries a brilliant electric light, which shines for ten seconds, then goes out for five seconds and shines again. For foggy weather, besides the ordinary horns, they are fitted with the marvellous submarine bell. This is quite a modern invention, and one of the very best safeguards against wreck and disaster. A large bell is sunk beneath the surface of the sea, and made to sound, usually, by means of an electric current along a cable between the bell and the ship, though in the case of the Lurcher and Anticosti other methods are used. The sound from the bell will spread through the water in all directions, just as a ring of ripples will spread over the surface of a pond when we drop a stone into it. Now, when this ripple of sound breaks against the hull of a distant ship—still, of course, below the surface—it will cause vibration to take place in an instrument which is fastened to the inside walls of the ship, and these vibrations, passing thence along a wire that leads to the pilot-room, will set a small bell tinkling there, in exactly the same order as the lightship bell is tolled. Thus the captain, listening in the pilot-room, is able to tell, no matter how dense the fog may be, the name of the lightship that has sent the signal out, for, of course, each lightship has its own special way of sounding its bell. Another great advantage which the submarine bell has over the old-fashioned fog-horn, is that it is unaffected by the weather. When wild winds are blowing they toss away the sound of the fog-horn, and many a ship has been lost because the captain failed to hear the warning. But a little way down below the surface of the sea the water is always tranquil, and through this the bell-sounds travel undisturbed on the stormiest day. They make themselves heard at distances of ten or twelve miles, and always quite distinctly at six and seven. What wonder then that the services of the submarine bell are rapidly spreading the world over, though at present it is heard oftenest in its place of birth—American waters.

Thus far we have only spoken of lightships that carry a crew on board, who see to the lamps, the bells, the fog-horns, and so on; but there are lightships which attend to all these matters themselves, without having any one on board at all. The lighthouse officials visit them at long intervals, to give fresh supplies of gas or oil, and, on such visits, generally find that they have in no way neglected their duties. One of the best and most recent of these ships was built in 1909 for the Trinity House. It consists of a strong steel hull, sixty-five feet long and eighteen feet wide. From the centre of the deck rises a tall steel tripod, like the gipsy's kettle-hanger, so familiar to us all, and on the summit of this is the lantern. Below the lantern, and only a few feet above the deck, a large bell is suspended, while at four different points round the bell hang four clappers. As a rule a bell's tongue is inside its own mouth, but this one has four tongues, and they are all outside. Each clapper is suspended on a long rod, the upper end of which is fastened close under the lantern. Thus when the lightship rolls and pitches, the four clappers strike the bell alternately, those on each side coming into action one after the other when the rolling takes place, and the other two when the hull pitches. The lantern burns a gas-flame, the gas being supplied from a chamber beneath. This lightship is moored at Lune Deeps, Morecambe Bay.

Though, as we have already said, it is closely related to the lighthouse, it is also a distant cousin of the buoys and beacons, of which we shall speak presently.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

8. — Enigma.

My 6, 4, 3, are a tree.
My 1, 2, 4, 3, are a hard foreign wood.
My 4, 5, 2, a mischievous animal.
My 5, 2, 4, 3, are a summit.
And my whole a New Zealand lake. A. L.

9. — Literary Acrostic.

The first letters will give the name of an English woman novelist.

1. A penitent son, a fond husband, and a great master of words.
2. A critic, a poet, and an inspector of schools.
3. A philosopher, and discoverer of universal law.
4. A writer of tales for young and old.
5. An elegant English essayist and critic.
6. A church dignitary who wrote a chronology of the world.
7. A celebrated romantic poet, novelist, and biographer.
8. A poet who wrote of nature and the seasons, when others thought but little of such themes.
9. An American thinker, of wide and original views.
10. A celebrated inventor. C. J. B.

(Answers on page 283.)

Answers to two Enigmas on page 211.

7.—(i.) Mint. (ii.) Sage.

AN IMPOSSIBLE STORY.

A CERTAIN king once made a proclamation that he would give a golden ball to any one of his subjects who would tell him the most wonderful story, but it must be quite impossible for the story to be true, or the prize would not be given.

From all parts of the kingdom people came to him with remarkable stories; but the king declared that it was quite possible for one and all of them to be true, and the prize was not awarded.

At last there came an old man, followed by two servants, bearing an immense jar between them.

'May it please your Majesty,' said the old man, 'your most excellent father borrowed from my father this jar full of gold, promising that your Majesty would pay the same amount back to me.'

'Oh, that is absurd and impossible!' said the astonished king as he looked at the huge jar.

'Then, if it is impossible,' said the old man, 'I have fairly won the golden ball; but if my story be true, your Majesty ought to pay your father's debt.'

Thus the king was obliged to declare that the old man had won the prize. H. B. S.

THE LOGAN ROCK.

IN most of the wilder parts of our country—in Cornwall, Yorkshire, Pembroke, and other counties—there are rocking stones or logans. These huge rocks, weighing, it may be, from ten to a hundred tons, are so well poised upon comparatively small pivots that an easy thrust will set them rocking. But if we put our shoulder to them, and attempt to move them beyond a certain range of rocking, we meet the opposition of the full weight of the stone, and realise something of its weight.

Wonder and superstition have endowed these curious natural freaks with uncanny histories and supernatural qualities. Until recent times historians were fully convinced that many, if not all, of these stones had been placed upon their pivots by human agency. Popular tradition put it all down to those convenient wonder-workers of the dim past, the Druids. It was a common belief that though the stones could be 'moved with a finger,' no human power could entirely dislodge them.

These wild and rather boastful statements, boastful in the sense that they were usually made by the inhabitants of the district, who felt themselves to be in a measure the proprietors of the stone, were not always wise. A party of Roundheads threw down a rocking stone in the parish of Sithney, in Cornwall, because, as they said, the people of the neighbourhood regarded it with superstitious reverence. It cost them much labour to unseat the stone, which was not the only one displaced for this reason.

One of the most noted rocking stones in the country is the Logan Rock in Cornwall, situated near Land's End, upon the headland of Castle Treryn. A singular incident gave it fame, but even before that it was a noted stone by reason of its weight, which was close upon ninety tons, and its delicate poise, so nicely adjusted that a touch of the hand would set it rocking. The popular opinion was, however, that the stone, notwithstanding its easy motion, could not be overthrown; and so sound a naturalist as Dr. Borlas, the historian of Cornwall, gave expression to this belief in his writings. Perhaps it was these absurd claims which led to the literal overthrowing of the rock.

In the year 1824 an English sloop-of-war, under the command of Lieutenant Goldsmith, was stationed off the Cornish coast for the protection of the fisheries and for the prevention of smuggling. It may be that Lieutenant Goldsmith, being convinced that the Logan Rock was only a rock, and that it could be lifted as easily as any other other rock of similar weight, was irritated by the foolish statements which were made about it. It may be that he was simply young and full of animal spirits. Whatever it was that prompted him, he was foolish enough to imitate the efforts of the Puritan rocking-stone wreckers. On April 8th he landed at Castle Treryn with a party of some twelve seamen, and climbed up to the Logan Rock. There the whole of the men threw their united weight against the stone, and rocked it until it slid from its seat, and tumbled into a rift below.

The foolish freak was no sooner over, than the officer must have realised that he had made a great mistake. The rocking stone was famous throughout the county, and even beyond its boundaries, and many people came from far and near to see it, and paid to be guided to it. The countryside rose in

anger, and made its feelings known to the Government. The Admiralty called upon Lieutenant Goldsmith to replace the stone, and the latter, to his credit, is said to have been no less determined to put the stone back than he had been to throw it down.

Timber, ropes, chairs, blocks and capstans were obtained from Devonport, and a number of men were set to work to erect scaffolds and tackle by which the huge rock might be raised. It proved a very difficult task, and occupied several months. The weight of the stone broke the tackle which was first provided, and stronger ropes had to be obtained. How many men were required for the final hoisting of the stone may be judged by the fact that thirteen capstans were engaged upon the work. But at last the rock was raised, and on the second of November it was set once more in its place. The original nicety of poise, however, could not be completely restored, and the Logan Rock, though it still rocks, is not the thing it was. A hundred years ago the pressure of the hand would put it in motion, but now it will not budge for anything less than a sturdy shove.

W. A. Atkinson.

WHITE VIOLETS.

FAIR blossoms of the Spring-time hour,
Their sweetness is their only dower.
So frail, so subtle, is their charm,
Only to touch them is to harm;
Yet all the wealth of all the Spring
No lovelier offering can bring.

Oh, may my fleeting childhood's hour
Be lovely as this fragile flower;
Its modesty be mine, its grace,
Its simple power to please and bless.
May pure and sweet emotions start
Like sweet white violets of the heart.

JANIE'S VASE.

(Concluded from page 244.)

AT last the ship touched the Chinese port for which they were bound. Of course Myrel wanted to go ashore, and the third mate volunteered to take her.

'I will take you to see our old Chinaman,' he said, 'who has the magic vase.'

'Why magic?' demanded the little girl, dancing along beside him.

'Because heaps of folk have bought it; every one admires it very much, but no one has been able to keep it. It always gets back to its original owner, sooner or later. How, nobody knows, but it does.'

'Oh! I should like to buy it, it would be just the thing for Janie. She's awfully poor, you know, and her aunt keeps the lodging-house where we stay, and isn't good to her. Does he ask a great deal for it?' cried Myrel all in a breath.

'No, not much. Here we are, and there it is.'

'Oh! how pretty!'

It was pretty. A quaintly-shaped jar, gold dragons and pink roses curling over a pale green ground, and the sunlight striking through it till the roses glowed again.

The smiling Chinaman came out of his little shop to meet them. 'Yes, the little lady could have the vase, only five shilling in Engleesh money and cheap at that.'

So Myrel handed over her five shillings (for her father kept her generously supplied), and went away the proud possessor of the handsome thing.

"The smiling Chinaman came out of his little shop."

Mr. Barry chaffed her about it, but she did not care, and after a short stroll about the queer little port, they returned to the ship, where Mr. Barry was to take charge, while the Captain and the first and second mates went ashore.

It was a soft, dark evening, with very little prospect of anything happening, so that the third mate's watch was merely a matter of form. Myrel was down below examining her treasure, and no one noticed a head appear silently over the edge of the deck, and a Chinaman haul himself softly on to it.

He crept aft, taking advantage of every scrap of cover, towards the companion-way leading to the Captain's cabin and incidentally Myrel's.

But some one else was aboard that night as well as the Chinaman, and that was the little stowaway, who held his rough blouse together over a fast-beating heart. What did that stealthy figure in front want on board at this time? Down the companion-way stole the intruder, and after him, light as a feather, came the boy.

Myrel's cabin was quite dark except for the light from the shore, which came faintly through the port-hole, and showed only the outline of the precious vase on the table. The Chinaman stretched out his

hand just as Myrel, watching in a dark corner, flashed on the electric light.

'What do you want with that?' she said. 'It's mine.'

Then as the man sprang towards her she saw the flash of a knife, and screamed aloud, all her bravery

'Oh! Father, he's not dead?'

'Certainly not, my dear, only stunned,' said the Captain. 'That brute knocked him down. Hullo!'

He might well say that, for the boy's cap had fallen off in the scrimmage, and the little white face was framed by a mass of tangled dark curls.

"The stowaway caught the intruder by his pig-tail."

gone. Down came the knife! but the stowaway, standing in the doorway, made a sudden leap, and caught the intruder by his pigtail, hanging on with his whole weight. Over went the man, and Myrel had only a vague idea of shouts, screams, and flying arms and legs, of a tremendous collision in the doorway as the Chinaman went out and her father came in; then she was kneeling beside the little stowaway, crying piteously.

'It's Janie,' gasped Myrel; 'I knew he reminded me of some one. Oh! let her have my bed, Father.'

The doctor was sent for, and after a while Janie opened her eyes.

'I hope you don't mind, sir,' she said. 'I was so lonesome without Miss Myrel, and my aunt don't want me, sir. She got another maid—and—and——' here she stopped.

'And you have been on the ship all the voyage!

If you were a boy——' said the Captain ominously.

'But the Chinaman, Father; suppose Janie hadn't been there!' said Myrel, her arms round his neck, and the Captain smiled.

'Yes, we must not forget that,' he answered. 'The vase is smashed, I see, but Janie may like to keep the pieces as a memento when she is at the school I am going to send her to.'

And getting up, he walked out of the cabin.'

THE GOAT'S VERDICT.

AN Arab chief found that he had been robbed of a gold piece, and although he felt certain that the thief was one of his own people, he was quite unable to discover who it was.

He called together his servants, and told them of the theft. 'This evening,' he said to them, 'you will one and all submit yourselves to the judgment of my goat. I order each man to place his hand on her back. She is a very wonderful and wise animal, and upon the hand of the guilty person she will leave a black mark.'

That evening, accordingly, the servants, one by one, each in his turn, had to go into a dark tent, where the detective goat was tied up. Each was supposed to pass his hand along the animal's back, which the master had secretly rubbed with coal-dust.

The Arab stationed himself outside the tent, and made each man who passed out show his hands. All, of course, were greatly scared to see the black smudge on their own hands; one there was, however, who proudly displayed an unsoiled, white hand. But to this man the master said: 'You are the thief! for you alone have not dared to touch the goat.' E. D.

THE ROORKEE SUNDIAL.

ROORKEE is a city in Northern India which possesses a very handsome sundial, erected in 1846 by General Henry Yule, a well-known and much-respected officer of that day.

General Yule was at one time in command of the great engineering workshops connected with the Ganges Canal, and when at Roorkee was sorely tried by the unpunctuality and carelessness of the native workmen, who not only had no idea of the value of time, but were also very careless in the use of the tools in the work-shops.

The General—never too famous for patience—was, before long, so worn out with the wrong-doings of the natives that it was with difficulty he could restrain his anger; but being a very conscientious man, he was ashamed to think how often his temper had got the better of him, and resolved to find a way to remedy his failing.

So, each time that he lost his temper, he transferred a fine of two rupees (in those 'good old days' a rupee was worth half-a-crown) from his right to his left pocket. When he left Roorkee the collection of self-imposed fines was devoted to the erection of a sundial, which he hoped might teach the natives the value of time.

'It was a very handsome "dial,"' was the remark of one of his friends, with a humorous twinkle in his eye.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 243.)

FRANK and Tom questioned the man closely, and his replies were to the effect that the Burmese had entered the village under cover of darkness, and, having killed every man who offered any resistance, proceeded to plunder the houses. Then, finding that their loot was far less valuable than they had expected, they massacred the women and children, and set light to the village. So far as he knew, he was the only person who had escaped. Hearing us approaching, and fearing that we were Burmese, he climbed the tree in the hope of being unnoticed.

Further questions made it clear that the invaders had departed in the direction of their own land, but not by the road by which they had arrived.

'You were right,' Frank said to Tom. 'These fellows are evidently raiders who hope to plunder a few villages and then hasten back to their own country.'

'Then they will be far more desperate than if they were simply fighting by order of their king.' Tom said.

'That is so,' I agreed. 'They are robbers and murderers. They will expect no mercy, nor will they show any.'

Before long I saw, only too plainly, that I had not misjudged the enemy. Accompanied by the guide and twenty men, I entered the burning village to satisfy Frank that the place was deserted.

Fortunately the road which ran through the village was wide, and we were therefore able to pass along it in safety. The heat was terrible and the smoke was dense, but not too dense for us to see the ghastly deeds which the Burmese had done. They filled me with a hatred for the enemy such as I had never before felt towards any man. Fortunately for my peace of mind, I found no living Burman in the village.

'We will start after the scoundrels at once,' Frank declared, and a few minutes later we resumed our march.

The trail of the Burmese was very plain, and we hoped by pushing forward rapidly, to gain on the enemy and engage him before he could attack another village. For four hours we hurried on over hills and through jungle, but without overtaking him or even catching sight of him. We would have liked to continue the pursuit for another hour, but the condition of our men made this impossible. For some time the native officers had been complaining to Frank that their men were exhausted, and it was now evident to him that they could go no further.

'We must rest here until daybreak,' he said to us, and at once we made known his order. It was very welcome, and in a few minutes nine-tenths of our men were sound asleep.

It was my turn on duty, and about two hours later, as I strolled round to see that the sentries were keeping a sharp look-out, I heard firing in the distance. I ran to Frank and woke him.

'The enemy are evidently at work on the other side of the hill,' he said, after listening a few moments to the firing. 'We must be after them at once.'

The sleepers were aroused quickly, and soon we were doubling towards the hill. At the foot of it there was a broad stream, but it was fordable and caused us very little delay.

In little more than an hour we were on the top of the hill, and in the valley below was a village in flames.

'It is no good marching on the village,' Tom said to Frank. 'Let us get beyond it and try to intereept them.'

Frank thought the suggestion a good one, and instrueted the guide to lead us by the nearest track to the position we wished to oeeupy. We reaehed it in about twenty minutes, and, finding ample cover, waited for the enemy to approach.

'It is my opinion that they have evaded us,' Frank said, when some time had passed without the enemy approaching.

'I have been thinking so for some time,' Tom replied. 'Possibly they discovered how near we were.'

'I don't think that is at all likely,' Frank said, 'for, if we may believe what we have heard eoneerning their strength, they are, after making allowances for exaggeration, far stronger than we are, and would be unlikely to shirk a fight.'

'Shall I ereep forward and see if they are anywhere near?' Tom asked.

'Do,' Frank said. 'Take a dozen men with you.'

When Tom returned, he reported that, so far as he eould discover, there was not a living person, Burmese or Siamese, near the plaee.

At daybreak, after nearly two hours' rest, we resumed our hunt for the enemy. We discovered his trail and followed it throughout the day and part of the night, wading streams, climbing hills, erossing valleys and thick jungle. But we did not overtake him. Nor, until three days later, did we see more of his work. Then we came to a village where not a living man, woman, or ehild was to be found. They had murdered, pillaged, and passed on. The sight of their massacred eountrymen infuriated our men, and for the first time the whole of our foree showed eagerness to meet the enemy.

Four more days passed, and during that time we came upon two villages that had been devastated by the Burmese. Half-a-mile beyond the seeond we found a dying man, wounded in the massaere, and from him we learnt that the Burmese were not more than half-an-hour's mareh ahead of us.

It seemed now that at last we should overtake the enemy, and naturally we Englishmen were in high spirits. We had entered on the eampaign in a half-hearted spirit, for the quarrels of the Siamese and Burmese were of little interest to us; but now, having seen the crimes perpetrated by the Burmese, we were as eager to fight as if the foe were an enemy of our own eountry.

'There they are!' Tom exelaimed, when we had trudged a mile or so, pointing towards the valley. The Burmese had just emerged from the jungle at the foot of the hill on which we stood, and were now erossing the open ground.

Commanding our men to lie down, Frank, Tom and I surveyed the Burmese from behind a bush.

'They are twice as strong as we,' Tom remarked.

'That is so,' Frank said; 'and considering that fully three-quarters of our men are unreliable, the outlook is not very bright for us. However, we must do our best.'

As soon as the enemy had disappeared over the brow of the next hill, we advaneed quiekly to watch them from that position, and to our surprise we found, on reaching it, that the Burmese were resting in the valley at the foot of the hill.

'Now we have them,' Frank whispered, and, calling together the native offieers, he gave orders for the attack.

The men, armed with bows, arrows, and spears, he dispatched at once to work their way round to the other side of the valley, and attack the enemy in the rear—that is to say, in what would become his rear when he turned to meet our assault. The native officers declared, in answer to Frank's inquiry, that they thoroughly understood his instruetions, and then returned to their men, apparently delighted at the prospect of a speedy fight.

Frank, Tom, and I continued from our position on the top of the hill to watch the enemy's movements.

'They seem to be even more exhausted than our men,' Frank said. 'I almost wish that I had arranged to attack them at onee.'

However, it was too late to alter the plan of attack, so we waited patiently until Frank considered that suffieient time had passed for his spearmen and bowmen to take up the position he had assigned to them.

Then the advance began. Slowly and eautiously our men erept down the hill. The ground was very uneven, but it afforded exeellent cover.

The Burmese evidently did not fear a surprise, for they had not posted sentries or look-out men, and hundreds were busily engaged in preparing their meal. Others, while the riee was being cooked, squatted down and smoked big green cheroots, and not a few, tired out, lay down to sleep.

Nearer and nearer we crept, and I must confess that I felt somewhat nervous at the prospect of being, in a few minutes, engaged in a hand-to-hand fight.

I glaneed at Frank and Tom, but they appeared calm, as if they were on a big shooting expedition. Strangely enough, they told me, some days later, that I too looked wonderfully calm. I did not feel so.

We were now confident of taking the Burmese by surprise, and certainly we should have done so but for a totally unexpected mishap. As we were ereeping along, and were within two hundred yards of the enemy, some of our men diseovered a eobra, coiled round a thiek stunted tree. The reptile's head was swaying to and fro, ready to strike, and the men nearest to it shouted in terror.

Four men of Frank's regiment instantly drew their sharp long-bladed knives and rushed at the cobra. With a tremendous cut one of the men almost severed its tail, and simultaneously two of his eomrades hacked viciously at its coiled body. The fourth man was more cautious. His aim was to attack the eobra's head, but knowing that a mis-stroke would probably be fatal to him, he did not deliver his blow until he was confident that he could deal it effectually. His opportunity soon eame. The eobra swung its head round towards the men who were haeking him, and instantly he dealt a mighty blow whieh cut almost through the reptile's head. The four men now cut and slashed at the cobra till scarcely an inch of its long, thick body remained whole. The men had aeted gallantly in killing the cobra, but the excited shouts with whieh they aecompanied their attack, and which we were unable to eheek, had been heard by the Burmese.

(Continued on page 258.)

"The cobra swung its head round."

A MERRY PIPER

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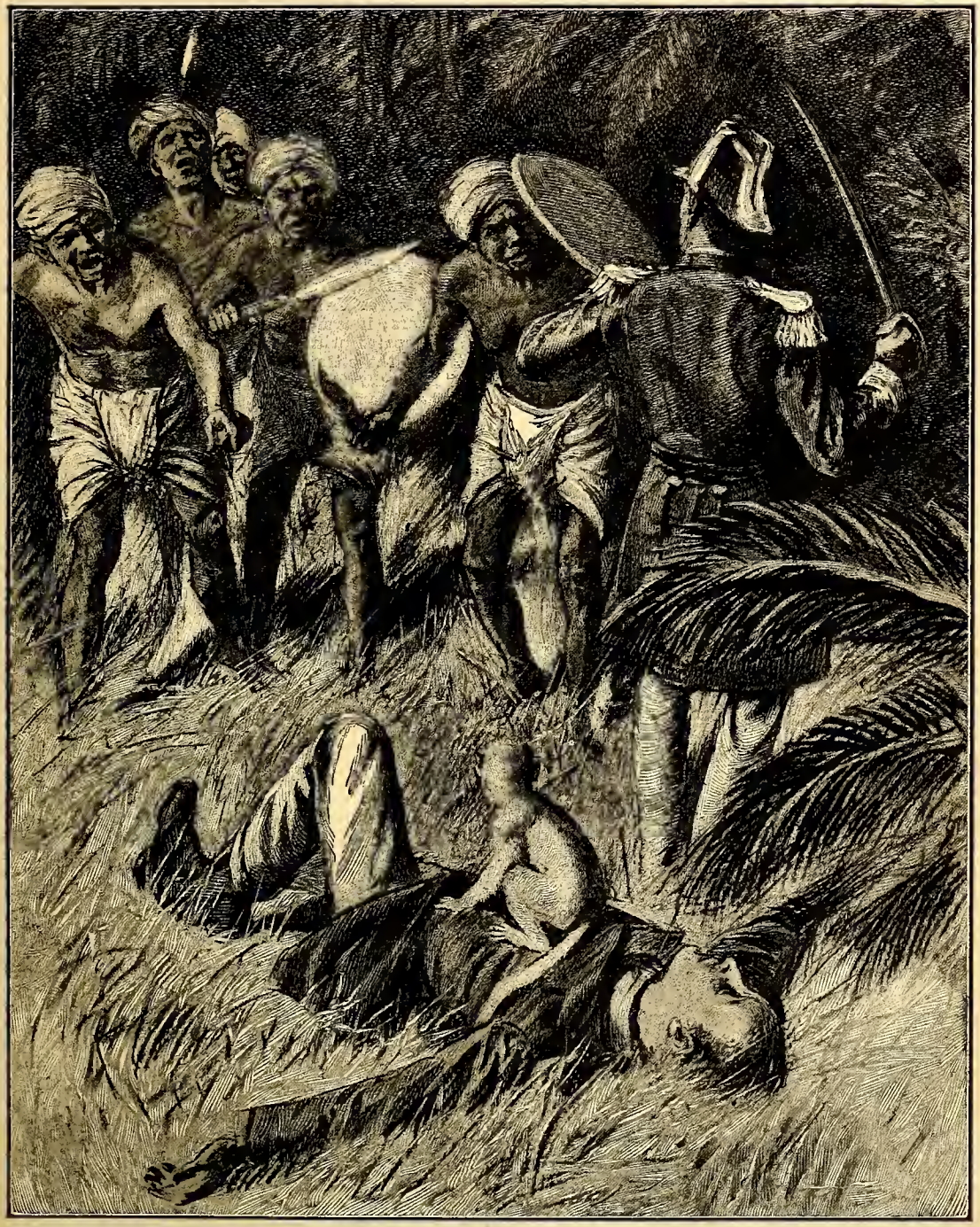


"The white monkey boldly faced the enemy."

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 255.)

CHAPTER XIV.

THE Burmese, warned of our approach by the uproar which the cobra had caused among our men, made ready to meet us. Drums were beaten, gongs sounded, and trumpets blown. The sleepers awoke and seized their muskets; the hungry men left their pots of rice, and their leaders rushed to and fro, shouting orders.

'Fire!' Frank commanded in Siamese, and as the order passed along the line a shower of bullets was poured into the enemy. They returned the fire, but with little effect.

Our men were loading as quickly as possible and firing independently. The enemy, being crowded together, were an excellent mark, and we could see that a fairly good proportion of our shots were effective. But the Burmese leaders soon opened out their men, and—probably guessing from our fire that our numbers were fewer—led them forward to the attack. I remember, although I was very excited at the time, noticing that the enemy looked exceedingly picturesque as they rushed forward. Nearly every man was wearing a red, yellow, or pink turban and skirt, and one in every five was carrying the Burmese flag—red with a white peacock painted on it.

When the Burmese were about fifty yards from us we fired a volley, and at so short a range it was of course deadly. But the Burmese were not cowards, and it did not check their advance. With loud shouts they dashed among our men, who were, however, ready for them. The fight now became furious.

We were outnumbered to a greater degree than we had expected, but Frank's regiment did not waver in the slightest, and we were hopeful that the battle would end in a victory for us. But the rabble whom Tom and I had the misfortune to command lost heart after two or three minutes' fighting, and, turning tail, scampered up the hill to escape. A portion of the enemy's force pursued them and inflicted far greater loss on them than they would have received had they stood their ground with their fellow-countrymen. Tom and I fought our way to Frank's regiment, which was still behaving gallantly, and took up our position alongside it. Again and again the Burmese charged, yelling threats and, according to their custom, making hideous grimaces, intended to frighten us. On each occasion they were repulsed; the Siamese answering their threats with threats, and rivalling them with the hideousness of their grimaces. Still, it was very evident to us that unless our spearmen and bowmen arrived quickly at their appointed position, it would be impossible for us to escape. They should have delivered their attack on the rear of the enemy some minutes previously, but although I glanced now and again in the direction from which they had been instructed to advance, I could see no sign of them. Then, suddenly, it occurred to me that the native officers, who hated Frank because he was placed in authority over them, had deserted us, preferring to sacrifice the honour of their army rather than permit Frank to gain a victory. While I was wondering whether it would be wise to inform Frank of my suspicion he called out to me.

'Yabsley, those rascally native officers have deserted us.'

At that moment, and before I could answer Frank, a rush was made at Tom, and to my horror I saw him fall. Dealing a blow at the man who was facing me I rushed to Tom's help; but Frank had forestalled me and was standing over our friend, keeping the foe at a distance. Tom had received a spear wound on his left leg, but he was wonderfully calm. Seizing the turban of a wounded Burman, he bound it tightly round his wound and was soon on his feet again. Frank, Tom, and I were now fighting side by side, with our backs towards a thick clump of jungle plants. Our men, some thirty in number, were on either side of us. Many of their comrades had been disabled, but a far greater number, seeing that the tide of battle was against us, had sought safety in flight.

The Burmese, confident that we were in their power, made a rush at us. They did not call upon us to surrender, as it was not their custom to take prisoners; if it had been, their command would have been treated with scorn, for we had determined to fight to the bitter end.

'I am afraid it is all up with us,' I said as the Burmese came rushing at our sadly diminished force, and the words had scarcely been uttered when half-a-dozen Burmans dashed at me.

I warded off the lunge of a spearman, but before I could strike a blow another Burman brought the butt-end of his musket down on my head, and I fell to the ground, stunned.

I was unconscious for several minutes, but during that short time a startling thing happened. Frank and Tom told me of it when I regained consciousness. The instant I fell to the ground, the white monkey, whom I had quite forgotten during the fight, sprang from the bush behind us on to my body, and boldly faced the enemy. I do not imagine that Ted had any idea of protecting me, but his sudden appearance on the scene struck terror to the hearts of the Burmese. They regarded the white monkey as a sacred animal, and believed that if, by accident or design, they inflicted any injury upon him, they would be punished terribly for it after death.

They retired a few yards, their leaders discussing how to act. But while they were talking the white monkey jumped from my body and hurried, on all fours, towards them. This was more than the Burmese could endure. Possessed of an idea that the white monkey was about to attack them, and believing that he had supernatural powers, they turned and fled in all directions, flinging away their weapons so that their flight should not be impeded.

'Have the spearmen and bowmen arrived yet?' I asked, as I patted Ted for the timely help he had given us.

'We have seen the scoundrels in the distance,' Frank answered. 'When the Burmans had thrown away their arms and were rushing into the jungle, our precious comrades-in-arms made a sortie and captured about thirty of them. Having done this, they retired with their prisoners to a position about half a mile from here. I have sent a sergeant to command them to rejoin me at once.'

Scarcely had Frank finished speaking when the sergeant returned. 'My lord,' he said, somewhat nervously, 'the answer which the chief officer of the spearmen and bowmen gave to me is full of insults.'

'Tell me everything,' Frank said.

The sergeant hesitated, for it was a common thing in the East to kill the bearer of unpleasant news. Frank remembered this and assured the man that he would not harm him, no matter how insulting the message was.

'My lord,' the sergeant declared, 'you are very good. These are the words of the chief officer of the spearmen and bowmen: "Tell the water-rat that I will not obey him. I am a greater soldier than he. The Burmese geese have killed nearly all his men, but they have killed none of mine. The water-rat has no prisoners to take back to the Brother of the Moon, but I have nearly forty. The Brother of the Moon will see that I am a greater warrior than the white-faced water-rat; he will degrade the water-rat and promote me. Repeat to the water-rat the words I have uttered, and say, also, that I command him to give up to me, at once, the white monkey. The Keeper of the White Monkey is not capable of protecting his charge, and therefore I must take possession of the sacred animal. The water-rat must give it up to me at once; if he does not do so, I will go with my men and take it from him."'

'That is mutiny pure and simple,' Tom exclaimed.

'I won't give up the white monkey,' I declared.

'I shouldn't allow you to do so if you wished,' Frank said. 'The rascal thinks that he can frighten us, but he will find that he has made a mistake. We must prepare to give him a warm reception.'

(Continued on page 267.)

THE ORANGE-BLOSSOM.

An Eastern Legend.

ONCE upon a time there lived an Eastern king who was much interested in the growing of trees and plants. To many distant lands he sent for rare and beautiful foliage and flowers wherewith to adorn his gardens. Great was his delight when, one day, a celebrated botanist presented him with an orange-tree. Such a thing had not before been seen in those regions, and the king guarded this new possession as jealously as he guarded his jewels and his gold. He was determined that the tree should remain a rarity, the property of himself alone. Therefore, when an ambassador from the West, greatly admiring the orange-tree, petitioned the king to sell him—for a large sum—a cutting which he might introduce into his own country, his request was sternly refused.

Now, the head gardener (who, at the court of this garden-loving king, was a great and important person) had a fair young daughter, who often came to sit near the orange-tree. This was her favourite spot for thinking and dreaming, and, although it was a charming place, and the scent of the orange-blossom was delicious, her thoughts were mostly sad ones. For by her father's decree she was parted from her lover—a good and brave youth, whose only fault was his poverty. The king's gardener, himself a wealthy man, wished his beautiful daughter to wed some rich or noble person, and the girl, although she loved the youth dearly, would not disobey her father.

Help came to her by way of the orange-tree. The head gardener always attended to this himself. One morning he accidentally broke off a spray of the blossom, which the girl picked up and fastened into her dark hair. When, presently, she wandered out of the garden into the highway, she met the ambassador who so greatly admired the orange-tree. At once he observed the flowers in the girl's hair.

'If you will give me that sprig of blossom,' he said, 'I will give you a large dowry of gold.'

Possibly the girl was ignorant of the king's prohibition, or she may not have felt herself bound to obey him as she felt bound to obey her father.

She promptly removed the sprig from her hair and gave it to the ambassador, who in return gave her an immense sum of gold. The exchange was quickly effected, to the satisfaction of both parties.

Of course, all the gold went to the lover, who showed it to the gardener, without, however, telling him where it had come from. Perhaps the girl told her father afterwards.

On her wedding morning, at any rate, she contrived somehow to secure another spray, which, in grateful remembrance of the good service rendered to her by the first, she wore in her hair, beneath the bridal veil. And thereby that lovely Eastern bride set a fashion which seems destined never to die out. E. D.

A PET GULL.

FLUFFY and I were great friends as long as I had her. She was just like a little ball of fluff, her feathers were so soft and thick. I was staying in Lismore, a lovely little island in the west of Scotland; you may guess how pretty it is when you hear that the name means 'The Beautiful Garden.' Lismore is fourteen miles long and three broad. We had everything there to make us happy, and did a great deal of boating.

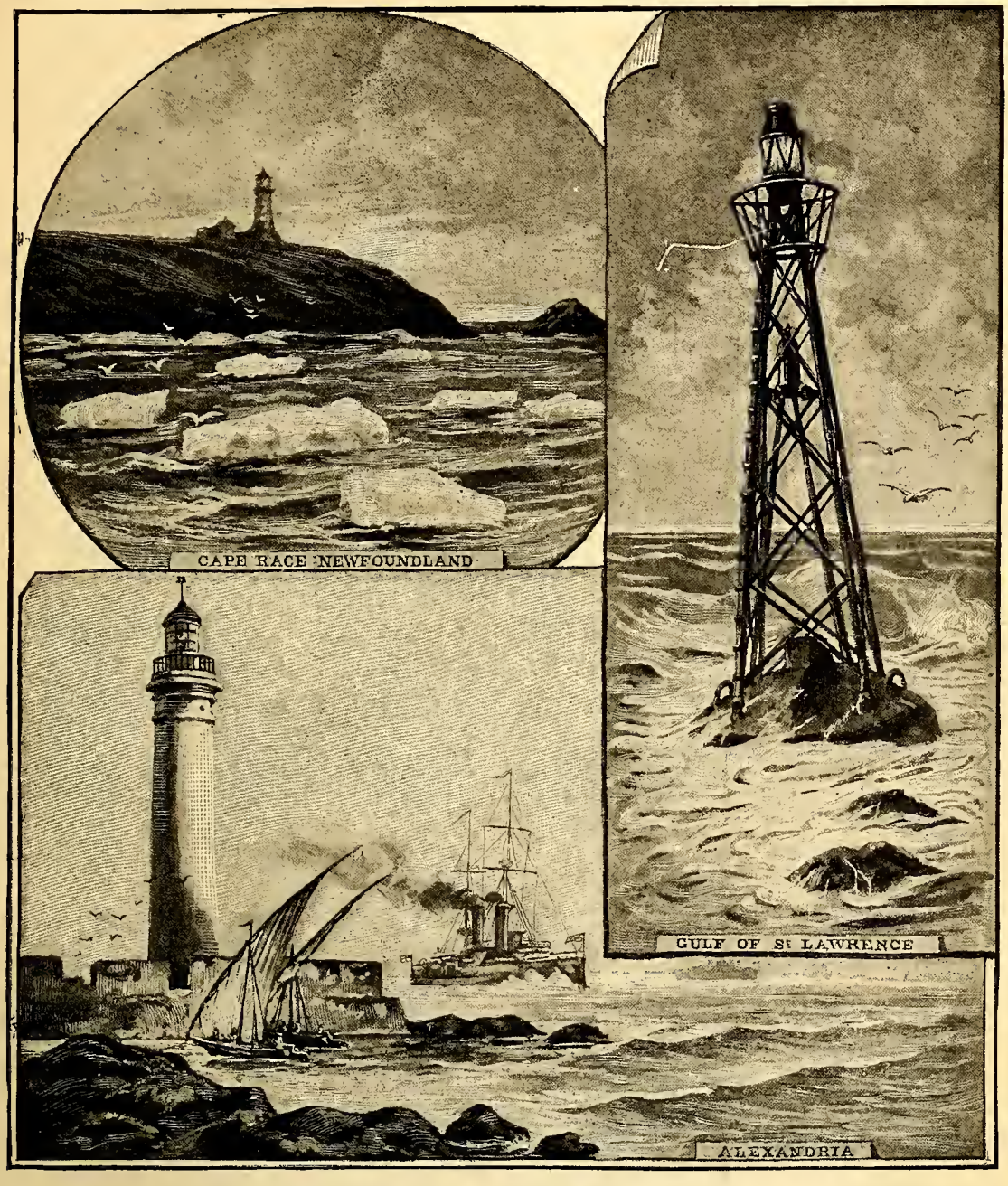
Among other delightful things, there were two smaller islands about a quarter of a mile from Lismore, and every day we rode over to one of these, called 'Craigan,' to bathe from its sandy shore and to act 'Robinson Crusoe.' Craigan was just about the eighth of a mile in size and covered with heather, and the seabirds' nests were so thick there that we could scarcely put our foot down without disturbing them; but we never took one of the young ones. However, one day Dugald, the head boatman, came to me with a tiny seagull in his hand. 'See, Miss Minnie,' he said, 'this little bird has had her wing hurt and can't fly. Will you take her for a pet?'

Gladly I took her, and got the boys to doctor her wing and put her in the garden. She was a good deal frightened at first, but soon began to grow quite tame, and slept in the pigeon-house at night. She knew me from all the others, and whenever I went into the garden she perched on my shoulder and stuck her little bill into my lips by way of a kiss, which I can tell you was a pretty sharp one. She wore a bright bow of rose-coloured ribbon, and was most particular to keep it off the damp ground when she was feeding. She stayed with us till her wing was quite well, and never seemed to think of going away; but, alas! one spring morning, when I entered the garden, what should I see but instead of only one 'Fluffy,' she was walking about with another handsome 'Fluffy,' with quite the air of a world-wise bird, who had come from across the sea.

'Ah!' thought I, 'my dear little Fluffy will go and leave me to see what is to be seen in the world of birds.' And I was not mistaken, for next morning they were no more to be seen. But what do you think? As she had flown off with her rose-coloured

Fluffy, a Pet Gull.

bow, I found the little truant about a week after on Craigan, busy building a nest of heather. She knew me at once and perched on my shoulder, much to the astonishment of her wild companions, and every day I watched 'Fluffy' busy at her nest. At that time I had to leave Lismore, but Dugald told me that for a long while he used to see Fluffy flying about with her bow of ribbon, seemingly quite happy. S. Y.



Lighthouses round the British Empire.

DANGER SIGNALS.

(Second Series)

VI.—ROUND THE EMPIRE.

EVERYBODY knows, for it has been very frequently stated, that the sun never sets on the possessions of the British Empire, and that the morning drum that rouses her scattered garrisons is never silent. Of course the latter statement is a slight exaggeration, and it would be a greater still if we said that the sun never sets without kindling with its last beam the twinkling spark in a British lighthouse

tower. Nevertheless, in making a journey round the world we should at frequent intervals be greeted by the warning ray from our own lighthouses.

If we started westward across the Atlantic from the English Channel, the last 'Danger Signal' to sink beneath the horizon behind us would be the Bishop Rock lighthouse, and the first to hail us on the other side would be at Cape Race. This stands on the extreme south-east point of Newfoundland, one hundred and twenty-five feet above high water. Its blinking eye attracts our attention across the dark water from a distance of seventeen miles, and it sweeps the sea in a revolving ray once every thirty seconds. As we draw nearer we see that the lantern is supported by a short concrete tower, gaily painted red and white, and surrounded by a dwelling. The signal station, a short distance away, consists of a powerful whistle, sounding at specified intervals, and Newfoundland, renowned as it is for fogs, keeps this whistle pretty actively employed in warning off approaching vessels. Cape Race is a distinguished station in the lighthouse world, and has been on duty since 1856. We may judge of the responsibility attaching to the post by the fact that the keeper receives eighteen hundred dollars (360l.) a year—the highest salary paid by the Canadian Lighthouse Board. We shall refer to this station again when talking about lamps.

With Cape Race fading into the distance we enter upon a domain of twinkling lights which serve to guide the mariner through the Gulf of St. Lawrence and up the river itself. But we must pass them all by, though each has an interest of its own, till the Great Lakes are reached. Here, in Lake Erie, near the entrance to the St. Clair river, we will pause for a moment to glance at Colchester Reef lighthouse. It is one of a class frequently met with in this quarter of the world. The short square tower, rapidly tapering toward the top, stands on a castle-like island of substantial masonry, no portion of the reef itself being visible above the surface of the lake. It seems a little surprising that in these apparently tranquil waters such a sturdy base is necessary, but there is another enemy here besides wind and wave. When the winter comes, it lays siege to this castle of the lake with tumbled masses of ice-blocks, which do not threaten much harm till spring-time raises the siege and the melting blocks are driven hither and thither by warm currents of water. Then they press upon the lighthouse base with a force that only the strongest masonry can withstand. Passing up the St. Clair river on the way to Lake Huron we come in sight of another though much smaller tower, of similar design, built on the Stag Island shoal. Its base is almost as broad as its entire height.

Finding our way at last into Lake Superior, we take the steamboat that crosses it to Port Arthur, a voyage of two hundred and thirty-seven miles. The shores of this fresh-water sea, even in desolate regions, are dotted with stars of light, some fixed, some revolving, but the route of our steamer brings very few of them in sight, till Port Arthur is reached. We have passed on the way, some hundred miles from the start, one of the loneliest of all. It stands on Caribou Island, about twenty-five miles from the nearest land, which is itself only another small island. Besides carrying a powerful flashing light, it is also a fog station. Is it on account of the great loneliness of the position that the keeper is rewarded with a salary of one thousand dollars (200l.) a year? In all the lighthouse service there are only twenty-one men who receive as much as this, and most of them are keepers of stations on the coast of British Columbia. In the latter province, close against the boundary of Alaska, six hundred miles from New Westminster, stands our most northerly light in the Pacific Ocean—a fixed ray, as though the silence and the solitude were too great to permit of an occasional blink.

And now, from the very far north, let us go to the farthest south. A voyage of many thousands of miles brings us to New Zealand, and we pass along its well-lighted coast till the Straits of Foveaux, cutting off Stewart Island from the mainland, are reached. Here, at the entrance to Bluff Harbour, is Dog Island, with a long and dangerous reef stretching eastward. The lighthouse that stands upon it was erected in 1865, and shows a light one hundred and fifty feet above the water that can be seen for nineteen miles. The tower itself is built of stone, and has a distinguished appearance, being decorated with black and white bands from top to bottom. But though the Dog Island light warns the mariners from danger, we must go farther south still to find the last effort that New Zealand makes to help those who have been ill-treated by the sea. In a group of islets, called the Snares, the shipwrecked sailor will find, at well-chosen positions, a number of hand-posts, pointing out the direction he should take to find food and lodging. And his surprise can only be exceeded by his gratitude, when, upon pursuing the road indicated, he comes upon a comfortable shed furnished with clothing and enough food to last him more than six months. For to this distant corner of the Dominion the Government only sends a ship twice a year; and what a pleasure it must be when the visit results in bringing off some poor castaway who has been saved by the necessaries left there for his service.

On our way home, through Australian and Indian waters, we shall not halt again till we come to the entrance to the Red Sea. In making its way through this 'gate of tears' (the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb) our ship passes the small rocky island of Perim. Though less than four miles long and two miles wide, it possesses seven warning lights. The principal of these stands on the highest point of the island, two hundred and forty-nine feet above the sea, and throws a revolving ray visible for twenty-two miles. It was established in 1871, though an older light had shone there ten years before. A remarkable circumstance had taken place at the other end of the Red Sea, and it may be said that this circumstance kindled all the lights in Perim, for the opening of the Suez Canal filled the Red Sea with ships, made a new path between the East and West, and rendered it necessary that the procession of great steamers, on their way to and from India, Australasia, China, and Japan, should be safely lighted through the 'Gate of Tears.' But for this the narrow channel would not have lost the meaning of its unhappy name.

We must, however, bring our cruise to an end. Passing through the canal just mentioned into the Mediterranean, we can only glance at the 'lights' of Alexandria, Malta, and Gibraltar, before the Atlantic Ocean is reached once more.

On this rapid journey round the Empire we have been able to mention very few of the innumerable lights that marked our route. Perhaps some of our readers would find pleasure in filling up some of the shadowy gaps for themselves.

HALLEY'S COMET.

WE heard much not long ago about Halley's comet. Quite by chance, the writer at that time came across a poem by Victor Hugo on this subject, in which he describes the derision with which Halley was treated by the people of his day.

'The little barefoot children in the street
Ran after him to jeer, and, as he passed,
The people mocked: "There goes the foolish man
Who thinks that he can tell us, years before,
What time a star will show itself again!"'

Edmund Halley was the first astronomer to predict the return of a comet. The son of a soap-boiler, he was born at Haggerston, near London, in 1656, and he died in 1742, at the age of eighty-six.

This comet, however, had appeared ages before it became 'Halley's.' Its coming in 1456 struck terror to the hearts of men. The Turks had just taken Constantinople, and when the comet showed itself there, the Christians connected it with the victories of their foes, and added to their Liturgy this petition: 'Save us from the devil, the Turk, and the comet.'

THE GIPSY'S LULLABY.

SWEET-smelling hraeken is crushed where we lie,
The frogs sing a cradle-song not far away,
The world is our inn; my baby and I
Have a glorious bed with no reckoning to pay.
You may see our old watch-dog, for he's the Great Bear;
Our pillow is perfumed like that of a king;
The leaves are all crackling, for pixies are near;
Hush low, little heart, 'tis the hare-bells they ring.

When the moon comes up ereeping, so pleased will she he
To find a wee hahy asleep on the hill,
She'll throw down soft shadows right under the tree
Where we snuggle together so cosy and still.
Can you hear the owl snore—just to show you the way?
Cuddle elose, little heart. Flip-flop he goes hy,
That big moth: when you wake in the day
There'll be hutterflies, birds, and the sun in the sky.

Dorothea Still.

CANOVA'S FIRST STATUE.

THERE are douhtless few readers of Chatterbox who have not heard mentioned with honour the name of the great Canova, that skilful Italian sculptor whose statues have almost taken rank among the masterpieces of Greece. Canova, like many other great men, owed his rise solely to himself. Diligent labour was the only souree of his fortune, and the first attempts of his youth foretold the suecess of his age.

Canova was an Italian, the son of a mason. All the education he received from his father consisted in learning the business of his trade. As soon as his strength allowed, he learned to handle the trowel and hammer, to mix the plaster, and to place the gravel—all of which he did with such zeal, as to be soon ahle to serve as the journeyman to his father, notwithstanding his youth. In his play-time he amused himself hy sketehing the different objects he saw about him, or even modelling their forms in the plaster cement he had mixed for his father. These exercises soon made him a good drawer and sculptor in relief. But his talent was quite unknown to his father, who only coneerned himself with his skill in passing the plaster to the sieve, and in ponring enough water into the trough.

But an event suddenly occurred to reveal it all to the world.

His father had been summoned to make some repairs in the country house of a rich lord of the neighbourhood. He had taken his-son with him, according to his eustom, to act as his journeyman. The good behaviour of the little Canova soon made a great impression on the head cook, and on all the servants of the great house, so that when the day's work was ended the boy was allowed to remain in the kitchen, where he executed in crumbs of bread or in plaster grotesque figures, which delighted the servants, who in return fed him 'like a lord.'

One day there was a grand dinner given by the nohleman; Canova was in the kitchen when he heard a cry from the pantry, and saw the head cook almost in tears. He ran up to him and asked the canse of his mishap.

'I am lost,' he cried, 'I am lost! My masterpiece, my palace which I had built for dinner, see in what a condition it is!' And with a gesture of grief he showed the boy an edifice of pastry which he had just taken out of the oven. It was burnt and half demolished.

'What is to he done?' eried the cook. 'Here is the dinner hour. I have not time to make another. My lord expects something remarkable for dessert, and he will turn me away!'

During these lamentations, little Canova walked round the hroken pastry palace and considered it with attention.

'Is this for eating?' he inquired.

'Oh, no, my little one,' said the eook; 'it is only to look at.'

'Ah, well, all is safe; I promise you something better in an hour from now. Hand me that lump of butter.'

The eook, astonished, hut already half persuaded by the boy's boldness, gave him what he wanted, and of this lump of butter Canova made a superh lion, which he sprinkled with meal, mounted on a pedestal of rich arehitecture, and hefore the appointed hour showed his finished work to the wondering servants. The cook kissed him with tears in his eyes, called him his preserver, and hastened to place on the table the masterpiece of the young mason.

There was a ery of admiration from the guests. 'Never had they seen,' said they, 'so remarkable a piece of sculpture.' They asked for the author of it.

'Douhtless one of my household,' answered my lord, with a satisfied air; and he asked the cook, who blushed and stammered, and ended by owning what had happened. All the eompany wished to see the lad, and overwhelmed him with praises. It was deeided at onee that the master of the household should take charge of him and educate him in a manner suitable to his evident talents.

There was no cause to repent of this decision. Canova knew how to profit hy the lessons of his masters, whom he soon excelled. Nevertheless, in the midst of his suecess, he was always pleased to remember the adventure of the lion in butter, and said he was very sorry that it had been melted. 'I hope,' he added, 'that my later statues will be more solid, for otherwise my reputation runs a great risk.' F. W.

"'I am lost!' he cried."

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"'Now let us run.'"

KATALINA.

'DON'T touch me!' said Katalina, 'you're much too—too dirty.'

The pony had shied, flinging its young mistress off; she had fallen, quite unhurt, on a thick plot of fern by the roadside, and as she scrambled up a boy had run forward from the shade of the trees and made a half-motion as if to help her up. He paused as she spoke and drew back, watching her wistfully.

'May I not even catch the pony, Signorina?' he asked.

'He will stand still if you do not look at him,' replied the little girl ungraciously: 'there, go away, I can't bear you.'

So he turned and went away, back to the shady grove from which he had come, and, unseen himself, he watched her catch the fidgety pony, mount with some difficulty, and ride on up the hill where her own particular playmates awaited her.

They were all there, Jacques, Piers, and Constan; how he longed to join them as they played at 'Queen and Court,' a game of which Katalina was particularly fond. She was the daughter of the rich Jamaica planter, and the only girl for miles round, so the boys all made a great fuss of her—all, that is, but little Pedro, who was willing enough to run her errands and be a slave to her whims; but they all jeered at him.

'You fit to belong to our court!' cried Constan, 'with your rags of dirty clothes!'

'I cannot help it if my clothes are dirty and old,' returned Pedro, almost in tears; 'my hands and face are not.'

'You let your grandmother beat you—an old woman like that!' said Katalina scornfully.

'Well, why should she not?' asked the little boy, perplexed.

'I would not be beaten by a woman,' said Piers, grandly; 'I would tell her, "no, it cannot be so," and if she persisted, I would run away and earn my own living. Bah! you have not the spirit of a mouse! Get your grandmother to wash your clothes.' And they ducked him in the swiftly running stream and left him shaking the water from himself on the bank.

But though Katalina laughed when she saw them do it, she looked over her shoulder as she rode away, for a thought came to her.

'If only I had a little brother,' she thought to herself; 'but there! he would be brave!'

And Pedro, turning away, thought, too, over Piers' words.

'I am all my grandmother has,' he said to himself; 'and it seems so cowardly to run away from an old woman.'

That was many days ago; now he hid behind a thick mimosa bush, and watched the play.

Katalina was a princess now, being carried off by Constan, who, for want of a better stronghold, set her high in a fuchsia-tree, where she sat laughing down among a shower of hanging scarlet blossoms.

Her defender, Piers, had just come to the rescue, and was defying Constan to mortal combat, when the children were startled by a rumbling under their feet.

'What was that?' they asked, looking at one another in wonder; 'not thunder!'

'No, not thunder.' Katalina, from her post in the tree, could see farther than they. 'Look! look!' she cried. 'Oh! what is it?'

The hill they were on was a small one. To the west of it rose another, still higher; between them was a depression in the ground not deep enough to be called a valley, but continuing round the small hill until, with another slope, it widened out into a fertile plain dotted with the planters' villas, glowing white among the plantations of feathery topped sugar-cane.

Towards the larger hill Katalina pointed, and as they looked, a great spurt of flame shot up with a deafening roar. It was as if the hill-side opened and poured out its wrath upon the peaceful green world. The ground trembled and shook, a cloud of black smoke rolled up into the sky, blotting out the sun, and a dark stream, steaming as it went, began to run down the hill.

'It is an eruption!' cried Jacques; 'and that lava will cut us off if we are not quick—see! there is more coming!'

Just then the pony broke his tether and went down the hill like a mad thing; its spirit of fright spread to the boys.

'We must hurry,' said Piers, with a white face; 'let me help you down, Katalina.'

'I can manage, it is quite a short jump; you go on and tell them,' she answered.

So he dashed off after the others, and the little girl, not expecting to be taken quite at her word, began to struggle down; but alas! her dress caught, and she could not free it.

'Piers, Constan!' she shrieked, 'come and help me. I cannot get down!' But they were already out of ear-shot, and her voice broke in a piteous sob.

'I will help you, Signorina. See, I can climb here and do it.'

It was Pedro's voice, and, nimble as a monkey, he swarmed up to her side.

But it was a work of time to get the dress free, and to add to their difficulty it was getting dark—not with the long twilight of an English day, but with the quick-falling tropical darkness, hastened by the thick cloud of smoke hanging low over them. It was done at last, however, and they stood side by side beneath the tree.

'Now let us run,' said Katalina, holding out her hand to him.

'Signorina, it is too late.' He pointed down the hill as he spoke, and in the gloom she saw a glowing stream encircling them and trickling slowly down the rocky path that led to the plain.

'Oh!' she clasped her hands in terror, 'what shall we do?'

'We are safe here, Signorina; perhaps some one will come. Come back to the tree and I will make a shelter to keep the dew off.'

He was as good as his word, and soon had a cosy little bower for her, made of twisted creepers and fern; then he laid his ragged little coat down for a carpet and called to her.

'Will the Signorina enter?' he said with his best bow, and she crept gratefully inside, for this refuge, poor as it was, was much better than nothing.

'Now, if the Signorina does not wish to sleep, I will sing to her,' continued Pedro.

'Oh, yes, do! I am so miserable.'

So he sang the old negro songs he had heard down in the plantations, told her queer stories about beasts, birds, and fishes, while away on the hillside the glow of the eruption continued, the smoke rolled

up to the silent sky, and his teeth chattered with the cold.

'Come inside,' commanded Katalina at last, and, only too thankful for the permission, the little boy obeyed, and they sat huddled together, waiting for the dawn.

The eruption (which was not a very serious one after all), had burnt itself out, and the sun was well up in the sky when they were found, both asleep, cuddled together for warmth, the ragged coat covering them both.

If it had not been for that same coat and the plucky little wearer of it, Katalina might have died from cold and fright on that lonely hilltop.

Fortunately the little girl did not, when the adventure was almost forgotten, forget also her preserver, and better days dawned for Pedro, days that eventually saw him overseer of the Signorina's big estates, when in the course of time they became hers, with a large white house for himself, and a heart fuller than ever, if possible, of love and gratitude for his young mistress.

Dorothy Cedric.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 259.)

FRANK did not send a reply to the insulting message he had received, but, after a short consultation with Tom, moved our little force into the centre of the open space. Here we built a small stockade of jungle plants, which we made somewhat stronger by studding it with the dahs and spears which the Burmese had discarded. It was not, however, complete when we espied the mutineers advancing from all directions. Evidently they had been watching our movements, and expected little difficulty in capturing us. As they advanced, with several scores of Siamese flags flying, they yelled at the top of their voices, 'Down with the water-rats!'

'My lord, may I plant some flags on the stockade?' asked the sergeant who had brought the mutineers' message to Frank.

'Certainly,' Frank replied, and in a few minutes there were seven Siamese flags floating over the stockade, with the result that we witnessed the unusual sight of contending forces fighting under similar flags.

We had expected spearmen and bowmen would be our only opponents, but, as they drew near, we discovered that there were among them several men armed with muskets. These men Tom and I recognised as some of our own privates who had deserted at the beginning of the fight with the Burmese.

'It is satisfactory to know that they couldn't hit a pagoda at twenty-five yards,' Tom remarked; but I reminded him that a man with a musket was always dangerous when possessed of powder and bullets.

'If they damage their own side, so much the better.'

They did so to a greater extent than Tom had hoped. Formed in a somewhat oval circle, they advanced to between sixty and seventy yards of the stockade, and then, halting, the bowmen let fly a shower of arrows, some of which embedded themselves in the stockade; but the majority fell among their comrades advancing from the opposite side of the circle.

'That is splendid,' Frank exclaimed. 'As they are firing on each other we will reserve our fire. We haven't too much ammunition.'

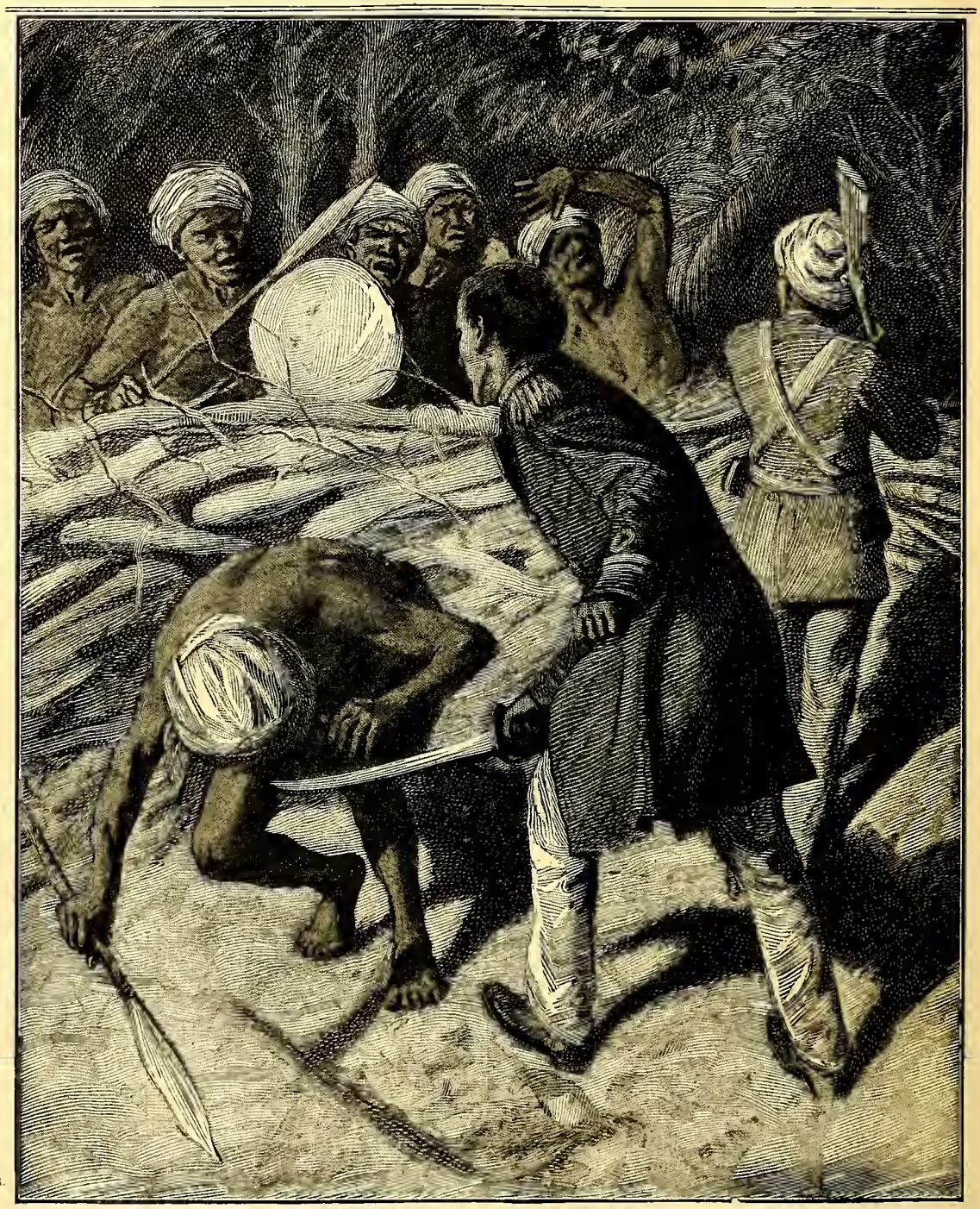
'They'll soon change their tactics,' Tom answered, and he prophesied correctly, for when some forty of them had been wounded, the others ceased firing and advanced at a quick pace towards the stockade.

'Fire!' Frank commanded, and instantly our muskets rang out. Our stockade was square, and through the loophole I could only see straight in front of me. We loaded and fired as rapidly as possible, but although we were good marksmen and scarcely wasted a shot, the enemy still advanced. Their courage somewhat surprised me, for I was not then aware that a talapoin, who had encouraged them to mutiny, had assured them that it was more righteous to kill a 'water-rat' than to build a temple. Undaunted by the fire which we poured into them, the attackers pressed forward to the stockade, and although many of them were wounded by the spears and dahs which we had fixed in and around our stronghold, their comrades, acting with more caution, evaded the danger and began clambering over the pile of jungle plants which separated us from them. The time for firing at our foe had passed; we fixed our bayonets.

I had no idea of how the fight was proceeding on the other side of the stockade, but to give Frank and Tom an opportunity to help me if they were not hard-pressed, I shouted—'Frank! Tom! they'll be over here in a moment.'

As I spoke the first man sprang down among us, but as his feet touched the ground I stopped him with a blow of my sword. The half-dozen men who followed him instantly were more successful, and standing with their backs to the inside of the stockade kept our men at bay, apparently hoping to be able to act on the defensive until more of their comrades had entered. This, however, they did not succeed in doing, for Frank and Tom, in answer to my shout, sent a dozen men to my help, and in a few moments the invaders of our stockade were overcome. But their comrades, unaware of their fate, now swarmed into the stockade, and a fierce hand-to-hand fight ensued. Every member of our little force joined in the work of driving out the invaders, but we were outnumbered, and I, for one, felt that in the long run we should be overpowered. And but for Tom I have little doubt that we should have been. At the beginning of the fight he had fought as bravely as any able-bodied Englishman who was not a disgrace to his country would have done in similar circumstances; but now, when our situation looked desperate, he flung himself among the enemy in a most reckless fashion. Now and again I caught sight of him in the thickest of the fight, striking right and left and scarcely ever without effect. His dashing bravery soon had a double effect: it struck terror to the hearts of the mutineers and filled our men with hope and courage.

The mutineers were still pouring into the stockade, but the sight of their beaten comrades checked their ardour. They had expected to find them holding their own, and when they saw them lying wounded they were evidently disposed to clamber out of the stockade as quickly as possible. One of their number made the attempt, but the quickness with which he was attacked proved to the others that it would be as safe to stand and fight as to attempt to escape. Among those who arrived at this conclusion was the



"The first man sprang down among us."

second in command of one of the regiments which had mutinied. In a loud voice he called upon his followers to destroy the 'water-rats' and the 'pariahs' who were helping them. Our men answered him with jeers, and Tom rushed at him. His first cut was parried, but the second went home, and the mutinous officer fell. A mighty yell burst from our men, and the enemy, dispirited at the loss of their leader, made frantic but futile efforts to escape.

But barely had we overcome the invaders when we found that another body of the enemy was about to scale the stockade at the other side. It was bad news

for us. Already twelve of our number were seriously wounded, and the remainder were exhausted. Tom was badly wounded in two places, and Frank and I had received slight cuts. In the circumstances it seemed very unlikely that we should be able to overcome another body of invaders. We were not, however, put to the test. As soon as the attackers saw how badly their comrades had fared, they hurriedly retired in great disorder. They realised that even if they forced an entry to the stockade, it did not follow that they would be victorious.

In the meanwhile we had been busy loading every musket we possessed, and while the leaders of the mutineers were, apparently, discussing the wisest course to pursue, we fired a volley. Two of the officers and several of their men were hit. A panic ensued; the men in the front rank turning and struggling to make their way through those in rear of them. The latter were disposed to stand firm, but when we followed up our first volley with another from our spare muskets, they too turned and fled.

(Continued on page 275.)

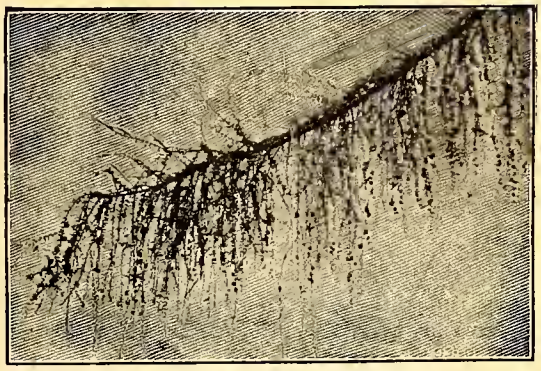
SOME ENGLISH TREES.

VII.—THE COMMON LARCH.

NO account of English trees would be in any way complete without including the larch, as it occupies a position of its own amongst our woodland favourites. It is one of the coniferae, and ranks amongst the firs, from which it differs inasmuch as it changes its foliage at special times, after the manner of oaks, elms, and ordinary forest trees. Larch

Larch Cones.

leaves are similar to those of the pine, but grow in little tufts or bunches, which give this tree its characteristic appearance. In manner of growth it resembles a fir, having one erect centre stem, from which small branches grow at fairly regular intervals, and the drooping form of these, with the long sweeping boughs at the base, give it an especially graceful look as it sways about in the breezes. A larch wood in spring or early summer is a dream of beauty, when the sunlight glints through the dark



A Larch Spray.

stems upon the brilliant green of the young shoots and more subdued tints of the older branches.

One of the most fascinating recollections of the

Larch in foliage.

writer is of a walk at Christmas-time through a Thuringian larch forest. Deep, dry snow lay all around, and every tree, stem, branch, and tiny twig was wreathed in frosty particles glittering in the sun like diamonds, whilst the deep blue distances of glade and hollow were softened by filmy fog floating among

the shadows. The trees were of great height, from seventy to eighty feet or more, and the wonderful stillness of the forest, where no bird sang or creature crept in the intense cold, made the scene most impressive.

Another difference between the fir and the larch lies in the shape of the cones, which in the larch are of oval form, and throw off their scales, to which the seeds are attached, in a different manner.

It is curious in travelling through the mountainous parts of our country to think what it must have looked like some three hundred years ago, when the larch forests, which are now one of the great beauties of the United Kingdom, were unknown. The ranges of Mid and Southern Europe appear to be the native home of the common larch, as well as the high lands of Asia, from the Himalayas to the icy regions of the North, but it was not until 1629 that the first larch appeared in the British Isles. After that for a century these graceful forest trees were grown as exotics, in pots and under glass, until some bold spirit made the attempt to grow larches in forests in Scotland in the same fashion as on the Continent. The success was immediate and complete, and a century later saw the endless bare hillsides and mountain glens planted with larches, completely changing the aspect of much of the scenery of our country.

Not that the larch forests are only valuable for beauty, or as affording shelter to cultivated land. From the tiny sapling to the hoary monarchs of the forest, the wood is a most valuable product. The young trees thinned out from the woods are used for hop-poles, palings, boat-masts, and such like, whilst the fact that the worm family dislike larch wood, and its freedom from all kinds of rot, make it most valuable in ship-building and other branches of industry. Art-lovers have an especial regard for this wood, as many of the chief Italian masterpieces are painted on larch panels, which have well justified their artists' faith in the enduring qualities of this wood.

A very beautiful variety of larch, usually known as 'Tamarack,' is a native of North America, flourishing best in the Alleghany mountains; it is easily recognised by its very small cones. The Himalayan region has also its particular larch, which never attains any great size; but the glory of the tribe is the golden larch of Japan, said to attain a height of one hundred and thirty feet. Frequent efforts have been made to grow this in Great Britain, but it does not take kindly to our soil and climate, and so is likely to remain a stranger to our woodlands, for trees, like their betters, are not at their best when sick, sad, or sulky, and many gardeners declare this grand golden variety to be not worth growing. Helena Heath.

HOW DOGS GO TO SLEEP.

EVERY reader of Chatterbox, we should think, at some time or other has watched a dog lying down and preparing to go to sleep. Most dogs, large and small alike, twirl or turn themselves round and round several times before they keep still. It is a strange habit, and people have puzzled their heads a good deal in trying to explain it. Some cats, too, have been noticed to have this habit, but not all of them, for cats are not quite so fidgety as dogs. The famous naturalist, Darwin, had his idea about it, and many people think he was right. What he said was, that the early home of the wild dog, ancestor of all other dogs, was on the prairies, covered with long grass, and to lie down comfortably the dogs had to turn round and round till they got a resting-place they liked. But then somebody who had travelled over several prairies pointed out that, supposing a dog did curl himself under the long grass, he would find it a rather difficult matter to get up again! There is to be seen, too, on some prairies an animal called the prairie dog (though it is not exactly like a dog, but more like a sort of mole) which never lies in the grass, but throws up a mound by digging, upon the top of which it sits or sleeps. Another idea has been that dogs have a fancy, when sleeping, that the head should be in a particular direction towards the sky, so they move about till they think they have found this position, north or south, or whatever it may be. There are other cases of this. Some plants even seem to observe the sun, and twine or creep to the east or the west, as may be their natural habit. Some people who think themselves wise say that even men and women, boys and girls, should have their beds placed, if they can, with the head to the north and the feet to the south, because our bodies move as the earth moves.

One naturalist says he is quite sure that the dogs which twirl about most are the smooth terriers and others with short hair, while the long-haired or shaggy dogs generally drop to sleep at once. So that, after all, it may be only a sort of fidgetiness in many dogs and a few cats which makes them go to sleep in this fashion. At any rate, no one is really certain of the reason. J. R. S. C.

A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN.

HAVE you walked in that wonderful garden
Where unselfishness blooms as a rose,
And content is the sweetest of borders,
Where the lily of peacefulness grows?

Have you been where the herb that is honour
Throws its fragrance o'er life just begun,
And the little white daisies of kindness
Are unfolding gold hearts to the sun?

It is far down the road of endeavour,
Little child, in a kingdom apart!
And you'll find in this beautiful garden
All the flowers that should bloom in your heart.

N. M. Cook.

HOW UNCLE WILFRED FOUND THEM OUT.

MOTHER said she could not afford any fireworks for Guy Fawkes' Day. She sighed, and looked at Teddy's shabby boots at the same time, and Bella, who had often been called her right hand, knew that she was wondering where the money was to come from when new ones would be absolutely necessary. Bella wished that she and Dorothy had never said anything about Guy Fawkes fireworks, and then she went soberly upstairs to the cold nursery, lighted the gas, and settled down in her own corner to learn her lessons for next day, and sigh for the time when she would be old enough to leave school and earn money for Mother.

Dorothy came into the nursery soon after. She

went to her corner and began her work. Before long, however, she got up and rummaged about in the old toy cupboard, and opened the big workbox, and rattled the paintbox. Bella, absorbed in what she was doing, heard these sounds as though she were in a dream, until at last something fell with a loud crash on to the floor, and she started up, crying, 'Dorothy, what's the matter? Can't you keep still and do your lessons?'

'There is no harm done,' returned Dorothy, 'and you mustn't look at what I am doing. It's a secret, and a grand idea.'

Of course Bella felt curious. 'I won't look,' she said; 'but do tell me about it.'

'No, no! You shall know later on.'

'When will later on be? To-night?'

'Not to-night. Let me see—I think to-morrow after school.'

'Is it anything to do with me?'

'Yes; but not very much.'

'Has it anything to do with Mother?'

'Yes.'

'Are you going to tell her soon?'

'Not till after to-morrow; but you mustn't ask any more questions. It isn't fair. It is almost as bad as looking. And if we talk, Mother will come up. I hear her putting Teddy to bed now.'

Dorothy worked at the mystery until nearly bedtime, and then in the morning she got up early, because she said she wanted to finish her lessons. But it must be owned that the secret got more attention than the lessons, which were not at all well prepared. Her teacher at school threatened to keep her in, but she pleaded so hard to be forgiven, and promised so faithfully to do her home work better in future, that she was allowed to leave at the same time as Bella.

As they walked along, she gave a sigh and added, 'I was so frightened. If I had been kept in I don't know how I should have managed to do all I want to do to-day.'

'You said you would tell me about the secret now,' said Bella.

'I can't do it here. Wait till we are at home and till we have had dinner. Then we will go up to the nursery and I can explain everything.'

When the longed-for time arrived, Bella stood by Dorothy's side in front of a low chair, over which part of an old curtain had been thrown. The chair was placed in an enclosed corner of the nursery, which was never entered by any one but Dorothy without her permission.

Dorothy lifted the curtain and revealed a really hideous Guy Fawkes. He had a large, round, whitish face and staring blue eyes, a huge red mouth, and bristly, black, painted beard and whiskers joining up to a thick mop of black hair, which looked suspiciously like part of the old wool hat in front of the nursery door. On his head was a battered top-hat, and round his neck a stiff, upstanding collar. The lower part of his body was draped—that is to say, it was wrapped in an old black skirt that looked like a cloak.

'Isn't he splendid?' whispered Dorothy. 'I took ever so much trouble with him, and I think he is really ugly enough.'

'Yes, he is ugly,' returned Bella, whose breath had been almost taken away at the thought of Dorothy's cleverness in making such a fine guy. 'But what's the good of him? He will only frighten Teddy, and Mother will be vexed to see that you have put Father's hat on a guy. Oh, Dorothy, how could you do such a thing?'

'Father put it on a snow man himself once,' answered Dorothy defiantly.

'Yes, but that was different. Father was alive then.'

The tears came into Dorothy's eyes and she did not reply. In a few seconds she went up to the guy and took off his hat, and put it away in a box. Then she came back to where Bella was standing and said rather dismally, 'But he must have a hat.'

'Yes, of course.' Bella's sympathies were all with Dorothy now. She wished she were a boy and wore top-hats like some boys, quite little boys, whom they saw in the streets. Suddenly she remembered a picture she had seen once of Guy Fawkes in the cellars under the Houses of Parliament. He did not wear a top-hat at all, but a slouching sort of hat. 'I will get you my old felt hat from the box-room,' she cried. 'It will be just the thing. A top-hat does not belong to the time of Guy Fawkes, really,' she added with importance.

When the floppy felt had been placed upon the guy's head, both sisters agreed that he was perfect.

'Now I will tell you the secret,' said Dorothy mysteriously.

'Isn't the guy the secret?'

'No. I didn't make the guy just for the fun of the thing. I want to earn money with him. You have seen boys out with their guys on the evening of Guy Fawkes' Day, haven't you?'

'Yes; well?'

'Well, they ask the people who go along to give something for the guy. I want you to go out with me to a street, not too far away, where nobody will know us, and we will just stick up the guy by the side of the road and ask for pennies for him; and when we have got quite a nice lot, we will bring them back to Mother.'

Bella's eyes sparkled at the idea. 'We might even get enough to buy new shoes for Teddy,' she said delightedly. 'I know Mother is very anxious about them. But—but do you think she would like us to go out and—well, do something like begging?'

'No, it isn't begging at all. It's showing. It's making people pay for the fun of seeing our guy. I worked to make him like that. It isn't begging. Perhaps Mother might not like the idea if she knew before we went, but she must like it when she sees the money.'

That evening, after tea, the girls went upstairs as usual, as their mother thought, to do their lessons.

'I am afraid it is very cold in the nursery, darlings,' she said. 'Put on your coats whilst you are up there, and come down and have a warm whenever you like. I must get this typewriting finished to-night. Teddy is going to stay very still, and play with his bricks like a dear boy.'

'We would much rather be cold in our own corners of the nursery than warm anywhere else, Mother,' declared Bella stoutly.

They ran upstairs and put on their coats and also their caps, the old ones which they wore when they played in the garden. Then Dorothy wrapped a shawl over the guy and took him up in her arms, and Bella got an umbrella and another shawl which she proposed to put over her head so as to disguise herself whilst she asked for money for the guy. Having made all their preparations, the pair stole quietly downstairs and out by the kitchen door.

(Concluded on page 274.)

"Dorothy revealed a really hideous Guy Fawkes."

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"'Won't you give me a penny for the guy?'"

HOW UNCLE WILFRED FOUND THEM OUT.

(Concluded from page 271.)

THE girls were very nervous at first lest they should meet any one they knew, or a policeman, who might think they had kidnapped a little child, and were running away with it. Several times Bella felt herself getting quite hot with fear, but she got cool again when the danger was past.

They walked and walked until they got into a fairly busy street which they did not know at all. Then Dorothy took the shawl off the guy, and stuck him up against the railings near a gas-lamp, so that his ugly face was well lighted. She draped the shawl cleverly over the railings behind him.

Bella, meanwhile, had put the other shawl over her head and taken her money-box from under her arm. There were two pennies in it, but she did not think that mattered, as they jingled nicely, and were likely to make people think that others had given to the guy already, so that they might as well do the same.

A stout old gentleman came along. He looked kind, and Bella felt encouraged to go up to him, shaking her money-box and saying, 'A penny for the guy, please,' in her pretty, gentle way.

The old gentleman stared at her. He wondered what on earth a child who spoke so well was doing about the streets begging, but he was in a hurry, so he just put his hand in his pocket and, finding a sixpence, brought it out and dropped it in the box.

Bella was delighted, and thanked him warmly. As soon as he had gone on his way, she ran back to Dorothy and whispered excitedly that she believed they would soon get enough to buy shoes for Mother as well as Teddy.

Just then some boys came along and crowded round the guy, jeering at him.

'Girls out with a guy!' laughed one of them rudely. 'They won't have the heart to burn him. Shall we do it for them?'

'Hooray! Fire, fire, fire!' shouted some of the boys.

The first speaker advanced towards the guy. Dorothy was white with terror. She threw her arms round her ugly treasure and shrieked, 'Go away!'

'We will burn her as well for a witch,' said another boy, winking at his companions.

Bella darted forward and planted herself before her sister. Her eyes were flashing and her fists tightly clenched. 'If you don't go away at once I will whistle for a policeman,' she said. 'He will soon get you put in prison for saying you will burn my sister. Look, look, there is one coming!'

So there was. The boys lingered just a second or two to show that they didn't fear a policeman more than a girl, and then they straggled off sheepishly.

The policeman glanced at the little girls and their guy rather suspiciously as he passed, but he said nothing. When he had gone, they breathed more freely.

Two girls came along next. Bella plucked up courage, rattled her box cheerfully, and asked them for a penny for the guy.

One of the girls remarked, 'I think the old guy ought to give me a penny,' and passed on. The other lingered, and dropped a penny into the box with a smile for the anxious-faced little show-woman.

On the whole the guy was wonderfully lucky, and quite eighteen pennies had been collected, besides the old gentleman's sixpence, when a clock struck seven.

'Oh, what a pity!' cried Bella. 'We mustn't stay much longer. Mother will have put Teddy to bed now, and soon she will be coming upstairs to see how we are going on. If she doesn't find us she will be so frightened.'

'We must wait a little longer,' pleaded Dorothy. 'It will be all right when she sees what a lot of money we have got. Look, there's a gentleman with a nice face going to pass, and you haven't asked him for anything.'

Bella hurried forward, and the shawl fell away from her face as she ran. When she came up with the gentleman, she shook her money-box and repeated her request.

The gentleman looked down at her and stopped short.

'Won't you give me a penny for the guy?' repeated Bella.

'Who are you? What are you doing here?' asked the gentleman abruptly.

'We are out with our guy,' answered Bella, flushing.

'I can see that. But who are you? What is your name?'

Bella hesitated. She had never expected to be cross-examined in that way. A happy thought came to her all of a sudden. 'We are in disguise,' she replied with dignity.

The gentleman smiled. 'That's all right, but I particularly want to hear your name. You remind me so much of some one I used to know. If you tell me, I will give you a shilling.'

'I will ask Dorothy — I mean, my sister,' faltered Bella.

'Dorothy, Dorothy,' repeated the stranger. 'Dorothy Hemmings — that is your sister's name, isn't it?'

'How do you know? I don't expect Mother knows you?'

'Well, never mind how I know. Now, tell me, does your mother allow you to come out like this?'

He had followed Bella to Dorothy's side, and stood looking down at the frightened children and their queer companion. 'Shall we tell him everything?' whispered Bella to Dorothy.

'Yes, tell me,' said the stranger. 'You won't be sorry for it.'

So they set to work and explained as quickly as possible. It was a little confusing for the gentleman, as the girls both talked at once very often, but I suppose that as he had two ears, he managed somehow to understand.

After they had finished, he said, 'Now I want you to show me the way to your house. I have been looking for it for a long time in vain, because I didn't know what part of London you lived in. We will knock at the front door together, and I promise you that your mother will not be angry with you.'

He kept his promise. He was Mother's brother, who had gone to Australia a long time ago, and she was so pleased to see him that she quite forgot to ask how Bella and Dorothy came to be out in the street instead of up in the nursery.

After they had gone to bed, Uncle Wilfred told her all about his meeting with his nieces, and she could not help crying as she listened, because she knew very well it was for love of her that the children had turned show-women. However, she spoke

to them very seriously next morning, and begged them not to have secrets from her. It hurt her, she told them, to think they did not trust her, and it made her very nervous lest they should do something of the sort again which would lead them all into trouble. 'Because, you know,' she added, 'kind uncles, like Uncle Wilfred, are not always on the look-out to help their nieces, and if they were they might be shocked at seeing them begging for pennies with a guy, and not ask them to come and live with their mother and brother in his beautiful home, as Uncle Wilfred has asked us to do.'

'Oh, Mother, Mother, has he really?' cried Bella and Dorothy at the same time.

When she said 'Yes,' they were exeeedingly happy, and, as it is good to have happy endings to stories, I think I will finish this one now.

Frederika Stanley.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 269.)

WITH such speed did the mutineers decamp, that before we had reloaded our muskets, they were almost out of range. Nevertheless we gave them a parting volley, so that they might not think we were short of ammunition and manage to screw up sufficient eourage to make another attack upon us.

'They have all gone,' Frank shouted from a position which he had taken up on top of the stockade. 'Now we must attend to our wounded.'

I need scareely say, I suppose, that Frank and I made Tom our first care.

'You won the battle for us, Tom,' Frank declared earnestly, 'and if you had been fighting for the dear old country, you would have had prompt promotion.'

Tom winced. Frank, unintentionally, had aroused his old regrets. Not to be permitted to fight for his own land was the great grief of his life.

'I think I am done for,' Tom declared feebly.

'Rubbish,' I said. 'In a week or two you will be as well as ever.'

Every man who has wandered to the far corners of the earth knows, or should know, how to render first aid to the wounded, and Frank and I, setting to work, soon washed and bandaged Tom's three wounds. Then, satisfied that he was comfortable, we turned our attention to our native soldiers. Nearly every man was wounded, but Frank and I, ably assisted by two of our men, bandaged their wounds, and I can say truthfully saved many lives. Our own wounds were comparatively slight, but knowing that it would be unwise to neglect them, we dressed them carefully.

'Now,' Frank said, when we had finished our doctor's work, 'we must make the stockade more secure.'

Aeting on his instructions we quitted the stockade and collected a pile of spears and knives which the enemy had left on the battlefield. With these we made our stockade far stronger than it had been before the enemy's attack.

CHAPTER XV.

'To-morrow morning,' Frank said to me, 'we must start for Bangkok. His Fatness must hear as soon as possible of the mutiny of his spearmen and bowmen. I should not like to be in their shoes — supposing they wore them — when he hears of their behaviour.'

'But, possibly,' I said, 'they will reach Bangkok before us, and by false stories lead his Majesty to believe that it was we who disgraced the Siamese flag.'

'They are quite capable of it,' Frank admitted, 'and I am glad that you reminded me of the danger. If we start at daybreak and push on quickly, I have no doubt that we shall arrive at Bangkok before they obtain admittanee to the King's presenee.'

But that night Tom becaiue seriously ill, and some hours before daybreak we decided that it would be fatal to attempt to carry hiu to Bangkok. His wounds had brought on a sharp attack of fever, and for hours he lay uneonscious, raving of that unfortunate incident which had destroyed his military career.

'Poor fellow,' Frank muttered. 'If ever I meet the man who ruined him, I shall give him my candid opinion of him. Still, it is no good talking about that now. What we have to do is to try to pull Tom through. Oh, for a doctor!'

'Why not call in a native doctor?' I asked. 'I have heard that fever is one of the few things they can cure.'

'It's worth trying,' Frank said. 'In fact it is almost our only chance of saving Tom's life.'

'Has any one seen a learned doctor in this neighbourhood?' Frank asked, addressing our men.

'My lord,' one of them answered, 'in the village that we passed yesterday there lives a very wise doctor.'

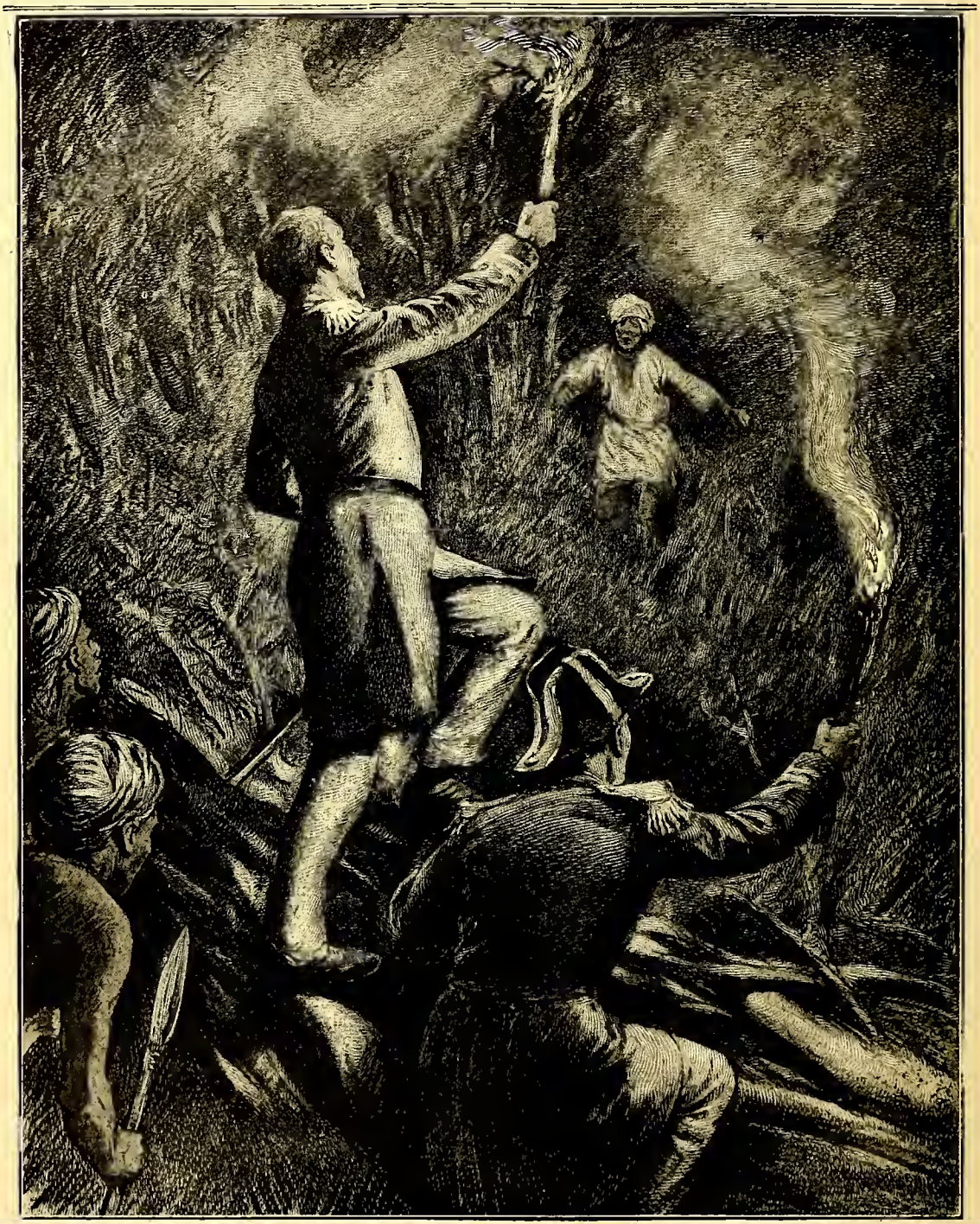
'Then depart at once and bring him here quickly. The white lord who fought so bravely yesterday is ill with fever, and if the wise doctor cures him quickly I will pay him well. Depart.'

Having saluted, the Siamese soldier departed, and Frank and I returned to our sick friend. He was still restless, and it appeared to us that his condition was worse than when we had left him a few minutes before. We had done all that we could for his comfort — made a bed out of our clothing, placed an awning above him, and lighted several fires around to keep off the mosquitoes — but were troubled to think that there was nothing more we could do.

'I'm afraid,' Frank said, 'that all we can do now is to wait patiently for the arrival of the doctor. He is our only hope.'

Sadly I agreed, and then we lapsed into silence.

Never shall I forget that night. Our men, with the exception of two sentries, were sleeping soundly after their hard day's work, and the stillness of night was broken only by Tom's moanings. In the distance were the hills, majestic and solemn, and above all was the star-deeked sky. It may seem strange to you that until that night I, a country-born man, had never fully realised the glory, the majesty of the heavens. I gazed upwards in wonder and delight, but soon, and for the first time, I became eonscious of the incompleteness of my education. I had been taught at school many things whieh had never been of the slightest use to me; why had I not been taught astronomy? The book of the heavens was wide open, and yet I could not read. Mars, Jupiter, Venus, Saturn, and the Southern Cross — I wondered which they were. I did not even know whether they were visible from Siam. Nor was Frank, to whom I turned for information, any wiser than I.



"Frank seized a torch and held it aloft."

Two hours passed, and the native doctor had not arrived. Tom was still tossing on his rough bed, his condition unchanged.

'Do you think it likely that your messenger has deserted us?' I asked, when another half-hour had elapsed.

'I am certain that he has not,' Frank replied. 'He is one of the few men I can rely upon.'

Australia (with New Guinea) and its chief Fauna.

Frank's confidence in the man was not misplaced, although, as it happened, we never saw him again. Ten minutes after Frank had expressed his belief in his messenger's loyalty, we heard loud terrified shouts from without the stockade.

'Tigers! tigers!' was the cry we heard in Siamese.

Frank seized a lighted torch and, springing on to the stockade, held it aloft. I followed his example and we saw at once a Siamese running towards us.

'He is not our man,' Frank exclaimed. 'I wonder who he is and what he wants?'

We soon knew.

'My lords,' the man gasped, on arriving at the stockade, 'I am the learned astrologer and doctor for whom you sent.'

'Where is the man who carried my message to you?' Frank inquired.

'My lord, a tiger seized him.'

'Is he dead?'

'My lord, I do not know. I had no weapon, and when I saw the hungry tiger spring upon your honourable servant I shouted "Tigers! tigers!" and ran here.'

On hearing this, Frank instantly dispatched six men to the rescue of the messenger, but they returned in a few minutes, with the information that the man was dead.

(Continued on page 287.)

ANIMAL GEOGRAPHY.

VII. — THE ANIMAL LIFE OF AUSTRALIA.

AUSTRALIA, to the naturalist, is a land of quite peculiar interest, for it is the last stronghold of a number of mammals long since extinct in other parts of the world. These survivors have thrown much light on the story of the birth and growth of the mammals, which could never have been learnt from the few fossil bones that have been obtained by geologists. Time was when Australia was regarded as the land of wonders, for in the early days it seemed to be inhabited by creatures the like of which could not be described, or which were the very opposite of their relations in other parts of the world. Thus, all the swans the early discoverers procured there were black, and a black swan seemed to them as much novel as black snow. Then there were the kangaroos, large and small, leaping in great herds over vast plains, and carrying their young in pouches. Later the strange ornithorhynchus and the spiny ant-eater were found: the former, having the fur of a mole, the beak of a duck, and strange webbed feet, received the name of the duck-bill. This creature and the spiny ant-eater stand alone among living mammals in that they lay eggs like birds, and finally they are the most primitive of all living mammals, not only on account of their egg-laying habits, but

also because in other points of their structure they are like reptiles, which were the ancestors of all the mammals.

And now a word as to the present nature of these survivors of the bygone ages. Briefly, they represent two distinct groups of the mammals: the duck-bill and the spiny ant-eater, from their egg-laying habits, forming one, while the other is made up of what are called the 'marsupials' or 'pouched' animals, from the presence of a more or less perfect pouch in the under side of the body in which their young are carried, for these young come into the world in an unusually helpless state, and long remain so.

It was at one time supposed that all the animals now found in Australia originated there, but we now know that this is not so, for Australia was not always an island continent, but ages and ages ago was connected with the mainland, and it was during this time that the ancestors of the present-day fauna entered. We are the more sure that this guess is right, because fossil remains of marsupial animals have been found in many parts of the world, and even in England. From this we learn that the earliest mammals were marsupial. But these were superseded by creatures of larger brain and in every way more intelligent and more active; thus the newcomers quickly over-ran, and finally wiped out the older type, save only in Australia, where they were safe on account of their isolation; for soon after Australia became inhabited by these early visitors, the sea cut off or 'isolated' the country of their adoption from the neighbouring land. But of this more presently.

If we bear in mind the fact that Australia was not always an isolated land area, but was connected with the mainland of Asia, by means of that portion which now forms the Malay Peninsula, the nature of what is called the 'Australian region' will be understood. This region includes not only Australia, but the large island of New Guinea to the north, while this, with the chain of islands extending westwards from New Guinea to the Malayan Peninsula, once formed part of a continuous land area joining, as we have said, Australia and the Malay Peninsula. By the sinking of parts of this great area the chain of islands was formed. The islands between the mainland of Asia and New Guinea form what is known as the Austro-Malayan region. The animals found there are, many of them, peculiar to this region, and have come into being since they were cut off. New Guinea and Australia, with Tasmania, on the other hand, have also what is called a 'fauna' and 'flora' of their own — that is to say, they formed a continuous land surface after the chain of islands forming the Austro-Malayan region came into being, and consequently movement from them to the Australian region became impossible, both as regards the 'fauna,' or animal life, and the 'flora,' or plant life. New Guinea, however, possesses animals not found in Australia, and this shows that though the two areas contain much in common, they must have been long isolated from one another, or the creatures now peculiar to Australia on the one hand and New Guinea on the other would be met with in both.

Very well. Having sketched in our plan, let us fill in the details. The northern half of Australia, be it noted, lies within the tropics; yet few portions of this vast island have that luxuriant vegetation found elsewhere in tropical scenery. Large tracts of the interior, from the absence of high mountains, form arid sandy deserts, little suited to animal life. The coast region and the borders of the larger rivers are the district where vegetation flourishes best. The finest tracts of pasture country lie to the east and south-east. Australia, then, as a whole, may be described as a country remarkable for the lack of water and the dryness of its climate, and it is probably to this that the presence of jumping animals, like kangaroos, rat-kangaroos, and jerboa rats, is due, these animals being well adapted for travelling long distances in search of water. These animals, therefore, are an illustration of the way in which the physical character of a country settles the character of its animals. On the other hand, New Guinea and the Papuan Islands have a moist, tropical climate, and hence it is not surprising that the mammals differ so much from those of Australia. The only kangaroos are tree kangaroos, adapted for a life in the trees, and having shorter hind legs and tails than the true kangaroos. Queensland and North Australia generally, however, have much in common with New Guinea, one species of kangaroo and a spiny ant-eater being common to both areas.

Before proceeding to speak of the less familiar animals of Australia, it should be remarked that the 'fauna' of this great area has one very remarkable peculiarity; and this because, as we have said, they are with one or two exceptions all 'marsupials.' Yet they contain, so to speak, all the types found among the other non-marsupial animals of the rest of the world. That is to say, we find in Australia insect-eating, rodent (the rat family), and carnivorous ('flesh-eating') types, with a strong likeness to the insect-eaters, rodents, and carnivores of the rest of the world, but 'marsupial.' How this has come about it would take too long to describe here. We must pass now to the production of our evidence.

First, as to the insect-eaters: they are represented by the bandicoots, some of which resemble large shrew-mice; others, from their long ears, look like rabbits, and are known as rabbit-bandicoots, while one species has a curious likeness to a very sharp-nosed pig, even the feet being pig-like! These bandicoots are indeed a remarkable family, for another member thereof has become transformed into an ant-eater, curiously banded, and, unlike the South American ant-eaters, it has kept its teeth. It is a wonderful animal in many ways, and seems to be directly related to certain fossil marsupials found in North America! The group known as 'Phalangers' contains members which resemble mice and dormice, and some which are like the flying squirrels and flying lemurs of other parts of the world.

Among the flesh-eating, or carnivorous types, we have first of all the Thylacine or Tasmanian wolf, an animal curiously dog-like in all but the colour of its coat, which is marked with broad bands of black. Then there is the fierce Tasmanian devil.

Of the rodents we may mention the wombat, which has a curious likeness to an overgrown marmot. But besides the rodent-like animals of Australia, which are 'marsupials' or 'pouched' animals, there are also true rodents, that is to say, gnawing animals really belonging to the order Rodentia, which is so abundant all over the rest of the world. In other words, it is clear that while the Australian region is now the home of the marsupials, it contains a few species

which are not of this group. Similarly, some marsupials, such as the opossums, are represented by many species in South America and the United States. This does not mean that South America and Australia were once united, but, as is shown by fossil remains, these animals were spread over the whole northern hemisphere in olden times and worked southwards, down the eastern and western hemispheres respectively.

And now a few words as to the birds of this region. The most remarkable, though by no means the best known, perhaps, are the emu and the cassowaries. Near relatives of the ostrich of Africa and the rhea of South America, these birds are, like them, flightless; their wings are even more reduced. In the emus they are practically invisible in the living bird, while in the cassowaries they appear only as long, stiff quills, which stick out on either side of the body like unfinished basket-work! The emus, be it noted, are huge birds of dull plumage confined to the mainland of Australia, though once a dwarf species roamed over Tasmania and some adjacent small islands. The cassowaries, on the other hand, though somewhat smaller, have the head and neck most brilliantly, one might say garishly coloured, while the crown is surmounted by a comical horny casque or helmet. Only one species, however, is found in Australia, and that in its northern borders. But several species are found in New Guinea, while the adjacent islands, to the west, between New Guinea and Celebes, have each a species of its own. Many kinds of parrots are found in this region. It may be called the home of the cockatoo, and the little grey crested paroquet with the sulphur-coloured face, so common in bird-dealers' shops, also comes from this great continent. Pigeons and kingfishers of most unfamiliar types abound here. Among the pigeons we may mention the beautiful bronze-wings of Australia, and the magnificent crowned pigeons, or gouras, of New Guinea. Among the kingfishers the most famous is the least beautiful and the largest of his tribe: this is the celebrated laughing jackass, as he was named by the early settlers. New Guinea furnishes the most gorgeous of the world's kingfishers, and of these, most wonderful of all are the long-tailed members of the genus Tanysiptera. Finally we must mention the strange and beautiful lyre-birds and bower-birds of Australia, the gorgeous birds of paradise of New Guinea, and the curious megapodes, of which the brush turkey of Eastern Australia is an example. These have their headquarters in the Australian region, though, as we have already pointed out, one or two species have spread beyond this limit.

In this brief sketch of the birds of Australia, only the more striking kinds, of course, are mentioned; to attempt to describe all the birds of this vast area would require a book, and a big one at that!

Among reptiles we can find space only to recall the fact that the strange frilled lizard, which we have already described in the pages of Chatterbox,* is a native of Australia, and that the hideous moloch lizard * and some of the strange armour-plated skinks are also to be found in this region.

The fishes of the Australian region have a marvellous variety in shape and colour, but this applies rather to the marine species than to those of the rivers, and we are concerned here rather with the land-dwellers and their relation to the land of past times. One of the river-dwellers, at any rate, must be mentioned — this is the celebrated ceratodus, or lung-fish, specimens of which are to be seen in the gardens of the Zoological Society of London. These fish are remarkable for the fact that their ancestors were found all over the world, their peculiar teeth having been found in some of the most ancient rocks in Britain, which proves that they can be traced back for countless thousands of years! After this, descent from the Norman conquerors seems nothing.

W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.

* See Chatterbox, 1909, page 284; and 1910, page 108.

COCK ROBIN AND PUSSY'S DUET.

THERE was a little robin, that sat upon a tree,
Singing 'Twitter, twitter, twitter, twee, twee, twee.'

Along came a pussy cat, and saw him on the bough;
'Me-ow,' cried pussy cat, 'me-ow, me-ow, me-ow.

'Could I catch Cock Robin, I would eat him for my tea,
With his "twitter, twitter, twitter," and his "twee, twee, twee!"'

Up the tree sprang pussy, away Cock Robin flew,
'Twitter, twitter, twitter!'—'Me-ew, me-ew, me-ew!'

F. F. Sherriff.

PUNCHINELLO ESCAPES.

IN 1793, during the Revolution, Monsieur de Combles, a member of the French Parliament, was imprisoned at Grenoble, as being a suspected person. He had such a cheerful disposition that even his imprisonment did not depress him. On the contrary, he was gay, and even frolicsome. His liveliness made him a general favourite, and he gave a series of marionette performances which hugely delighted alike the warders, his fellow-prisoners, and himself.

Having in this way secured the 'good graces' of the head-gaoler, De Combles one day requested that officer, who was a carpenter by trade, to come up to his room, as he wished to consult him concerning a grand performance which he was about to arrange. The flattered gaoler entered into his prisoner's plans in the most friendly manner, promising to keep the affair a secret for the sake of surprising the others.

For several days the two men worked together, and at night the unsuspicious gaoler left his tools and little ladders in the prisoner's cell. In this way, Monsieur de Combles procured the use not only of the ladders (which he joined together), but also of a sufficient quantity of rope, of a small file — with which he sawed through a bar of his window — of everything, in short, necessary for his escape.

On the eve of the day fixed for the entertainment, De Combles asked that after being locked into his room for the night he might not be disturbed the next morning before noon.

How angry the warders must have felt when, on the following day, they entered, expecting to find all in readiness for their promised treat, and saw the empty cage, from which the captive bird had flown!

A notice stuck on the wall bore the following mocking advertisement:

TO-DAY:
First Performance of
'THE FLIGHT OF PUNCHINELLO,'
Followed by
'The Embarrassed Gaoler.'

"The gaoler entered into his prisoner's plans."

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"Mr. Latham was found calmly waiting for rescue."

CRUISERS IN THE CLOUDS.

New Flights.

V.—ACCIDENTS, AND WHAT THEY TEACH.

IT is very seldom that the sunshine of success has no shadow near it; it is very seldom that knowledge is gained, or progress made in any new science, without being attended by some sacrifice. Certainly the history of 'flying' (short as the period is over which it extends) has many, many sad accidents to record. But every one of these has taught some lesson; every one, though at a terrible cost, has increased our knowledge, and so lessened the likelihood of further disaster. In the long list of those who have lost their lives within recent years while pushing forward in the great science of aerial navigation, we find that much the greater number were included within one year, 1910; but this, of course, is due to the fact that 1910 was the year of the greatest progress up to that time, and that consequently flights were far more frequent. For instance, when in July a great meeting was held at the French town of Rheims, there were no fewer than sixty aviators or pilots for the ships of the sky. The 'ships' themselves, instead of being all of one kind, as would have been the case a year before, were represented by fourteen different designs.

The mention of this great meeting leads us to the sad point about which we would speak, for during the flights that took place at it more than one serious accident occurred. The most terrible of these was the first. A little after six o'clock in the evening of the opening day, a daring young Frenchman named Charles Wachter, who by previous achievements had shown great skill as a 'pilot,' rose from the ground on a monoplane, and soared to a height of nine hundred feet. When at this altitude he began to descend, wheeling round in spiral curves like a huge bird with motionless wings. But the watchers stood amazed at the great speed at which he was carrying out this manœuvre, and a moment later were horrified to see the two wings of his machine shoot upward till they met perpendicularly above his head. With a giddy rush, scarcely to be followed by sight, the aviator was dashed to the earth, death being instantaneous. He had fallen from a height of six hundred feet. It is hard to believe that this terrible accident was due to any carelessness on the part of so skilful a hand, and those who search for a cause can only make suggestions. The monoplane, as already explained, consists of two wings only, one stretching on either side. These wings in M. Wachter's machine were strengthened by wooden stayrods and strong wires stretched from point to point till they were capable of bearing a strain of about three tons pressure. This is enough under ordinary circumstances, but it is easy to understand that the breaking of any one of the stays (which are not necessarily of great strength in themselves) will so upset the strain which has been evenly distributed over all, that total destruction is sure to follow. It is possible, therefore, that in the sad event just described, some stayrod suddenly snapped, perhaps owing to a hidden flaw. But many people who witnessed the accident think that Monsieur Wachter was descending at a greater speed than he realised, thus throwing a much heavier strain on the planes than they were built to bear. Immediately they broke, he was seen to make a movement, probably with the object of shifting the course of his descent, and, by sweeping to earth down a longer slope of air, alter the pressure on the canvas wings. But if this was so, the action came too late.

Four days afterwards, Rheims saw another accident. A well-known lady pilot was steering her airship round the course at a height of one hundred and fifty feet. It was a biplane, of the box-kite pattern, a marvel of the skies a few years ago, but unprovided with the modern improvements which have done so much to guard against disaster. Before it had sailed twice round the course it was seen to tilt violently to one side, then pitch headlong to the ground. Though very seriously injured, the lady did not lose her life. At the time of this accident there were a large number of other aeroplanes in the air, and it was at first supposed that one of these, by sailing too near the wrecked machine, had disturbed the air surrounding it to such an extent as to cause the tilt. Indeed, there is so much danger in one airship sailing near to another, owing to the whirling motion set up by the propellers, that very rigid laws are made on the point. Investigation, however, proved that in this instance the rule had not been broken, and some other reason for the disaster must be looked for. It was finally concluded that a sudden gust of wind had thrown the biplane out of the level, and its pilot was unable to bring it into proper position again, as it was not provided with ailerons, those little movable portions of the principal planes which affect the balance as the rudder affects the steering. You see, if the captain of a sailing vessel had the great 'planes' of canvas fixed, and could only trim his ship to the storm by means of the rudder, he would very often suffer disaster.

Thus from these two accidents alone it is made clear to us — first, that the wings of the airship are only strong enough to carry us aloft and bring us safely to earth again, if driven at an angle suited to the strain they are built to bear; and second, that if we would increase our control in the air, we are more likely to succeed by making the planes themselves partly flexible, or movable, so as to adjust them somewhat to the varying wind.

Another lesson of a slightly different kind was taught by the most regrettable air disaster that has yet taken place on English soil. On July 12th, a competition was being held at Bournemouth with the object of seeing which aeroplanist could settle nearest to a certain spot marked in the centre of a chalked circle. The accurate settling of the airship is a very important matter, and the efforts of those who took part in this trial were watched with great interest.

Having failed in his first attempt, the Hon. C. S. Rolls, a young air-navigator whose famous flight across the Channel we have already described, remounted his machine (a biplane) to make another trial. Sweeping round the course, he made a sudden turn to face the wind, at the same moment descending rapidly at an angle towards the landing-place. But he never reached it. While still at a height of some sixty feet, the aeroplane turned over and crashed to the ground. Its pilot, thrown free of the debris, was past all human aid when, a moment later, a sorrow-stricken throng had gathered round.

What had actually been the cause of the catastrophe no one was able to say, but the most reasonable explanation seems to have been that the aviator,

finding himself travelling downward too rapidly, had pulled the lever to tilt the little lifting planes in front of the machine. Unfortunately, though descending at great speed, the aeroplane was progressing forward too slowly, and the tilting of the planes caused them to check the flight still more by pressing against the air. You will understand how this was by taking a large piece of card in the hand and swinging it rapidly from side to side, holding it first horizontally so that its edge cuts the air, and then vertically, so that its surface presses against the air. Now, an aeroplane must travel at a certain speed, or it is bound to come to earth by the force of gravity; and it is supposed that the death of Mr. C. S. Rolls was due to the fact that the speed of his airship was checked too much in the manner explained.

Thus, for the lessons that they convey, we have chosen only three examples from the many sacrifices brought about by the efforts of man to conquer the air.

There have been plenty of, so to speak, harmless accidents and failures. Perhaps the best known was Mr. Latham's attempt to fly across the Channel, made before M. Bleriot succeeded in doing so. Mr. Latham's engine gave out half-way across the Channel, and he fell with his aeroplane into the sea. The machine was floated safely, and Mr. Latham was found by an attendant destroyer calmly smoking and waiting for rescue.

PUSSY.

PUSSY on the house-top,
Pussy on the wall,
Pussy on the doorstep,
Pussy in the hall:

Everywhere that Pussy went,
Pussy gave a mew;
What it was that Pussy meant,
None but Pussy knew. F. F. S.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

10. — Acrostic.

1. A numeral.
2. For bricks.
3. A Japanese sash.
4. Quick movement.

My initials an old-time God of War,
My finals a deified hero of yore. A. L.

(Answer on page 323.)

Answers to Enigma on page 251.

8.—Tekapo.

Oak. Teak. Ape. Peak.

Answer to Literary Acrostic on page 251.

9.—Jane Austen.

1. J ohnson.
2. A rnold (Matthew).
3. N ewton.
4. E dgeworth (Maria).
5. A ddison.
6. U sher.
7. S cott.
8. T homson.
9. E merson.
10. N asmyth.

BEES AND THEIR CULTURE.

NOTHING repays the cottager better than the care and culture of bees. The expense attending the pursuit is small, at least after the first outlay. A fair price for good honey can always be obtained, and to those persons who have a taste for that kind of thing the delight of watching the busy little workers is very great.

One thing, however, is essential, unless the culture of bees is to be a complete failure, and that is that the owner must have at least some knowledge of how to treat them; if an expert must be sent for every time the bees swarm, or when the hives seem to be in an unhealthy condition, the profits of the concern will quickly melt away. Wonderful improvements have of late years been introduced by bee-fanciers, both in the construction of the hive itself and in the manner of taking the honey, as well as in the feeding of the bees during the winter, when they, of course, require to be fed by artificial means; but there is no space here to enlarge on these points.

One thing, however, we would say: it is not so dangerous as some people think to meddle with bees while they are swarming, as just before they leave the hive they gorge themselves with honey in order that they may have some store of provision for their new home, and, when thus gorged with honey, they never sting unless they are actually hurt. When this is borne in mind, it deprives the process of swarming of much of its anxiety. M. K.

PONGO.

HE was the first live baby gorilla that had ever come to England, and the Zoological Society paid the large sum of one hundred and fifty pounds for him. He was ill when he arrived, and the greatest care had to be taken of him; but he grew better, and it was hoped that he would live and do as well as Sally, the wonderful chimpanzee. But, alas! in spite of all the care he received, Pongo caught cold and died after a few days' illness.

It seems hard to have taken him away from his mother who loved him (though he cannot have been a pretty baby), and have brought him away from the glorious tropical forest that was his home, in order to bring him to our cold and foggy England.

I wonder what became of his mother, and whether she was shot like the gorilla which Du Chaillu tells us about. I know she must have been a very terrible creature, very hideous and savage, and so I think she must have been shot, or she would never have given up her little son to strangers. And now the poor little son is dead also!

Before leaving the subject of monkeys, I must tell you a story of one which lived at the Zoological Gardens in London. This monkey was nursing and petting one a little smaller, and occasionally making rushes at any of the others that ventured too near. We were wondering at this behaviour when the keeper explained that the small monkey was a newcomer — a stranger, and the larger one was being kind and taking care of it, protecting it from the teasing of its companions.

'She is always kind to the new ones, and takes

Pongo.

their part,' said the keeper, 'and in that way she is very useful.'

What an example this monkey sets to some of us!

Remember that, boys and girls who go to school, and are tempted to tease a companion who is a stranger. Even a monkey has shown more kindness to his own species.

S. Y.

"'What's this, Green? There was to be no brawling on the common.'"

ON THE COMMON.

Founded on Fact.

'I SEE the gipsies have come again,' said Mrs. Firth to her husband as he came in to dinner.

'Yes, that they have,' he answered, throwing himself into a chair. 'I have just caught one of the youngsters helping himself to my apples, and gave him a good thrashing; he will remember me, I will be bound.'

'Oh, Andrew, they'll revenge themselves!'

'I don't know what they can do more than steal, because they know I'd have the law on them as soon as not. I can't think why the Squire doesn't stop them camping on the common.'

'I know if I'd been Squire I wouldn't have let them come after his boy was stolen,' cried Mrs. Firth.

'Ah! wife, you still believe they took him; we never could prove it, you know.'

'But I know they did, and so do you.'

'Ah! well, it is no good talking of that now. The Squire's not been the same man since, and I suppose it's about ten years ago now,' said the farmer, stretching his long legs. 'Where's Trottie?'

'Gone with the little Maybers to gather blackberries; they don't mean to be back until after tea. I had half a mind not to let her go when I saw the gipsies.'

'Nonsense, they will not hurt her.' The farmer rose as he spoke and went to the door. 'I tell you what I will do, wife. I will let out the old bull for a ramble on the common; that'll keep them away from here.'

'You mind what you're at with that bull, Andy; he will turn vicious one of these days.'

But the farmer only laughed, and strode away.

He was as good as his word, and the great red bull, delighted with the freedom of the common, threw up his heels and gambolled like a very clumsy kitten, scaring all the gipsy children — all but a tall strip of a boy, sullen and smarting from the farmer's whip, who lingered near, watching the great brute.

Just at sunset Trottie came home. She left her little companions in the village and came across the common, carrying a heavy basket of blackberries.

She trotted on gaily until a short distance from her own gate; then the bull saw her. Whether he meant it for play or not, no one ever knew; but suddenly up went his tail, and he charged down upon her. The farmer, coming out of his sheds, heard the thunder of hoofs as the animal dashed by, and ran to the gate, but he could not reach her in time.

'Run, Trottie, run!' he shouted, but the fat legs were already doing all they could, and it would have fared badly with the little maid had not the gipsy lad reached the spot and flung himself between them.

A second more and he was flying through space. Trottie was in her father's arms, while the bull, gazing up in the air, seemed to wonder what was going on.

At the farmer's shout some men appeared, and the animal was secured; but the boy lay still, very still, where he had fallen.

Silently, Mr. Firth gave Trottie to her mother, and went to see what harm was done.

'Leg broken, and he's stunned, but I think that's all. It's the boy I licked; what shall we do with him?'

'Do with him? Why, bring him in, of course, and nurse him till he's well. D'you think I would do less for the lad that's saved my little one?' cried his wife.

'But his own people ——' objected the farmer.

'What sort of nursing d'you think he'd get in a caravan? Let him come here till he's well.'

Mrs. Firth had her way; the boy was carried into the farmhouse, and the doctor sent for.

'Hey-day! here's a pretty piece of work,' he said when he came, and he smiled kindly at the dark eyes looking up at him. He set the leg, and recommended perfect quiet. That was not to be. At dusk a rough man came to the door, clamouring loudly for his 'lad,' whom the farmer resolutely refused to give up.

And the lad, hearing him, shouted, 'I'm no lad of yours, Gaffer Green, and you know it. So clear out, and I will come when I'm ready.'

And Farmer Firth politely but forcibly showed Gaffer Green off the premises.

When the autumn days began to shorten, the gipsies struck their camp and moved on to the towns, and Jim, as the boy was called, not being well enough to go with them, stayed on at Farmer Firth's. As he grew stronger he began to do odd jobs about the farm.

'You see, you have been so good to me,' he explained to Mrs. Firth, 'and I should like to do what I can.'

He and Trottie were firm friends, and when the days began to grow long again, he cast many a wistful glance over the common, and wished the winter were twice as long. At last, one day, the familiar yellow caravans hove in sight. Jim had been on an errand to the village, and hurrying back in the early dusk, he smelt the smoke of the wood fires that he knew so well, and felt a heavy hand on his shoulder.

'Well, this is good,' chuckled Gaffer Green, leering into his face. 'If I haven't lighted on ye at once. Now you come along home with me.'

But the boy resisted vigorously. 'Leave me alone,' he cried, 'I'm working for Mr. Firth now, and earning an honest living; let me be.'

'Not I. You belong to me, and I mean to have ye, living or no living,' retorted Green fiercely.

As he spoke a tall figure stepped between them.

'What's this, Green?' said the new-comer. 'There was to be no brawling on the common, remember.'

''Taint brawling, sir, to claim one's own,' whined the man.

The Squire smiled faintly. 'No, I suppose not; but the boy apparently doesn't want to come. What is it, my lad?'

Jim briefly explained.

'If the boy wants to earn an honest living you have no right to prevent him,' the Squire said at last. 'Have you no people, my lad?'

'No, sir; my mother died when I was a baby; my father I can just remember, but we didn't live in a caravan then.'

'Don't you believe it, sir; he's my sister's son,' interposed Gaffer hastily.

'I'm no relation of yours,' cried Jim; 'don't let me go back to them, sir. I hate the life; I wasn't born to it, I know.'

'Well, you may stay with Firth to-night, at least. I will walk back with you,' replied the Squire; 'and Green, I will see you in the morning.'

The farmer was looking out rather anxiously. He knew the gipsies had returned, and wondered if Jim would run across them.

'Thank you, sir, for interfering; won't you step in a moment?' he said gratefully.

The Squire entered the well-lighted kitchen, and turning to speak to the boy, suddenly went as white as a sheet.

'What is it, sir?' exclaimed the farmer, much alarmed, helping him to a chair.

'He's the very image of my wife,' he said. 'Could it be my boy? He'd be about that age, I know. I did not see his face properly out of doors in the twilight.'

'Betsy Diggan would know, if any one did,' said Mrs. Firth, much amazed; ''twould be worth while taking him to the Hall to see, perhaps, sir.'

'Indeed, she would, for she nursed him. We will go at once,' said the Squire, feverishly springing to his feet.

So they went, the Squire, Farmer Firth, and Jim, much puzzled, to see old Betsy Diggan. And did she know him? To be sure she did. Wasn't he the very image of his mother? hadn't he a birth-mark there was no mistaking? and did he not of himself recognise the old nursery where all his toys were still kept?

Farmer Firth smiled to himself as he went home in the dark and saw the glow of the caravan fires. 'I reckon you will have a visit in the morning you won't like,' he muttered, turning in at his own door; but by morning the gipsies had vanished, and never again did they camp on Ashleigh Common.

M. E. Heward.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 277.)

IN the meanwhile the doctor had been taken to where Tom lay. He was not an attractive-looking man. Frank and I did not, however, think much the worse of him for that, as we were well aware that in many parts of the East every man who wished to be considered wise did not take much care for his appearance.

'My lord,' the astrologer-doctor said to Frank after a glance at Tom, 'give me the fever-stricken lord's horoscope — the diagram of his future.'

'He does not possess one,' Frank replied. 'Englishmen never have horoscopes.'

The doctor received this information with surprise, which his desire to be polite could not conceal. The absence of a horoscope, which the Siamese and Burmese treasured far more than an Englishman did his certificate of birth, upset his plan. But after a few moments' hesitation he felt Tom's forehead, chest and arms, and then waved his hands above his body in an extraordinary manner.

'He's a humbug,' Frank said to me, losing patience.

'He is only trying to impress us,' I replied. 'In spite of all this tomfoolery his medicine may be good. At any rate, as you said, he is our only hope.'

When the doctor's signs and incantations had come to an end, he turned to us and said smilingly and confidently, 'My lords, I will now, with your help, give him this medicine, and to-morrow, before the sun is high in the heavens, the fever will have left him.'

As he spoke he produced from an inside pocket of his frowsy garments a small stone bottle with a thin spout.

'My lords,' he said, after giving the bottle a vigorous shake, 'will you now raise the honourable sick lord so that I can pour the medicine into his mouth?'

Frank and I did, as requested, and the astrologer-doctor at once placed the spout between Tom's lips and poured some of the contents of the bottle down his throat. He signed us to lower the patient.

Standing beside Tom's rough bed, Frank and I waited to see the effect of the medicine. When five minutes had passed without any change in the patient's condition we began, unreasonably of course, to imagine that the medicine was worthless. But before a quarter of an hour had elapsed Tom's moans ceased, and a few moments later he was sleeping peacefully.

'My lords,' the astrologer-doctor exclaimed, with a look of triumph on his grimy face, 'we can leave him now. The magic medicine is doing its work.'

He turned away when he had finished speaking, and Frank and I, believing that he meant to go, became suspicious that he had simply drugged our friend, and was anxious to get away before it was discovered that his medicine could not cure fever.

'You must not go,' Frank said to him sternly.

'My lord,' he answered promptly, 'until the honourable sick man awakes with the fever gone, I will not depart. I go now to read the stars.'

He walked away a few yards, and then, sitting down crossed-legged, gazed up at the sky, muttering a lot of gibberish and waving his hands. I have no doubt that he did this to impress us, and would probably have been greatly surprised had he known that his performance simply struck us as ludicrous. Our men, however, were deeply interested, and, squatting down in a row some yards away from him, watched his antics with awe.

Neither Frank nor I could sleep that night. Sitting within a few yards of Tom's rough bed we talked quietly of the events of the day, and how they would affect our future.

'Of course,' Frank said, 'we shall not be able to start for Bangkok for several days, even if Tom recovers as quickly as the doctor promises. Weakened by wounds and fever, it would be risky to move him, even in a litter, until a week has elapsed — and that means that those rascally mutineers will have a clear week at Bangkok in which to slander us. The outlook, I am afraid, is not bright.'

'Then the best thing we can do,' I suggested, 'is to avoid Bangkok and clear out of the country.'

'That is easier said than done,' Frank replied. 'If the mutineers succeed in making the King believe that we have muddled the expedition against the Burmese, steps will be taken to prevent our escape, and if we are caught attempting to do so it would naturally be considered a proof of our guilt. The best thing we can do is, as soon as Tom is fit to move, to march off to Bangkok and give his Fatness a full account of the behaviour of his spearmen and bowmen. If he believes us, his mutinous officers will wish they had never been born; if he disbelieves us, we shall never see our native land again. However, it is folly to anticipate evil, and, as a matter of fact, if I did not think that there was hope for us, I should not be so anxious for Tom to recover. It would be better far for him to die of fever than to recover and be handed over to the executioners.'

I must own that Frank's remarks depressed me, and as I sat gazing into the nearest fire, I wished that I had not been so foolish as to leave my native land. After a time Frank and I talked of home with the affection of men who felt that their probability of seeing it again was small. While we were thus engaged, the time passed quickly.

At daybreak Tom was sleeping peacefully, and the astrologer-doctor, who occasionally went to his bedside and glanced at him, declared that he was going on well.

'Before the sun is high in the sky,' he assured us on each occasion, 'the fever will have left him, and he will awake.'

His prophecy was fulfilled. Shortly before eight o'clock Tom awoke. I happened to be standing by his bed at the time, and to my great joy I saw that he was conscious. He recognised me and smiled.

'How do you feel, Tom?' I asked.

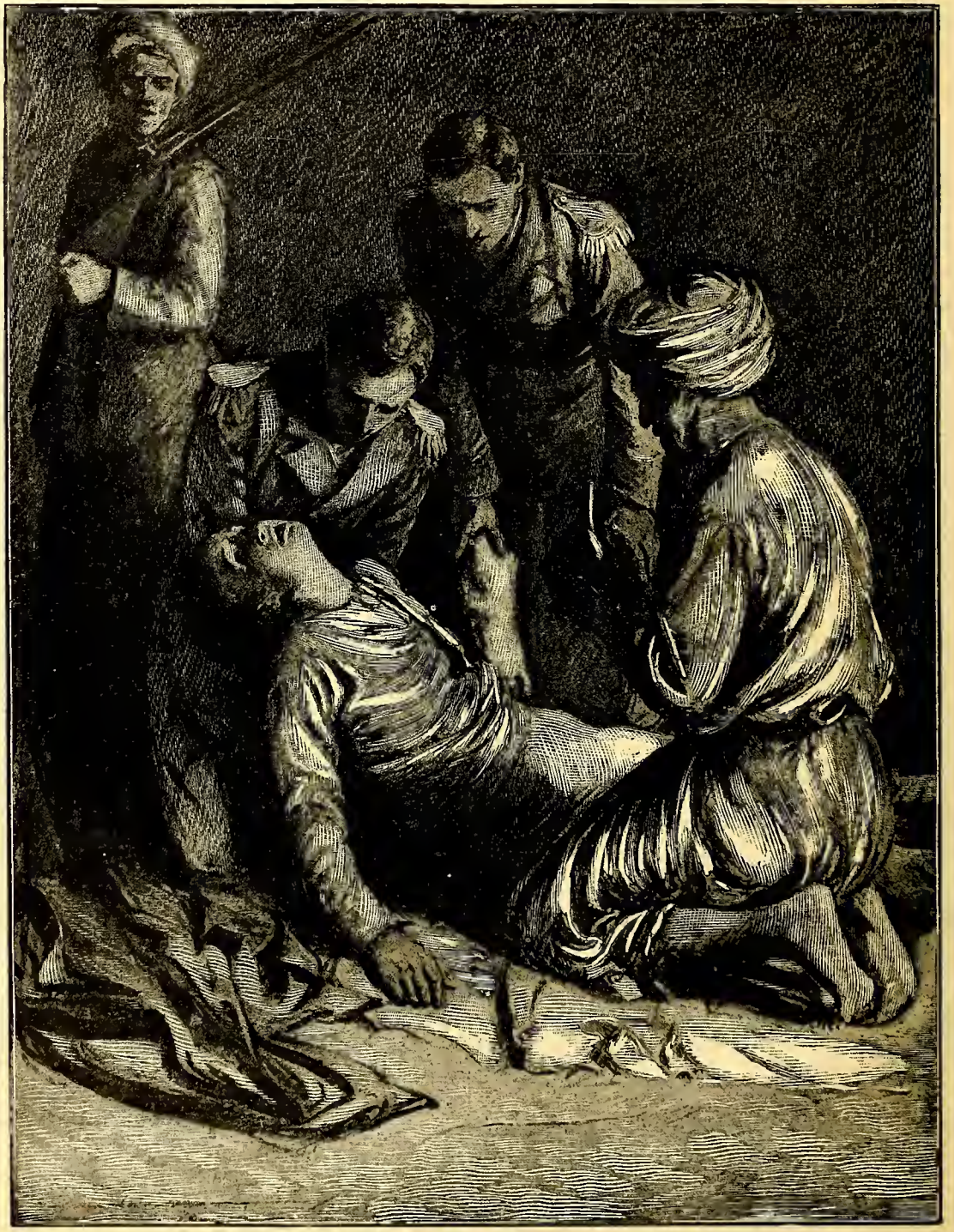
'Weak — very weak,' he replied feebly. 'Where is Frank?'

I beckoned Frank, who came instantly. 'Have we driven off the mutineers?' he asked, and then added, 'Yes, of course we have — I remember.'

'Are you in pain?' Frank said. 'You got three nasty wounds in that fight with the mutineers.'

'No,' Tom answered, 'I do not feel any pain. I am simply weak and tired.'

(Continued on page 290.)



"'Will you now raise the honourable sick lord?'"

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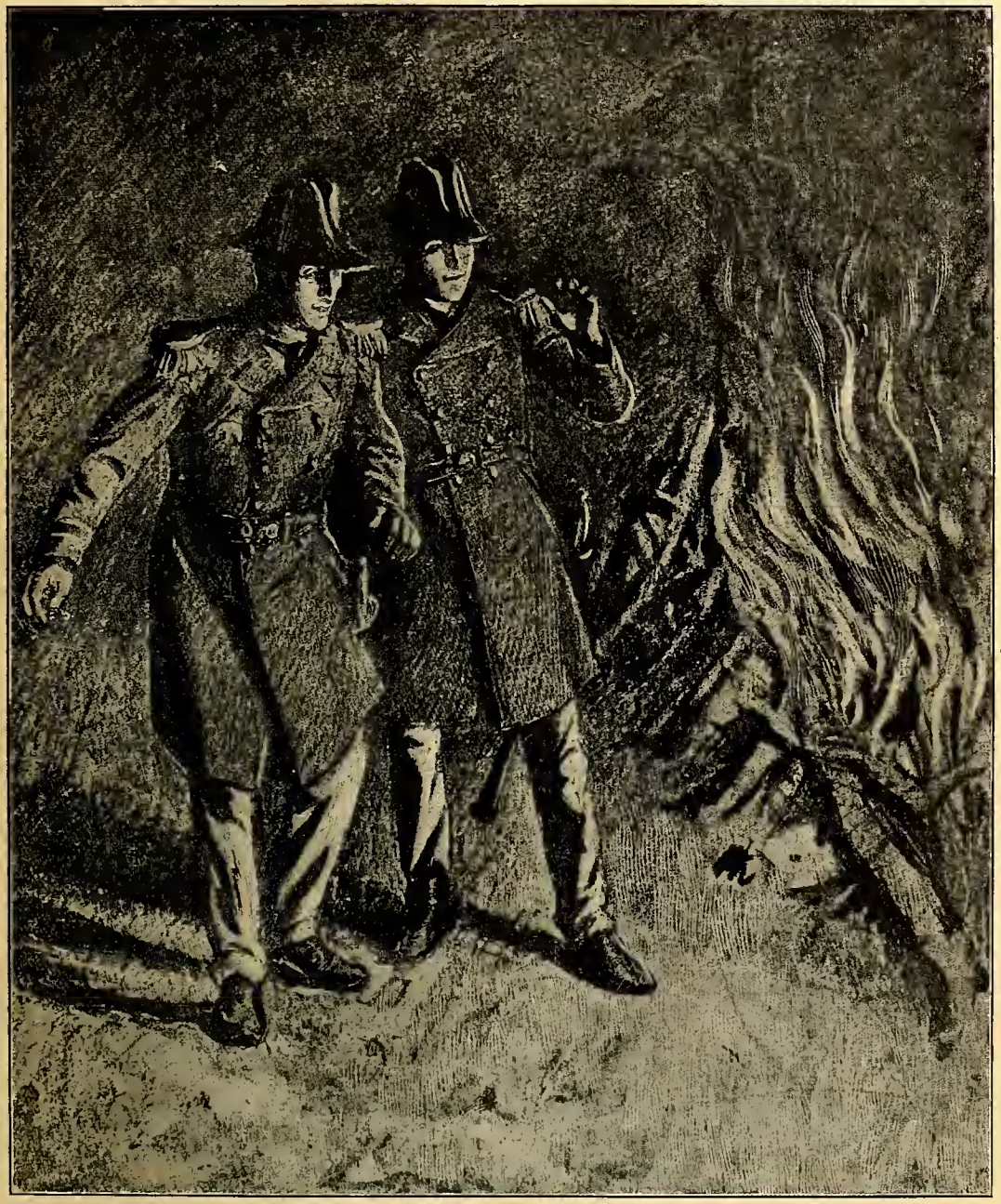


"The stockade burst into flames."

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 287.)

FRANK and I took it in turns to sit beside Tom throughout the day. We would both have stayed with him, but there were many pressing things to be attended to. Our stock of food was exhausted, and we had to dispatch men to the nearest village to buy some. Two other men were sent out to discover if there were any of our enemies—Burmese, or Siamese mutineers—in the neighbourhood. The news which these two men brought back surprised us. The Burmese were in full flight towards their own country, but the mutineers were resting in a valley about three-quarters of a mile distant from us.

'Perhaps they intend to make another assault upon the stockade,' Frank said. 'We must keep a sharp look-out.'

That night the sentries were warned to be extra wakeful, and, for once in a way, they did not sit down whenever they believed themselves to be unobserved by their officers. But that they were not so alert as they might have been was proved to us, unmistakably and unpleasantly, shortly after midnight.

Frank and I were strolling up and down, when suddenly the stockade on the left of us burst into flames. We knew at once what had happened: some of the enemy had crept up to the stockade under cover of darkness, soaked it with petroleum, and set light to it. Instantly we seized our loaded muskets, and as we did so flames burst from the opposite side of the stockade. Frank ran to a loop-hole on one side, I to a loop-hole on the other. The enemy had probably not taken into consideration that the flare from the burning stockade would give us a good view of them as they fled. I saw my man at once: he was about thirty yards away and running at full speed. Knowing that if my first bullet missed him he would escape, I took steady aim, and when I fired was rewarded by seeing the man throw up his arms and fall forward on his face.

Frank fired an instant later. I hastened towards him. 'Now we must get Tom out of the place before the whole stockade is alight.'

'Clear a way through there,' Frank said to a sergeant, pointing to a spot which the flames had not reached, and in a few minutes it was done.

In the meantime Frank and I had constructed a rough but strong stretcher, on which we carefully lifted Tom in his bed. He was awake and aware of what had happened.

'Leave me to my fate,' he said. 'I shall only be a hindrance to you when you get outside.'

'Don't be an ass,' Frank replied, 'and don't talk.'

'But I will talk. Don't you understand that when we get into the open we shall be at the mercy of those mutineers? Without me to hinder your movements you will have no difficulty in getting away into the jungle; with me you will make no progress.'

'My lord,' the astrologer-doctor joined in, 'you must not talk. Lie still, and let your honourable friends carry you to a safe place.'

'Do as he tells you, Tom!' I exclaimed. 'The astrologer has saved your life, and it would be ungrateful of you to throw it away, and rob the poor fellow of the joy of being able to point to you as a man he has cured.'

'Very well,' Tom replied, 'as you are determined to burden yourselves with me, I will say no more.'

So we carried him out through the break in the burning stockade towards some rugged ground which we remembered seeing about two hundred yards away, and which we believed would give us protection until we were able to build another stockade. On our way we passed the man whom I had shot, and, as we expected, he proved to be one of the mutinous spearmen.

'If the other mutineers were half as plucky as this man was they would attack us now,' Frank said to me; 'but I fancy the fight in the stockade has knocked the courage out of them.'

It would, indeed, have been a serious matter for us if the mutineers had fallen upon us as we wended our way to our new camping-ground, and we were considerably relieved when we arrived there without having seen the enemy.

Our first work was to make Tom comfortable, and, having done that, we proceeded to superintend the building of the new stockade, which our men had already begun, knowing full well that until it was up they would be at the mercy of the mutineers.

CHAPTER XVI.

Our new stockade was finished before daybreak. Although it was not very strong, we had the satisfaction of knowing that it would afford us sufficient protection to give us an advantage in the event of our being attacked by Burmese marauders or Siamese mutineers. The old stockade was burnt to the ground within half-an-hour of our leaving it.

Tom, much to our delight, was none the worse for his hurried removal, and there was every prospect that his recovery would be rapid. But before the day was over a serious danger threatened us. The battle of the previous day had drawn to our neighbourhood tigers and birds of prey, in search of booty, and this meant a fresh peril to be guarded against. We had our hands full already.

'I recognise the seriousness of our position,' Frank said, 'but I really do not know what to do.'

'We must change our quarters at once.'

'Very well. I'll ask the astrologer if he knows of a good spot to which we can remove.'

(Continued on page 302.)

HUMILITY OBTAINS PARDON.

KING EDWARD I. was out hawking one day, when a servant of his provoked his displeasure. The king threatened him sharply. But the man was angry with his monarch, and made a retort. It was well there was a stream between them. In a flash the king spurred his horse into the river, intending to chastise such insolence to his royal person. Not without a struggle did the monarch reach the opposite bank and climb its steep side. Then, with his sword drawn, he pursued his servant, who fled at his approach. Finding that his master, better horsed than himself, was rapidly gaining upon him, the servant pulled up sharp, threw himself from the saddle, and bending upon his knees bared his neck to the blow of the king's sword. The monarch was so touched by this proof of submission that he sheathed his blade, and pardoned the culprit.

NEW SHOES.

I HAVE new shoes! Just hear
them speak!
All across the playroom—
creak, creak, creak!
Upstairs and downstairs—
isn't it nice?
Squeak, squeak, squeaking,
like little black mice.
Now for a walk in the streets
of the town:
People who meet me will all look down,
And though they won't say it, they think, no doubt,
'What nice new shoes for walking out!'
So away we go with a fine loud squeak:
Creak, creak, creak, creak—creak, creak, creak!

* * * * *

Oh, bring him a chair! He's back from the walk,
And seems quite tired of the new-shoe talk.
Undo the laces, tightly tied;
Loosen the uppers and spread them wide!
Bring him some slippers that make no sound
But a soft flip-flap as they touch the ground;
Some kind old slippers that gently say,
'We'll nurse you well on a weary day.'

Kick off the 'talkers!' There! They're gone,
And the soothing slippers are soon slipped on,
And the little man cries, "I prefer—don't you?—
A silent slipper to a noisy shoe!'

John Lea.

PIT PONIES.

A STRANGER fate could hardly befall a horse than to be bought for a colliery, and taken to work underground. It is in some respects a hard fate, just as it would be a hard fate for most of us to be compelled to be colliers against our will. But the horse's work underground is not very different from that which it would be expected to do if it led the ordinary life of a draught-horse above ground. Nor is it any harder. The horses draw the empty coal-waggons from the shaft of the mine to the places where the coal is being loaded, and take the full waggons back again to the shaft. The waggons run on rails, and the roads, though they are often steep, are made as level as possible. Before horses were employed in mines, much of this work was done by women and children. But for a long time now wire hauling-ropes, drawn by steam-engines, have been gradually superseding horses. Large numbers of horses are, however, still used, and it is not uncommon to find from fifty to a hundred at work in one pit.

As there is not as a rule much room in the galleries of a mine, ponies are usually preferred, though horses of a fairly large size are by no means uncommon. They are bought when three or four years old, and are taken down into the pit, where they remain until they die, or are too old for work. They are stabled in the pit, the main stables being near to the shaft, where the air is fresher, and the general conditions are better; but very often their day's work is done at such a great distance from the shaft that they have to be stabled 'in-be,' that is to say, in the remote parts of the pit. These distant stables may be as much as a mile or more from the shaft.

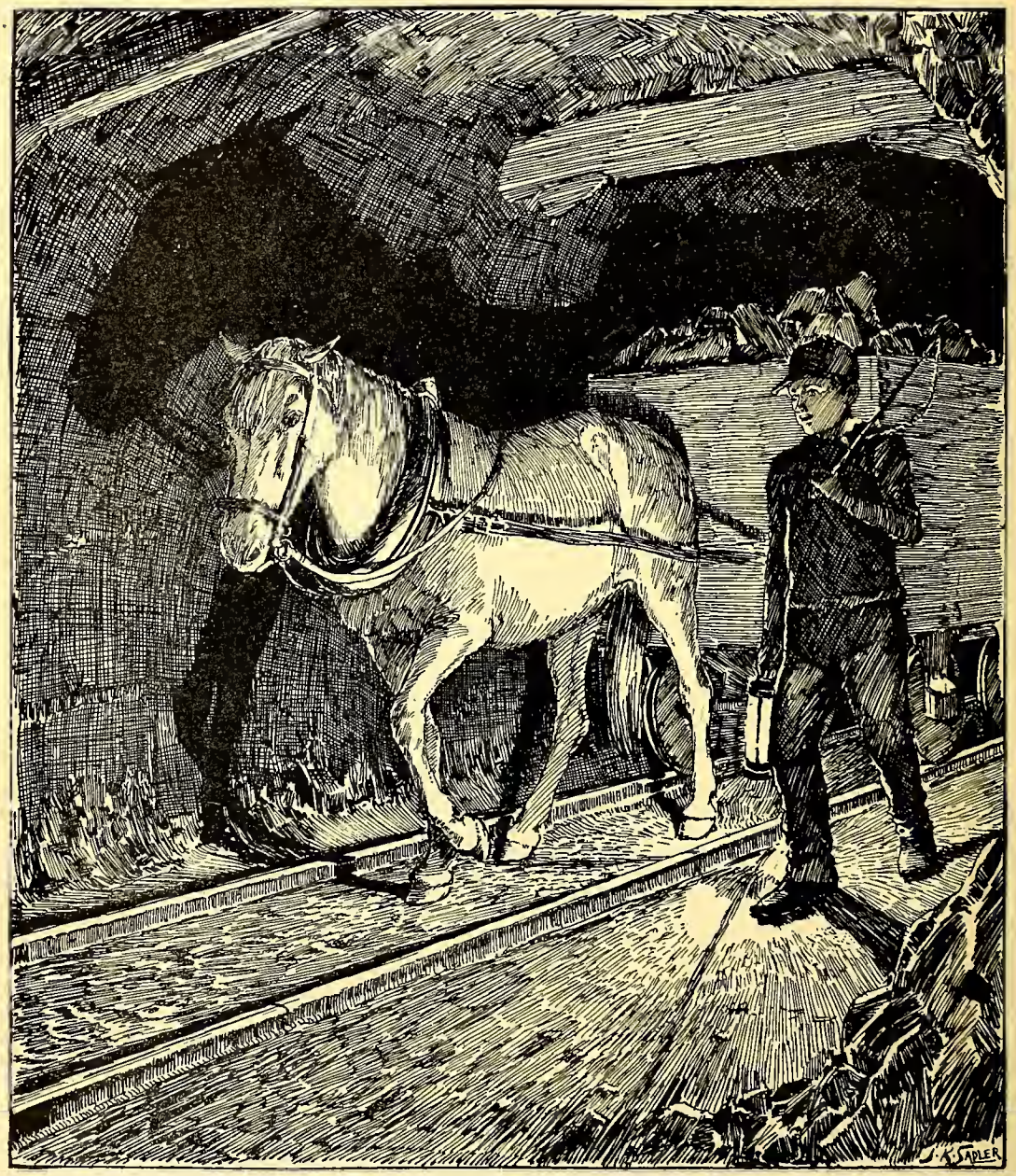
The ponies are well fed, and the life seems to agree with them very well, since every one remarks how fat and sleek they get. It is often said that they go blind, because they work in the dark, and have no use for their eyes. This, however, is a mistake. They do not work in the dark, any more than the miners themselves do; and though the light is often dim, the ponies make good use of their eyesight to avoid knocking themselves against posts and stones. The stables near the shaft are frequently lighted by electricity or acetylene gas.

In one respect pit ponies are more fortunate than their brothers at the surface. The pit is always warm, and the temperature varies less than it does in the open air. Perhaps it is this, coupled with good feeding and regularity of work, which makes them look so sleek and plump. Many of them live to a good age, until, for instance, they are over twenty years old, and grow too stiff to draw out the waggons as quickly as is desired. When such is the case, they are privileged to see daylight once more, and are set to work at the pit-bank, or sold, perhaps to a farmer. One pony was thus brought up at twenty-six years of age, and being sold to a farmer for a small sum, worked with him for three years longer.

There are some ponies which will not do for pit work. They will not give their mind to it. They are lazy and slow, and nothing will induce them to quicken their pace. A horse of this sort, no matter what his other qualities may be, is of no use in a colliery. He not only fails to do the work which is expected of him, but in these narrow galleries and confined spaces he gets in the way of more willing workers, and makes himself a nuisance. Perhaps such a horse is wise in his own way, since the invariable result is that he is sent to the surface, and put to such work as he will do, or sold.

Before such a pony is dealt with in this way, he will probably have been thrashed a good deal, in the hope of making him settle down to the work. In days gone by, the cruelty of their drivers was the greatest hardship which the poor pit ponies suffered. Cruel men and boys had many opportunities of ill-treating the animals without being discovered. Even when the horses were found to be suffering from injuries, it was not always possible to discover who had inflicted them.

But now all or much of this is changed. Colliers are forbidden by an Act of Parliament to ride any horse underground, and no ill-usage is possible in that respect. Many inspectors have access to pits, and if cruelty of any kind is found to have been committed, those who are responsible for it are quickly brought to justice. Kindness to animals is encouraged among colliers at many pits by the awarding of prizes, which are publicly presented. And pit-boys, like other boys, are often very fond of animals, and make friends and pets of their ponies, teaching them little tricks, giving them a share of the food which they have brought into the mine with them, or letting them drink out of their tin bottles. I have heard of one pit pony which was clever enough to draw a



A Pit Pony at Work.

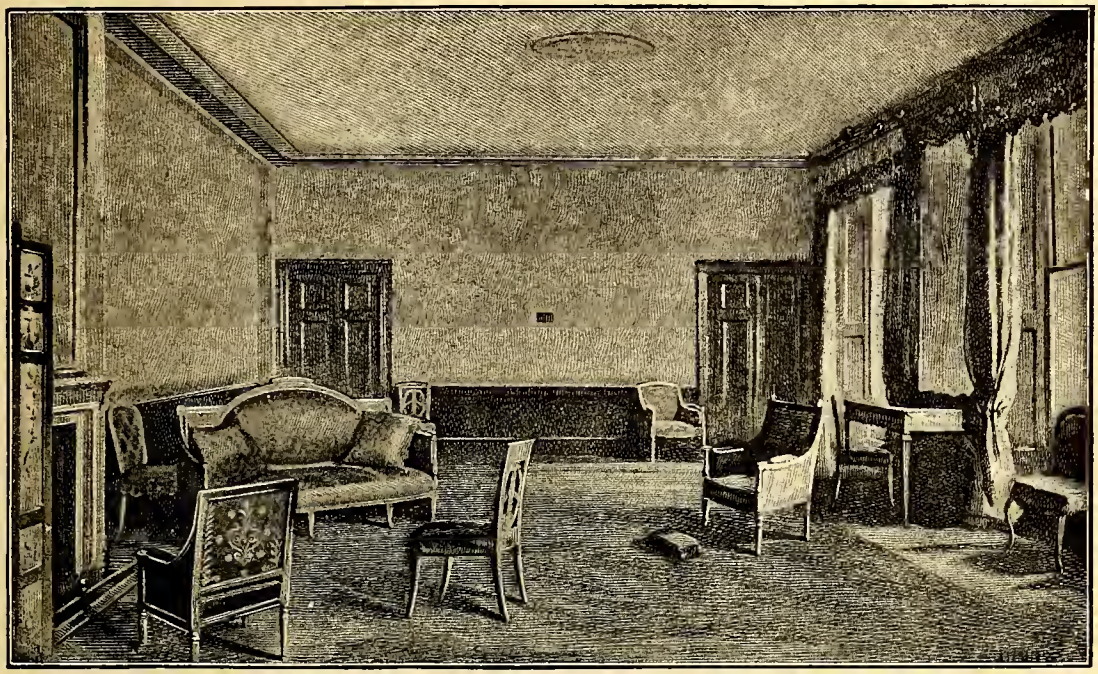
cork with his teeth. And perhaps, here and there, there is a pit-boy who is all the kinder to his pony because he knows that it shares with him the dangers of the mine, and misses something of the joy of life, by being doomed to pass its existence deep down in the mine entirely for the benefit of man.

W. A. Atkinson.

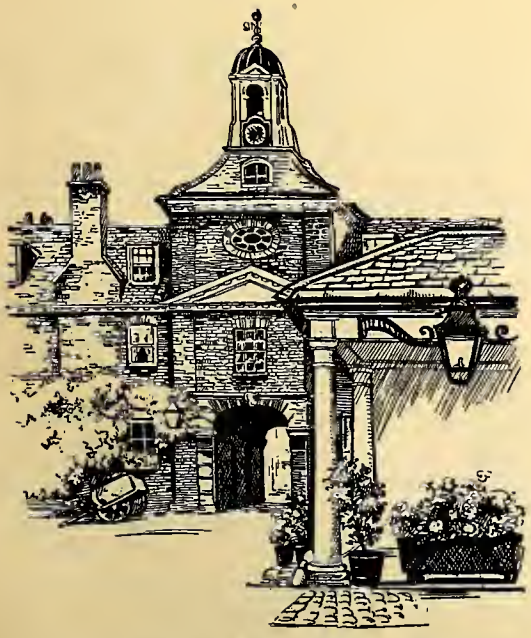
ROUND LONDON TOWN.

VII.—KENSINGTON PALACE.

THE sentry paced to and fro on the paved way beneath the portico of the guard-house which lay to the left of the palace entrance. Above the topmost branches of the tall elms bordering the Green the



The Room at Kensington Palace in which Queen Victoria was born.



Entrance to Kensington Palace.

Archway, Kensington Palace.

rooks were cawing loudly and circling in the air, before settling down for the night. The sun was sinking behind the distant trees, and its rays were reflected in a sudden gleam of gold from the barrel of the sentry's musket as he faced about at the end of his short parade.

Save for the noisy rooks overhead and the regular tramp of the sentry on his beat, the evening was still and quiet. Within the Clock-house Court, where the red-brick buildings of the palace lay steeped in purple shadow, the stillness was unbroken, and there were no signs of life about the palace itself.

The day which was now drawing to a peaceful close—it was the 24th of May in the year 1819—had witnessed an event of the deepest interest and importance to the future history of Great Britain. Within the walls of the palace had been born that day a Princess whose name was destined to become honoured and beloved throughout the length and breadth of the Empire which was to be swayed by her wise and beneficent rule. It was an Empire already great, but she was to make it yet greater; she was to give it a distinctive greatness such as no other empire or country of the world had ever attained—a greatness which implied not merely an increase of territory and an increase of power over a people who owned allegiance to the British Crown in the remoter corners of the world, though these, too, she gained and held; but a greatness which implied the power of influencing for good by her precept and example the governments and nations existing and growing up around her. This, beyond all else, was the real foundation of Queen Victoria's greatness.

Eighteen years later, on the 21st of June, 1837, at five o'clock in the morning, when the birds in the gardens were singing to welcome the breaking of the summer day, two personages alighted from a carriage at the door of the porter's lodge of the palace. They were the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, and the Lord Chamberlain, the Marquis of Conyngham, who had journeyed from Windsor to inform the Princess of the death of the King. They knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We are come on business of State to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way to that.'

It did, and to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified. Thus did the young Queen receive the news of her accession to the throne.

We who wander in Kensington Gardens to-day can have no idea of the changes which have taken place in the palace and its surroundings in the course of centuries. The palace and the gardens have grown and changed together; but the latter, even within the memory of living persons, have lost much of their former aspect. Many of the ancient forest trees, whose shades and solitudes were sought for and beloved, have disappeared; new walks have been opened, and old familiar landmarks have been swept away by the relentless hand of the improver. The palace has been closely connected with several of our sovereigns who used it as a royal residence, from William III. and Mary, in whose reign it was built, down to George II.; and by the successive royal occupants various additions to the buildings have been made.

The gardens were first enlarged during the residence of Queen Anne, in 1705, when thirty acres of ground to the north of the palace were planted, and extensive kitchen gardens laid out in the same direction. Before that time the gardens did not extend northwards further than the conservatory, beyond which, and adjoining the Uxbridge Road, were the famous Kensington gravel-pits, which supplied gravel for the gardens of Versailles; while the eastern boundary ran in the direction of what is now the Broad Walk. Queen Anne also built the Banqueting-house, still standing at the rear of the palace, and thither, on those evenings when the room was filled with a gay assemblage for music and dancing, the Queen was conveyed in her chair.

George II. and Queen Caroline resided a good deal at the palace, and at this period three hundred acres were added to the gardens from Hyde Park, and the 'round pond' was formed out of a reservoir. During the reign of George III. the palace was deserted by the Court, and since the accession of Queen Victoria it has been used as a place of residence by various members of the Royal family.

Within the palace there is much to interest us.* The State apartments are approached by the great staircase, and include the King's Gallery, beneath which are the rooms occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Kent, including of course the room in which Queen Victoria was born, and the State Room in which the young Queen held her first Council on June 21st, 1837

F. J. Rowbotham.

THE REBELLION

'WE will go into the Clovelly Court grounds this morning and take books,' said Mademoiselle as they rose from the breakfast table.

'Oh, no, Mademoiselle, let's go on to the beach,' cried Kathleen.

'No, no, I do not like the beach; it has too many big stones—it is all great, big stones—and I am not comfortable when I do sit there; besides, I hear that there will be no boats arriving to-day. So get ready, children.'

Mademoiselle left the room and climbed the steep back stairs to her bedroom, to fetch her hat and some books.

'Selfish old thing,' said Kathleen, crossly.

'We won't go,' said Will, the eldest pupil; 'let's go off down to the Quay at once; we don't need any hats.'

'Lovely!' cried Kathleen and Hubert both together. 'We will.'

The door stood wide open, so the children were soon out and clattering down the cobble-stoned High Street of Clovelly.

'There's one thing,' laughed Kathleen; 'Mademoiselle couldn't catch us if she tried; she can't get along over these stones at all.'

'Of course not,' remarked Will, 'and you couldn't

*Since these lines were written, a scheme has been carried out for turning part of the Palace into a museum of everything connected with London.

if you wore those stupid little high-heeled shoes; that is why she hates coming down here.'

Kathleen looked down at her own flat-heeled, broad-toed shoes, and for once in her life was glad she wore them. She could skip over the stones as easily as her two brothers.

When they reached the beach they found it deserted; no pleasure steamers were arriving that day, so the few visitors that were staying in quaint little Clovelly seemed all of Mademoiselle's mind—to take their walks inland.

The children soon grew tired of playing games with the stones, and then Hubert made a grand suggestion. 'I say,' he said eagerly, 'let's walk along round that point now we are by ourselves. Mademoiselle won't stir when she gets down here; she just sits on one stone without moving, till I wonder she does not stick to it.'

'Yes,' laughed Kathleen, 'and then when she gets up she can hardly stand, and she cries, "Oh, oh, I am stiff, so very stiff, children." Yes, do let's go round the point, and then Mademoiselle will never find us.'

'If she does find us, she won't make me go with her, I know that,' announced Will.

'Nor us,' echoed the others, and they started their difficult walk over the huge stones.

It was slow work, but it was great fun, for they had to pick their way most carefully, and there was a lot of slipping and scrambling, which all added to the enjoyment.

Mademoiselle had brought them down to Clovelly a week ago. She was very young and inexperienced, and at present had not won the children's hearts, for she did not enter sufficiently into her pupils' doings and games, partly, as Will truly said, on account of her smart, high-heeled shoes, for they were most unsuitable for this charming, but steep and stony little Devonshire village.

When she came down with her dainty sunshade, and two books, one for herself and one for her charges, under her arm, she was very vexed to find no signs of her pupils. Neither up the street nor down the street could she see them.

She frowned, and said angrily, 'They are very much tiresome, those children. Perhaps they have gone by themselves to the beach. Well! they shall be by themselves, I do not go to them. I do not like this Clovelly, it is all stones, stones, stones. I will walk up the street, and perhaps I shall meet them; but I will not give in—oh, no!'

She picked her way with difficulty over the cobble-paved High Street till she reached the high road above; still no sight or sound of her charges. Mademoiselle shrugged her shoulders and turned into the beautiful grounds belonging to Clovelly Court.

'I do not care,' she murmured defiantly. 'They can go their way and I will go mine. They will be all safe; I will enjoy myself.'

So she sat down on the first seat she came to and read, till her little silver watch told her it was half-past twelve, when she turned homewards. Her pupils had not arrived, and Mrs. Fletcher, the landlady, seemed very shocked that they had not been with Mademoiselle.

'I must seek them,' said their governess crossly. 'They are very bad, those children; they do give very much trouble. They will be down at the quay on the beach, and I do not like to walk there.'

But they were not on the beach. Poor Mademoiselle was now thoroughly uneasy and full of self-reproach. She seated herself on a stone, wondering what she could do. It was very peaceful with the vivid blue sky overhead, the fresh breeze, and the sea, now nearly at high tide, breaking over the boulders with a delightful force, and the sound as of a high wind among the trees above.

Suddenly Mademoiselle started. A boatman was calling from his skiff to another one who was smoking, idling on the beach.

'Say, Bill, there are some folks on the rocks yonder, cut off by the tide; come and lend a hand.'

The governess sprang up and called out in her shrill French accent: 'It is children, oh! perhaps it is children—a girl and two boys, boatman?'

But the man was springing from stone to stone, and was soon wading through the water to where his mate's boat was waiting for him. Another couple of boatmen appeared from somewhere and stood watching, near Mademoiselle.

'It is two boys and a girl, I know,' she cried, wringing her hands.

'Ay, very like,' replied one of the men, who looked strangely like Father Neptune himself, with his long white beard and blue jersey.

'And they will be drown-ed?' she asked in a despairing voice.

'No, no, lady, they will get them off all right,' he replied cheerily.

He stood silent for a moment or two, looking intently in the direction of the rocks, then he announced, 'It's all right, lady. The boat is coming back now; they have got them all off.'

However, when they reached the beach it was difficult to land the children, for it was now high tide and very rough; but at last it was accomplished.

Mademoiselle drew out her small purse, and emptied it into 'Father Neptune's' hand: it contained half-a-sovereign and a half-crown. 'Give it to them,' she cried brokenly. 'Tell them it is all I have—my thank-offering; but oh! I am full of thankfulness to them both.'

It was a very sober party that silently mounted the High Street and sat down to their mid-day meal. The children were full of shame and remorse, and their poor governess dropped tears all the while she was serving their dinner.

At last she spoke. 'Children, I am much ashamed. I am selfish and unfaithful. I have not looked after you as your father and mother would wish: I am full of sorrow and shame. But now I shall always seek your pleasure. To-day, to-morrow—every day I do what you wish, for I am here to please you, and I will forget myself.'

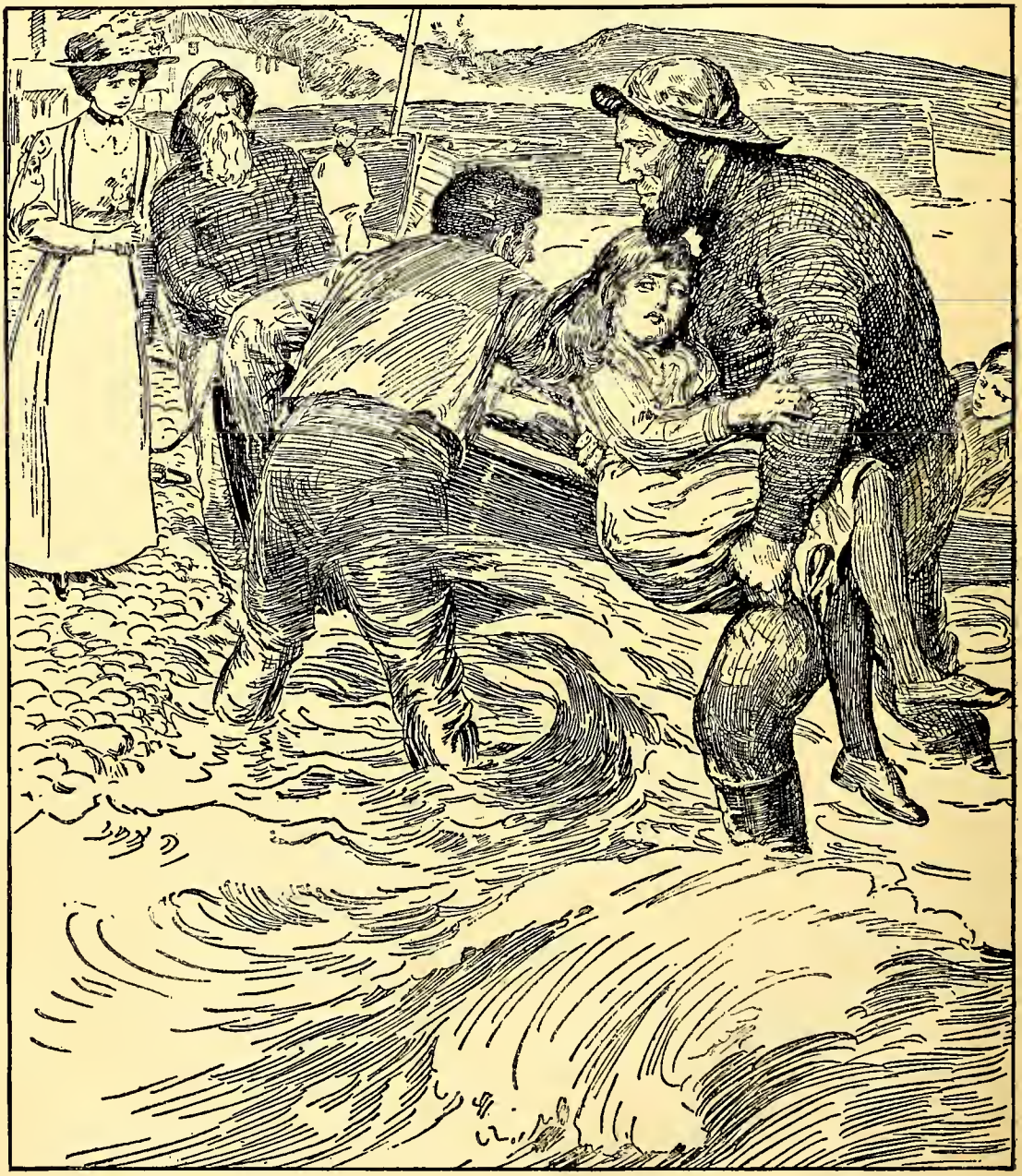
But the children also were penitent.

'Mademoiselle, we are the naughty ones, and we are very sorry,' said Will. 'When we were on those rocks we were very unhappy thinking how we were worrying you, and we have quite decided to be good and kind to you now, and we won't run away again.'

'No, Mademoiselle, we promise,' added Kathleen gravely; and Hubert, the youngest, slipped off his chair and hugged Mademoiselle while he whispered, 'We really won't be so horrid any more.'

Mademoiselle dabbed her eyes with her tiny muslin handkerchief and cried, smiling, 'What is your English proverb? Do you not say, "All is well that ends well?" It is so now, and I am made very much happy.'

M. E. Morrison.



"It was difficult to land the children."

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"The Patagonian snatched the cap from Drake's head."

THE SEA-KINGS OF ENGLAND.

V.—ROUND THE WORLD WITH DRAKE.

FRANCIS DRAKE, in that great raid upon Panama and Nombre de Dios in 1573, had seen the Pacific Ocean, and had prayed that he might one day sail upon it in an English ship. He was the first man of his race to look upon those waters, but not the first to sail upon them. John Oxenham, his lieutenant in 1573, went back in 1575 on an adventure of his own, crossed the Isthmus, embarked upon the Pacific, was captured, and perished miserably with his men.

It was not till 1577, four years after his return from Nombre de Dios, that Drake himself set out on the most famous of all his voyages—the greatest voyage made by any Englishman up to that time. Fifty years before, the Portuguese seafarer, Magellan, had entered the Pacific by way of those dreadful straits near Cape Horn which still bear his name—straits where even to this day great ships go in grave peril. When Drake sailed, no other human being, save Magellan and his men, so far as we know, had learnt by real experience that the world is round.

Drake set out from Plymouth on November 15th, having made preparation of men, money, and stores. He had five ships (other than small boats): the Pelican (the admiral, or flagship), of one hundred tons; the Elizabeth, of eighty tons, commanded by John Wynter; the Marigold, of thirty tons; the Swan, of fifty tons; the Christopher, a pinnace of fifteen tons. There were in all one hundred and sixty-four 'men, gentlemen, and sailors,' partly ordinary seamen, partly volunteers and adventurers. No man knew rightly whither the expedition was bound: it was said to be for Alexandria, in Egypt. It was splendidly equipped, to uphold worthily the honour of England: Drake took with him 'expert musicians, rich furniture, and divers shows of all sorts of curious workmanship;' 'all the vessels for his table, yea, many belonging even to the cook-room, were of pure silver,' though the admiral himself was a man of plain, simple habits.

A contrary wind and a great storm drove the fleet into Falmouth harbour soon after it had started, and it was not till December 13th that they finally left English waters. They made for the west coast of Africa, passing by the entrance to the Mediterranean, and voyaging slowly on along the Morocco shore. At Mogador they had profitable traffic with the natives, but lost a man through treachery. Thence they made for the Cape Verde Islands, where they took in supplies of fresh water, provisions, and salt. They saw in these islands, for the first time, the cocoanut, which pleased them mightily. Here, where no laws and no enemies could hinder them, their destination was made known—the rich coasts of the Pacific, where as yet Spain had had no rival. They were going thither, not as Oxenham did, and as the Spaniards themselves did, by crossing the Isthmus of Panama, but by a way whence they would not be expected, round Cape Horn.

Before leaving the Cape Verde Islands, Drake captured two small Portuguese ships. He gave his prisoners one of his own boats in exchange for one of these; the other he added to his fleet, putting in command a friend, one Thomas Doughty, a gentleman adventurer. He kept with him also a prisoner, Nuno da Silva, a skilful pilot who knew well both coasts of America.

The voyage across the Atlantic took fifty-four days: all that time they were without sight of land. On April 5th, 1578, they sighted the shores of Brazil, about thirty-three degrees south of the Equator. There were no European settlements so far south on that side of the continent. At their approach the natives 'made upon the coast great fires for a sacrifice,' hoping that thus storms and winds might be stirred up against the newcomers. But Drake had no thought of harming them. He turned his course more directly south, and entered the Rio de la Plata; but finding no safe harbour there, he sailed on down the coast, and presently came upon a good anchorage in a bay full of islands—'a place very plentiful of victuals, and hath in it no want of fresh water.' Journeying yet farther south, they entered another safe natural harbour, where they slew some three hundred seals 'in the space of an hour.' Here one of the Portuguese prizes was broken up and burnt, so as to concentrate the expedition.

Here too the Englishmen had traffic with the natives, of whom wonderful stories had been told by Magellan. It was said that they were giants and very fierce. But Drake found them little above the ordinary height—'nothing so monstrous or giant-like as they were reputed:' the tallest he saw was about seven feet six inches in height. They wore little clothing, save the skins of beasts. Their long hair was bound up behind them, and could be used as a quiver for arrows: some wore wreaths on their heads. Through their nose and upper lip many of them wore pegs two or three inches long, and most of them were painted in many colours. They carried bows six feet long, and were active and warlike in appearance. For the most part they seemed friendly and harmless. One of them gave a strange proof of friendship. Drake, having landed, was standing with some of them, when one cast longing eyes upon a scarlet sea-cap with a gold band that the English admiral wore. For a moment Drake turned his back, and at once the Patagonian snatched the cap from his head and ran a little distance with it. Then, perhaps fearing Drake's displeasure, he turned and came back, and taking an arrow wounded the calf of his leg so that the blood flowed. He caught a little blood in his hands and offered it to Drake, 'seeming hereby to signify to him that he loved him so dearly that he would give his blood for him, and that therefore he should not be angry for so small a thing as a cap.'

Another surprising sight in this place was the host of penguins, birds that no Englishman had set eyes upon before. They were to be seen in vast numbers, paying little heed to human beings; 'such was the infinite store of eggs and birds that there was no footing upon the ground, but to tread upon the one or the other, or both, at every step.' 'Every third bird could not find any room.'

Hence the fleet sailed on towards Cape Horn, and put in at the port of St. Julian, where Magellan had executed some mutineers. By a strange chance, Drake also found it a place of unrest. His friend, Thomas Doughty, seems—for it is even now not quite certain what his crime was—to have planned sedition, if not mutiny: it is said that even before he left England he had spoken against his leader. He roused the anger of those under him. When, at the Cape Verde Islands, he had been put in charge of the Portuguese prize, it was not many days before there were murmurings against him. He was accused of

taking for himself part of the spoil—'things of great value'—unlawfully. Drake could only find in his possession some Portuguese gloves, a small ring, and some strange coins, and these a prisoner had given to him. But the discontent was so great that he had to be transferred to the Pelican, Drake's brother being appointed to the prize in his place. In the Pelican, Doughty again roused anger; he was thought to be harsh and overbearing, and Drake finally moved him into one of the smaller boats in disgrace, under arrest. At St. Julian he was formally tried by a jury of the voyagers, found guilty of seditious conduct, and condemned to death; and there, far from England, he was executed, first receiving the Holy Communion with Drake himself, and taking his leave of his comrades quietly, 'with prayer for the Queen's Majesty and our realm.' *

Just before the fleet reached St. Julian, one of the smaller vessels lost company, and was missing for three or four days: when she was picked up again, Drake took the men and stores out and abandoned her. Before leaving the port, the Swan and the Christopher, being no longer seaworthy after the arduous voyage, were broken up for firewood. The other ships were overhauled, refitted, and provisioned as far as possible.

On August 17th, 1578, the little fleet, thus reduced in numbers, quitted St. Julian, and set out on the last stage of the journey from the known world to the unknown. Two days later they entered the Straits of Magellan. As they came into that terrible channel, all the vessels struck their flags in honour of Queen Elizabeth, and from that day Drake renamed the Pelican, his flagship, and called it by a name immortal in the sea-story of England—The Golden Hind, after the crest of his patron, Sir Christopher Hatton. So with brave hearts and hopes of high adventure they sailed to the conquest of the Pacific, 'and therehence about the globe of the whole earth.'

(Continued on page 330.)

DAYLIGHT DREAMS.

WHEN we fall asleep in daylight,
On a sun-kissed velvet lawn,
Then we dream not of the moon elves
Who must take their flight at dawn.

But we dream of shining fairies
Flying earthward from the sun,
Calling us with friendly gestures,
Now to join them in their fun.

And their heads are crowned with sun-rays,
And their eyes are full of light,
And their brilliant fairy dresses
Almost dazzle human sight.

But they clasp us, oh, so gently,
As in theirs our hands they take,
And the dance is so enchanting,
We are sorry when we wake!

A. C. Vernon.

* It has been said that this was an unjust and tyrannical act of Drake's, and a blot on his honour; and it is not clear of what Doughty was guilty. But no complaint was brought against Drake when he reached England again, though Doughty had friends in the expedition who could have obtained redress had any real wrong been committed.

THE STORY OF 'OLD DRESLEN' CHINA.

I DARE say most of you have seen some of those dainty china figures of ladies in rich dresses, accompanied by fine gentlemen, with little black boys acting as pages, and pet pug-dogs walking solemnly by their side. These pieces of china are called 'Old Dresden,' and, when genuine, are worth a great deal of money. There is a story about the way this china porcelain first came to be made. It is as follows:—

Many, many years ago a great number of people believed that certain chemists, who were looked upon almost as magicians, had the power to make gold in some mysterious and wonderful way. One of the most famous of these men was a German called Johann Friedrich Bottger, who boasted loudly of his skill. It happened at that time the King of Prussia was very much in need of money, and he sent for Bottger and commanded him to make some. But Bottger had been a vain boaster, and so, as he did not really feel certain he could obey the King's order, fearing his Majesty's wrath, he became alarmed and fled to Saxony. Augustus, king of Saxony, having also heard of Bottger's fame, told one of his courtiers, Von Furstenberg, to hold the chemist prisoner in his castle, and force him to make gold. The unfortunate Bottger, thus made a captive, tried his very utmost to produce the precious metal, but all his efforts proved unsuccessful. However, during his attempts, he found that although he could not make gold coins, he could make a porcelain very like the Chinese ware, which was thought so much of at that time. When the King heard of this he became so pleased with the idea of producing porcelain that he forgave Bottger his failure to make gold, although he still kept him as a State prisoner, having provided him with a staff of workmen to assist him.

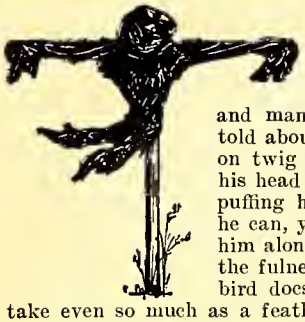
In his new character Bottger did some remarkable work, which gradually became finer and finer until the beautiful Saxon porcelain was known and spoken of all over Europe. The inventor took for his motto, 'Secret unto Death,' meaning that he and his workmen would never allow any one else to know how the wonderful china was made. But poor Bottger was not long to enjoy his triumph, for he died when quite a young man. Twenty years later a Viennese painter, named Herold, took his place, and developed the plain Bottger wares into the 'Old Dresden' which is now held so precious by collectors of antique china.

As time went on, many dishonest workmen learnt to make imitations of 'Old Dresden,' which they passed off as the real thing, and it is feared that the motto, 'Secret unto Death,' was no longer respected by those who were engaged in the genuine trade, so that the forgers could buy information and assistance which enabled them to make their imitations so exactly like the real that it was impossible for any one but a clever student of old china to tell the difference.

Many beautiful pieces of 'Old Dresden' are to be seen in our museums, while a number of private people possess some of this precious china. As the original porcelain can never be made again, the old clay being long since used up and the old artistry a thing of the past, enormous sums of money are given for a genuine piece of 'Dresden,' and these huge prices encourage the dishonest to continue to 'fake' copies, so that when a person is making a purchase, he should not fail to have the advice and opinion of some skilled judge.

THE WREN'S COMBAT.

A Scottish Legend.



THERE is not a bird in all Scotland more loveable than the Wren, and many is the tale which is told about him. When he stands on twig or stone, thrusting out his head as far as it will go, and puffing himself out as much as he can, you would think that to him alone belongs the world and the fulness thereof, and that the bird does not exist which could take even so much as a feather out of him.

It must be a long time since man began to observe the Wren; and some of the tales related about him are extremely old. Here is one which I have noted; and, in passing, it may be remarked that the Wren has at least one good point about him, which is that he is as late to bed as he is early astir. At all events, the particular wren I am about to tell you of was no sluggard—he and his mate and his family; for, as soon as ever the day began to dawn, they would be off together to the loch, to get their first drink of water before the sun appeared above the sky-line of the neighbouring hills.

Well, one day the Wren was standing on a stone by the side of the loch, and having his morning drink. As was customary with him, when not drinking he was strutting about the dry portion of the stone, anon thrusting out his breast, and at another time chirruping and twittering as pleased as Punch. When he would take a sip of water out of the loch, 'It is the less for that!' he would proudly exclaim, meaning thereby that if he continued drinking, the loch would be like to run dry.

Now, whilst the Wren was one day thus spending the time, it happened that a Frog came creeping out

"His mate and his family."

of her hole by the side of the loch, and began to seek her morning meal after the manner of frogs—that is to say by opening her mouth and putting out her tongue, and keeping her tongue out till the flies would alight on it, when, before the flies realised quite what was happening, the tongue would be withdrawn and the flies entrapped.

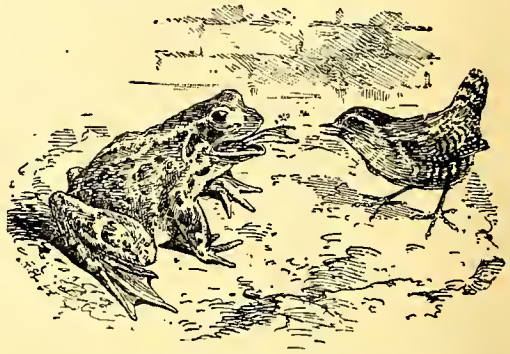
The Wren saw the Frog opening her mouth and putting out her tongue in the aforesaid manner, and he thought that she was mocking him. His rage enkindled and he swelled with anger; and, not to put too fine a point upon it, he used very bad language towards her, scolding and abusing the poor creature in the most violent manner, though the Frog herself was all unconscious of what was wrong.

'You ugly, sprawling, dirty thing!' he screamed. 'You are mocking me!'

'What have I done that you should use such violent language towards me?' inquired the Frog.

'How dare you, you ugly creature,' raged the Wren, 'put out your tongue at me in that manner? How dare you mock me?'

'Though I put out my tongue, replied the Frog,



"'You ugly, sprawling, dirty thing!'"

'it was not to mock you that I did it—or any other creature, so far as I am aware, though some there are who would not be so regardful of your feelings if they heard you saying, as I did just now, "It is the less for that," when you took a drink out of the loch.'

'If you only knew how very ugly you are,' retorted the Wren, 'you would not be trying to make fun of anybody or anything, no matter how low and ridiculous. But what's the good of speaking to you?—you're not worth the trouble. I and my family will shortly take flight and wing our way to yonder shore of the loch, there to spend the day flitting joyously from tree to tree, from grove to grove, and from bush to bush; whilst you, you poor, moist, ugly sprawler, are condemned to pass your time creeping about amongst these dismal rocks and stones—unless, perhaps, the Heron sights you, when short will be your day in the land of the living.'

Then the Wren made a bob or two more to his own folk, and he and they rose on the wing, and away they flew to the opposite side of the loch.

'The fattest flies are ever on the food which is furthest from us,' observed the Frog, as she began again to seek her food in the usual manner; and no other creature came to trouble her that day.

Restlessly and industriously, flitting about from bush to bush, and from twig to twig, with scarce a single stop, did the Wren and his family spend their day on the other side of the loch; but by the time the shades of night began to fall, it cannot be said that they had found even the half of the good things which in the morning they had expected to pick up on the further side of the water. Indeed, it was a somewhat crestfallen family which winged its way across the loch at eventide; and when the Wren himself again stood on the very same stone from which

he had scolded the Frog at dawn, not a note did he utter as he took his evening's drink out of the loch.

'If your looks, my poor creature, are any guide as to your recent fare, I'll make bold to say your crop is not too well lined just now,' said the Frog, as she raised herself out of her hole, and gazed at the Wren.

The Wren was in the act of raising his head, stretching out his neck and thrusting forward his

"A Stonechat alighted near him."

breast, before giving the Frog another sound scolding, when a Stonechat suddenly descended from the hillside and alighted near him.

'What is your business here?' said the Wren.

'What's your own business, if it is not an impolite question to address to one of your Majesty's size and importance?' replied the Stonechat.

'You have no right whatever to be on that stone,' said the Wren. 'And let me advise you to keep a civil tongue in your head.'

'I have no right to he on this stone?' echoed the Stonechat scornfully. 'True it is, then, that I have not; but tell me this: who took away the right from me and gave it to you?'

'Let the right be to him who can keep it,' replied the Wren.

'Then let us put it to the test,' said the Stonechat.

Now, inasmuch as his family was gathered round ahout him, and might surely he counted on to come to his assistance if the worst came to the worst, the Wren thought that he could safely bid defiance to the Stonechat, so loudly calling on his friends, he flitted to earth, and with much bustle and a great deal of strong language, put himself in posture to fight his challenger.

The Stonechat gazed coolly at the warrior in front of him, and observed: 'You have more zeal than discretion, I perceive, my lad!'

'You much prefer to he alone on the wing than in the thick of the fight,' retorted the Wren.

'I have not heard such hoasting from you since the day of your wedding,' remarked the Stonechat. 'You may possihly he ahle to recite me the lay which your neighbour, the Linnet, made on the day you were married.'

'Neither you, yourself, the Linnet, nor your like, will ever again set foot in dwelling of mine,' raged the Wren.

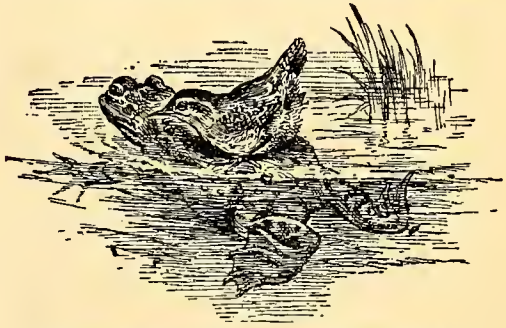
'That'll be, doubtless, on account of the extreme height of its front door,' sneered the Stonechat. 'But, if I rememher right, your wedding was not graced hy a very plentiful feast, nor was there much in your storehouse, otherwise the Linnet had never remarked:

'"There was not a single grain of wheat,
Not a vestige of anything to eat;
But you cocked your honnet
And went a-courting Mary."'*

The Wren was angry enough before the recital of these lines, hut when he heard the mocking Stonechat repeating them, he was stung to madness, so, from hohhing and posturing, he passed in a flash to the wildest capers and the most violent threats.

'Such rage by no means hecomes you,' said the Stonechat sarcastically. 'I think your family would be much hetter pleased to see you more suitahly employed.'

'If that's your opinion,' fumed the Wren, 'come on, and let the stronger heak decide the hattle.'



"The Frog and her burden began their passage of the river."

With a stroke or two of his wings, the Stonechat alighted on the ground close to the Wren, and the battle was in trim to be joined. But alas for the Wren! the allies whose help he expected had plainly no mind for the fray, though their chief, his heak to the ground, his wings outspread, and the feathers on his neck as erect and as stiff as quills, was as bold as hrass and as valiant as Fionn at the head of his heroes. He rushed at the Stonechat, striking with his wings and his heak and his spurs at the hreast

*In Scotland the female bird is not 'Jennie' as in England, but 'Mary.'

of his foe; and even that did not exhaust his strength, neither did it in the least discourage him when he received a rough tumble or two by way of return to his onslaught. But the Stonechat did not wait for a second attack from the Wren; instead, at him he went, and his very first blow put an end to the conflict. The Wren described a summersault in the air and then lay prone and still with his legs above his head. At the same moment his family took to flight, and the Stonechat did as many a victor has done before him—he left the wounded on the field and withdrew to spread the news.

That day came to an end as many a day has done before it, and will do until the end of all things; and in the evening's dew and in the refreshing coolness of the night the Frog crept out from her own retreat, and whilst she was crawling about in quest of food she heard a faint melancholy cheeping near her, and, raising her eyes, she saw a poor wee feathery creature crouching dismally by the side of a stone. Who was it but that saucy lad, the Wren—the same that had given her such a terrible scolding in the morning!

'Though proud was your flight, humble is your bed,' said the Frog. 'So this is the end of flittering about from bush to bush, from grove to grove, and from tree to tree, throughout the livelong day! Have you not been able to reach your nest yet?'

'I haven't, and I can't; and, what's more, in all probability I never shall as long as I live,' answered the Wren, in a melancholy voice.

'You're but a poor cheeper now, though you were proud enough in the morning,' continued the Frog. 'What's the matter with you?'

'I have been fighting with the Stonechat, and been beaten,' said the Wren.

'I have never before heard ill spoken of the Stonechat,' observed the other.

'We were fighting,' said the Wren, 'and he has broken my wing.'

'A case of the lapdog playing with the whale, I suppose,' remarked the Frog. 'Broke your wing, did he? I don't doubt a word of it; but you would have broken the wing of the Stonechat, had you been able to do so. It was clearly a case of diamond cut diamond, and, as both your intentions were the same, I cannot acquit you of blame. But what are you going to do now? You can't lie out here all night, or the Heron, who has the keen sight of an old maid, may come along and gobble you up—that is to say, if you don't make yourself even still smaller than you are at present. Are you not able to reach your nest?'

'Oh, woe is me!' wailed the Wren. 'I have no strength whatever to get to my nest. My wing is broken, and there's the river between me and it, and I can't swim.'

'Well, I can swim,' replied the Frog. 'It would be no difficult matter for me to carry you across, and the burden would not be great; and, since I don't like to see another in distress without doing what I can to help him, if you will climb up on to my back, I myself will take you across.'

'In that case my gratitude to you will be as deep as my reliance on you is great,' said the Wren.

Slowly and awkwardly, and with many a blundering step, the Frog began to crawl towards the river's brink, the wounded Wren dragging himself along, with infinite pain and difficulty, in the footsteps of his unlovely benefactor. Arrived at the water's edge, the Wren made a last supreme effort to place himself securely on the back of the Frog, and, though the exertion cost him dear, yet at last the feat was achieved, and the Frog and her burden began their passage of the river.

Now, once the Frog had put to water, the Wren was in another world. Instantly his opinion of his friend was entirely changed. He had no idea, and he would not have believed it for a moment had it been told him, that a clumsy, awkward creature like the Frog, whom he had always seen groping and sprawling about amongst rocks and stones, could swim like a seal. But when he saw how naturally and cleverly the Frog took to the water, 'I would give all my possessions to be able to swim as well as you,' he said.

'Possessions have nothing to do with the case,' observed the Frog, 'and even though they had, they would not suffice to ferry a wren. But now we are approaching the other side of the river. Have you far to go to reach your nest, once we are on dry land?'

'No,' replied the Wren. 'My nest is in yon clump of juniper up there. I shan't be long reaching it, though my progress will be but slow.'

When the Wren reached the land he said, 'I shall be in your debt as long as I live.'

'Not at all,' replied the Frog. 'That is of little value which necessity fails to teach us; but, before we part, permit me to give you a word or two of advice. In the first place, don't go fighting with Stonechats again; and, in the second, never again call those ugly, clumsy, and awkward whom God Himself has created.' Oisean MacGillonai.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 290.)

THE astrologer-doctor had partitioned off for his own private use a small corner of the stockade, and had retired to it after his midday meal. We walked over to his corner and called him by name, but as he did not answer I pulled aside the cloth which formed one side of his refuge and saw him lying at full length, fast asleep. I beckoned to Frank to peep in, and while we were admiring the comfortable way in which the astrologer-doctor meditated, the white monkey, who had accompanied us, sprang through the opening and hopped on to the sleeping man's chest. Frank and I jumped back instantly, for we did not wish the astrologer to think that we had been prying upon him. As we did so, there was an angry shout from the rudely awakened man, followed almost instantly by a struggle and the collapse of the astrologer's snuggery. Then we beheld the monkey sitting on his tail and making grimaces at the startled, angry man facing him. Suddenly the astrologer recognised that the disturber was a white monkey, and straightway prostrated himself. But Ted, who, in spite of the homage continually paid him, was neither more dignified nor better behaved than a common brown monkey, instantly jumped on to his neck, hopped along his body, and sprang from his heels to my shoulder.

The astrologer-doctor arose slowly from the ground, and, seeing us, exclaimed, 'The honourable white monkey has been pleased to disturb me in my meditations.'

'I trust that he has not driven from your mind the

subject on which you were meditating,' Frank said with great politeness.

'My lord, he has not,' the astrologer declared; 'and if the Keeper of the White Monkey will prevent his honourable animal from again approaching me, I will rebuild my room of study and resume my meditations.'

'But before you do so,' Frank said, 'we wish to consult you on a matter of great importance.'

'My lord, my wisdom shall be at your disposal,' the astrologer replied, with a patronising air which made me anxious to kick him.

Frank, without any further delay, asked whether he knew of a healthy spot in the neighbourhood to which we could move our camp.

'My lord,' the astrologer replied, 'if the vile dogs who refused to obey your honourable commands have left the neighbourhood, you must come to the village in which I live. I will say that you and your followers are my friends, and when the headman hears this he will welcome you and give you shelter and food. My lord, I will depart to my village at once. It will be known there whether or not the dogs who disobeyed you have left the neighbourhood. If they have gone, I will command the people of my village to prepare for you.'

'I like the idea very much,' Frank said to me; 'don't you?'

'Yes,' I admitted; 'but do you think the people will be as ready to take us in as our friend suggests?'

'If he says that they are to entertain us, they will assuredly do so; for in all villages the astrologer is more feared, and consequently more readily obeyed, than the headman. In fact, the headman himself usually stands in awe of him. I'll tell our friend that we agree to his proposal.'

The astrologer-doctor, on hearing that we were willing to take refuge in his village, left the stockade at once. About two hours later he returned. 'The vile dogs who refused to obey your honourable commands,' he said to Frank, 'left the neighbourhood before daybreak, and are now hurrying towards Bangkok, by river, in your boats. I have told the headman that you will return with me at once, and they are preparing houses for you to live in. My lord, are you and your honourable friends ready?'

'We are,' Frank replied, and gave the order for our little force to parade. Soon we were once more on the march, Frank and I carrying Tom in a litter.

At the entrance to the astrologer-doctor's village we were met by the inhabitants, a motley-looking gang, but exceedingly polite. Frank addressed a few words of thanks to the headman, who was, however, so deeply interested in the white monkey that he apparently did not hear them. In fact we soon found that Ted and I were the centre of attraction, for the inhabitants, after making obeisance, crowded round us, regarding us with respectful awe. Ted apparently objected to their presence, for he caught hold of the cockatoo-like tuft of hair which adorned the head of one man and gave it a vicious tug. The owner of the hair uttered a cry of mingled pain and fear; but his neighbours laughed loudly. Possibly they thought that if they showed any signs of disapproval, Ted would resent it and punish them in some magic way.

'You and that little imp of yours will be made a great fuss of here,' Frank said to me as we passed into the village. 'The people are delighted that the white monkey and his keeper have deigned to visit them.'

I soon discovered that Frank had accurately judged the reason of the villagers' welcome. The presence of Ted, and me, was regarded as a great honour to the village, which would probably bring good to every inhabitant. It was a very ridiculous idea, but Frank, Tom and I benefited by it. The best house in the village was placed at our disposal, and twelve men were told off to wait upon us.

Our first care, on taking possession of our new abode, was to make Tom comfortable. He had borne the removal from the stockade very well, and was greatly pleased when we placed his bed near the window, so that he could see the people outside. Soon there was much to interest us, as the villagers, in honour of our arrival, gave a mixed performance of dancing, singing, wrestling, and battledore and shuttlecock in front of our house.

'Will not all this excitement make our friend worse?' Frank said to the astrologer-doctor, who had taken up his residence with us.

'My lord, it will make him strong,' he replied.

This reply was somewhat surprising to Frank and me, but as the astrologer-doctor had been wonderfully successful with his treatment of Tom, it would have been ungracious of us to oppose him in this matter. It was fortunate that we did not do so, for Tom declared afterwards that he felt far better that evening.

Every day saw an improvement in his condition, but it was not until we had been five weeks in the village that we considered it wise to let him go with us to Bangkok.

When we had fixed on the day for our departure, the astrologer-doctor surprised us by declaring that he intended to go with us.

'For many years,' he said, 'an ignorant man made my countrymen at Bangkok believe that he is an astrologer, but the Brother of the Moon has discovered that he is a deceitful impostor, and has degraded him. Now, I am the wisest astrologer in Siam or Burma, and therefore I intend to go with you to Bangkok so that the Brother of the Moon may appoint me to the position of Court Astrologer.'

'But it is some time since the former astrologer was degraded,' Frank replied, 'and possibly the Brother of the Moon has already appointed his successor.'

'My lord, if what you say has happened, the man must be removed from his office. The honourable lord, the Keeper of the White Monkey, will be able to tell the Brother of the Moon that I am the cleverest man in Siam. Have I not saved the life of his and your friend?'

'Tell him,' I said to Frank, 'not to hope that my word will have any weight with the King.'

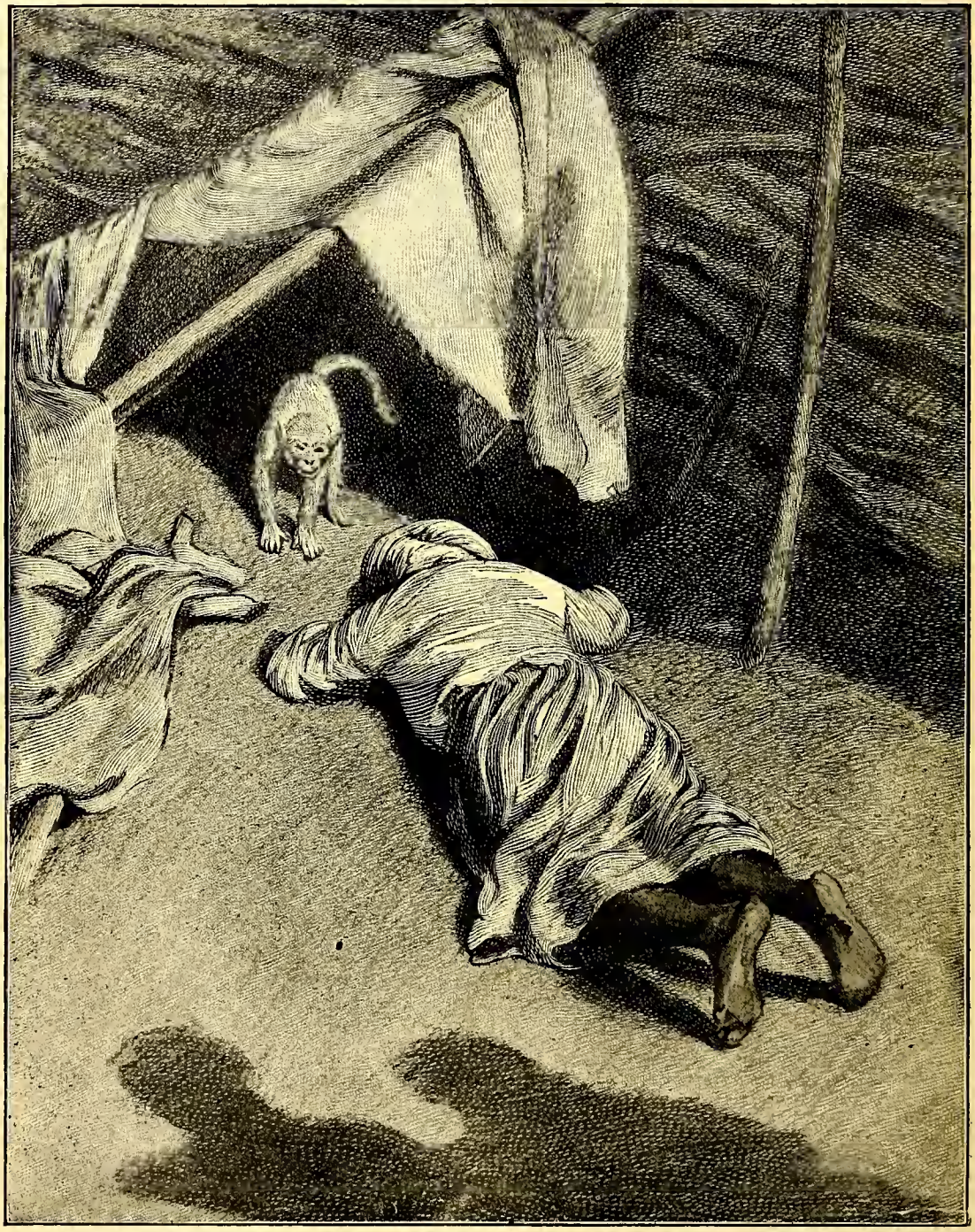
'I won't do that,' Frank replied. 'It would lower his opinion of you.'

'Very well, say what you like.'

'We are pleased to hear that you intend to go with us,' Frank said to the astrologer-doctor, 'and will do everything that we can to get you appointed Court Astrologer.'

'Now, my lords,' the astrologer-doctor said, when he had thanked us warmly, 'I will inform the headman that you wish to depart to-morrow morning.'

(Continued on page 310.)



"The astrologer prostrated himself before the monkey."

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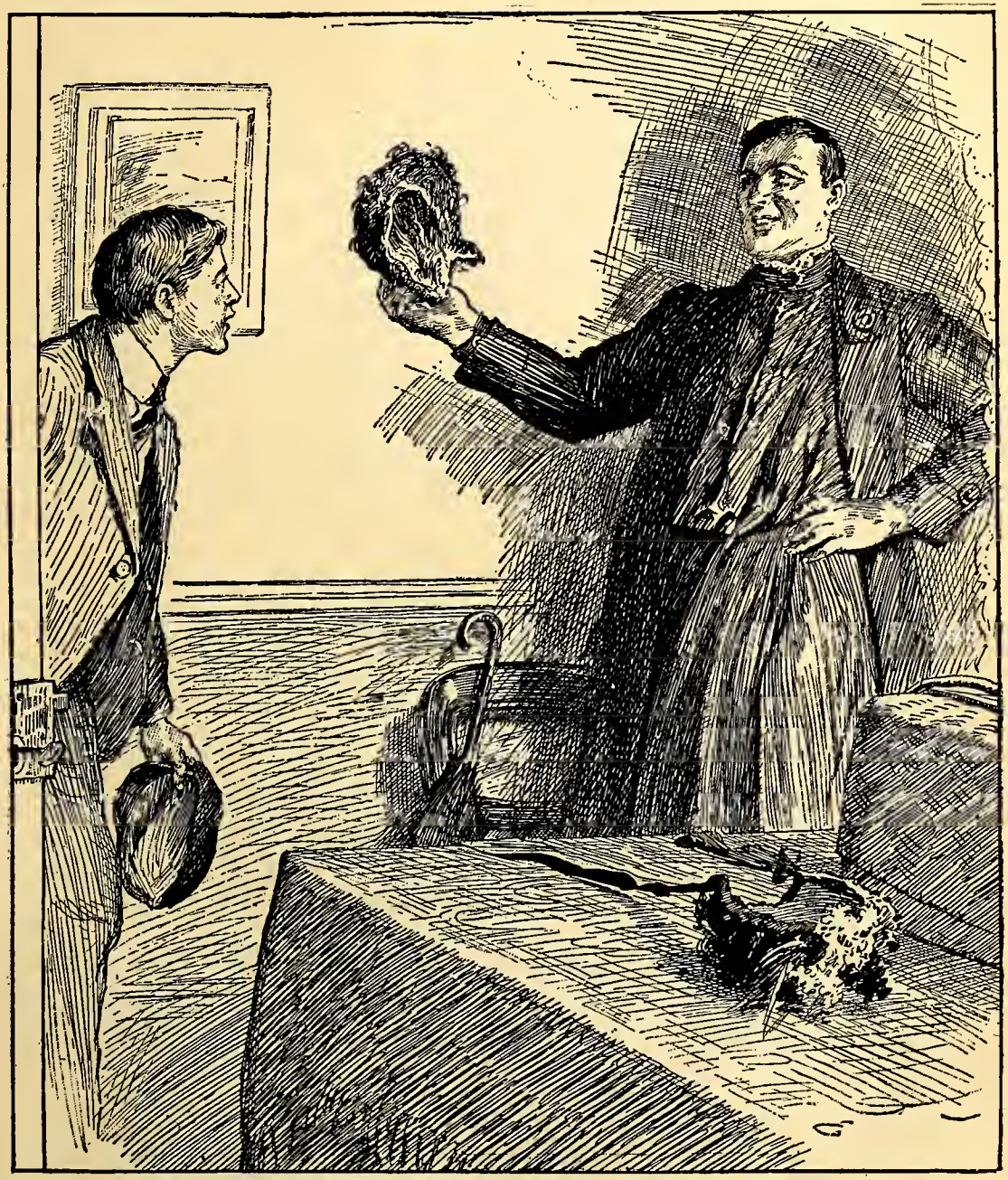


"Off came veil and bonnet, and then a wig."

THE HERO AND THE MAN.

ON ordinary commonplace days the town of Ledbury could muster a goodly showing of citizens, but on this eventful Tuesday it broke every record. Even the oldest inhabitant was forced to admit that he had never seen surpassed the muster of people now thronging the streets of Ledbury. Not only the inhabitants of the town itself, but those of its suburbs and the villages for miles around had assembled to greet the return of Captain Howard Denison, V. C.

The Captain's leave-taking had been regarded with indifference—in those days he was not a captain. He had been looked on as a very ordinary young man, too retiring to be popular, and too modest to have attracted much attention. But when the daily papers began to take notice of the young soldier's bravery at the front, Ledbury followed their example, and was well rewarded. Those who had enjoyed a speaking acquaintance with Howard Denison began to boast of the fact, and found themselves persons of importance; and by the time it was announced that the Victoria Cross was awarded to Captain Denison for a courageous gallantry that had earned the reward twice over, Ledbury went completely off its head with enthusiasm, and the youthful Captain was the hero of the countryside.

Although it was nearly two o'clock, most of Ledbury's population had been waiting in the streets since the morning. No one knew accurately by which train the hero would arrive: in his brief note home he had mentioned Tuesday afternoon. But the Denison carriage met each train, and the crowd collected long before the first train could get down from London.

Donald Macbeth and his chums had secured a front position near the market square, and strenuously resisted every attempt made to force them into the background. In all the gathering there was no keener hero-worshipper than Donald Macbeth, and he was resolved that no one should rob him of his point of vantage.

The church clock sounded two strokes, and a murmur ran through the crowd.

'He has missed the one-thirty; he'd have been here by now.'

'There isn't another train before four-fifteen,' said some one, but no one thought of moving away: another two hours and a half's waiting could not damp their ardour.

It was a few minutes later that a diversion caught the interest of the populace; apparently there was one solitary individual indifferent to the event of the day. Donald looked round and saw a tall, somewhat dishevelled woman struggling to force a way through the throng. Her bonnet was askew and her veil draggled. In one hand she carried a bulky straw travelling-basket, from which the straps every now and then threatened to slip. She was asking the way to the West Station—for Ledbury boasted two railway stations, some distance apart. She was trying to catch the quarter to three train, she said, whereat her listener shook his head good-naturedly. 'You can't get through in time, ma'am,' he assured her.

'But I must—I must,' repeated the woman, in evident distress.

'She'd do it if any one would help her,' observed Donald. 'If one of those chaps would go ahead and help force a way, it might be managed.'

'Go ahead yourself, Don,' laughed a friend. 'Who's going to lose the chance of seeing our Captain after waiting all this time? You wouldn't.'

When it was put in this practical way, Donald saw the absurdity of trying to help the distressed woman.

'Rather not,' he agreed, and then began to wonder. Donald was an unusually thoughtful boy, and although he could not have put his ideas into words, even to himself, his admiration for Captain Denison went much deeper than he could have explained. It was an admiration for courage in the whole, rather than for one or two particular instances of bravery; it was the spirit of daring and chivalry that appealed to Donald—the spirit that would prompt noble deeds which might never be guessed at by other people. This was the spirit which he felt must inspire the Captain, and which he himself earnestly and secretly longed to imitate.

Something of this flashed through his mind as he watched the woman trying to push a way through: a sudden uncomfortable feeling that a man like Captain Denison would be ready to help a weaker person at whatever cost to himself. He hesitated; it was too much to expect him to sacrifice this pleasure he had waited so long for. Yet Donald's conscience was an honest one, and had a keen knowledge of right and wrong, and the boy would obey it, even though it were unwillingly. He turned, and vigorously thrust his way to the side of the untidy woman.

'I will try to help you through, ma'am,' he said, rather gruffly. 'Let me have your bag.'

And he did his best; knowing so many of the waiting people, he understood at once who would be most likely to give way. Resolutely he pressed on, the dress-basket on his head. Nevertheless the journey was slow, and the clock had struck the three-quarters before the station was reached. Donald paused, mopped his forehead, and looked for the first time at his companion, now more dishevelled than ever.

'I'm sorry,' he said, still speaking rather abruptly, 'there's another train at four o'clock. Better come in to our house and rest. It's quite near. Every one is out, but I know how to make a cup of tea.'

The other did not answer for a minute, then said, 'Thanks, I will.'

Donald found the latchkey and opened the door. Although still smarting under his disappointment, he did not mean to shirk his task.

'If you will rest in the parlour,' he said, 'I will get some tea in half a jiffy.'

'Wait a moment!'

Donald started at the changed voice.

'Look here, old chap, you seem a good sort, and I'm going to trust you.'

Off came veil and bonnet, and then a wig, and before Donald's amazed eyes revealed a man's bronzed face, familiar these many weeks past in every illustrated paper. The bronze colour seemed to become redder under Donald's startled gaze.

'"See the conquering hero comes!"' laughed Captain Denison. 'You didn't guess?'

'No!' gasped Donald.

'They told me the streets were being decorated and the brass bands practising,' explained the officer, 'and I—well, I funked it. I dressed up like this, and

No. XXXI. X.

"Menelik began tugging at the bedclothes."

MENELIK.

A True Dog Story.

MENELIK was a poodle belonging to two Italian brothers, Alfredo and Michele G——, of twelve and thirteen years old. In December 1908 the boys and their dog went to Messina, on the shores of the blue Mediterranean, with a company of travelling actors, to give entertainments at Christmas and the New Year, in which Menelik was to take his part. The part he really did take was beyond the greatest expectation of that little acting company.

In the early dawn of the 28th of December, when all in the beautiful old city of Messina were sleeping, Menelik suddenly jumped up and began running to and fro between the boys' bed and the door, tugging at the bedclothes, whining and barking so loudly that not only Alfredo and Michele were awakened, but every one else in the inn too. All rushed out of their rooms, feeling sure that they would find thieves breaking into the house if not already inside, stealing their goods; but no! no one was about, and when they all followed Menelik out into the street, still he went on barking and whining. Some of the people were angry at being roused from their sleep for nothing, and began to scold poor Menelik and to beat him. But suddenly the ground under their feet began to roll and heave as if they were on a ship tossed by waves! There was a cry: 'Il Terremoto!' and the walls of the inn began to sway and then fell outward; every one rushed for safety into the piazze or squares, as far as possible from the falling houses.

That night many thousands of people were killed in the earthquake by the houses falling on them, but God knew about each one: He knew who should leave this world and who should be spared, and He spared all the people in that inn by means of Menelik the poodle.

The King and Queen of Italy and the Princess Letizia and many kind-hearted ladies helped the poor homeless people, providing them with food and shelter and nursing the wounded. Those who could travel were sent to the large cities, where homes were found for them; and Alfredo, Michele, and Menelik, with many other refugees, were sent to Turin, where the doors of a monastery were thrown open to them. For a night or two the boys and their dog were sheltered there, but the big house was overcrowded, and they had to be told that by the rules of the monastery none but men might be admitted. Menelik, alas! could not answer to that description! besides which, he had a big appetite, and there was barely enough food for the two-legged inmates!

Alfredo and Michele absolutely refused to be parted from the faithful friend who had saved their lives. They said they would rather wander homeless in the streets than let Menelik be turned out alone; and then the youngest boy, Michele, said he was quite sure that if the Princess Letizia, who had been so good to the sufferers from the earthquake, could hear about Menelik, she would help them. So they left the monastery and got their living for a few days in the streets with their dog. Meanwhile a letter was sent to the Princess Letizia, and their faith in that lady's kindness was justified, for she found a home for them and made provision for Menelik and his little masters. L. G. Craig.

THE LESSONS OF ADVERSITY.

SIR THOMAS STAMFORD RAFFLES was a distinguished traveller and naturalist (1781-1826), who, although he enjoyed a very useful and prosperous career, met also with severe trials.

For a long time, he says, every wish of his heart was gratified. When his troubles came upon him he was Lieutenant-Governor of Bencoolen, in the island of Sumatra. Hitherto his children had been healthy, happy, and wise. They used to accompany their father when in the early morning he would ride round the villages to inspect the plantations and encourage the native workers. Then, one sad day, Sir Stamford's dearest child sickened, and died in a few hours; and from that time until his return to England sickness and death afflicted his household. Within six months he lost his three eldest children.

He bore his trials with truly Christian resignation. His poor wife, however, after the first death, shut herself up in a darkened room, away from her remaining children. But a native woman had the courage to tell her mistress that she was wrong, and that, instead of repining at her loss, she ought to be thankful for having had such a beautiful child even for a short time.

In 1824, Sir Stamford, forced by ill-health to return to England, embarked in the Fame. At night, as he was preparing to go to bed, he heard a cry of 'Fire!' The flames were just beneath his cabin. The boats were promptly lowered, and all were got off with the exception of one sick man, who had been forgotten in the general hurry and confusion. But he managed to reach the deck and leap overboard, and the captain, running his boat under the ship's bowsprit, picked him up. The progress of the fire was very rapid. At eight-twenty the alarm was given, and by eight-thirty all the passengers had quitted the ship. Ten minutes later she was 'one grand mass of fire.'

Had the ill-fated Fame been in mid-ocean when the fire broke out, matters would have been much worse. As it was, the boats (by the light of the burning ship) were safely steered towards the shore, and in the early morning their occupants were taken off by a passing vessel.

All lives were saved, but Sir Stamford Raffles sustained a loss of property valued at about twenty thousand pounds. 'The whole of my drawings,' he says, 'between two and three thousand—all my descriptions and papers, all my collections of animals, birds, and fishes have perished; but, thank God, our lives have been spared, and we do not repine.'

The very next day he began again his large map of Sumatra, and set men to work at new drawings and collections; and on the following Sunday he publicly returned thanks to Almighty God for the preservation of his life and the lives of his fellow travellers.

So we see that Stamford Raffles was a brave scholar in the School of Adversity. After his arrival in England he was enabled to carry out one of his favourite projects, which was the formation of the Zoological Society of London. Of this Society Sir Stamford became president, and to its interests he devoted himself until his death on June 5th, 1826.

E. D.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 303.)

THE headman, on hearing of our decision, came to us quickly, and besought us to prolong our visit. He was a hospitable man, but his reason for desiring us to remain in his village was not entirely unselfish. The news that the Keeper of the White Monkey and his precious charge were residing in the village had spread far and caused hundreds of people to flock into it. Many of these, possessed of an idea that they would gain some benefit by being near the white monkey, settled in the village, and during our stay the population of the place had doubled. The headman thus found himself, without any exer-

tion on his part, in authority over a more important village than he had ever expected to rule; but he knew that after the departure of the white monkey the population would dwindle to its former low figure—a state of affairs which he wished to avert.

But his endeavours to persuade us to stay were useless, and on the following morning we departed. Every man, woman, and child turned out to have a last look at the white monkey, and to bestow upon him a parting present of fruit, or some other dainty. Fortunately Ted was not a glutton, and when he had eaten four plaintains he amused himself by snatching the gifts held out to him and tossing them into the air—a proceeding which highly delighted the givers. Apparently, in their opinion, the white monkey could do nothing wrong. He had accepted their gifts, and they did not in the least mind how he disposed of them.

'Thank goodness, that is all over,' Frank declared, when we were at last clear of the village and Ted's admirers. 'I thought we should never get away from your monkey's friends. I propose that the next time we meet any native, we hide him, so that we shall not be delayed by their absurd attentions.'

'I won't hide him,' I declared. 'Ted has got us out of several scrapes, and I am very proud of him.'

'I believe you are quite fond of the little rascal.'

'I am. And when I leave this country, he shall go with me.'

'It's not much good talking about leaving this country just yet. We have to face his Fatness, and I feel sure that those rascally native officers have endeavoured to poison his mind against us. However, let us be happy and hope for the best.'

And truly we were happy on that march. Frank, Tom, and I banished all thoughts of any trouble which might be awaiting us, and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. Our men, whom five weeks of good living and idleness had made somewhat lazy, were at first dispirited by the tiring marches which they had to make, but after a few days they too brightened up.

We had brought with us sufficient provisions to last for several days, and there was therefore no necessity for us to follow a route which would lead us to a village. The astrologer-doctor led us through the jungle and over hills, and struck every river at a spot where it was fordable. Sometimes when the jungle was extra dense our progress was slow, but whenever any of us grumbled, the astrologer-doctor assured us that although we were travelling slowly, we should arrive at our destination fully a day earlier than if we had travelled by the better-known track.

Several days passed without anything of importance occurring. Then we began to run short of provisions.

'My lord,' the astrologer-doctor said, when Frank informed him that we should require fresh supplies for the night, 'there is a village about two miles from here. We will turn off to the right and go to it.'

I think that we were all pleased at the prospect, for marching through the jungle becomes very monotonous after two or three days, but a surprise was in store for us. Instead of being cordially greeted, as we had expected, the villagers no sooner saw us than they hurried into their huts and would not come out again.

'The Keeper of the White Monkey has brought his sacred charge for you to make obeisance to,' the astrologer-doctor proclaimed aloud, but the people took no notice. Then he grew angry and strode away to the headman's house, which, with the exception of the watt or temple, was the most important building in the village. He entered it, but we remained outside discussing the strange behaviour of the natives.

'It is my opinion,' Tom said, 'that the native officers did not wait until reaching Bangkok to begin defaming us, but abused us in every village through which they passed.'

'I think you are right,' Frank assented, 'for I can account for their behaviour in no other way. At any rate, the astrologer-doctor will soon let us know whether or not our suspicion is correct.'

'He's talking very loudly,' I remarked, hearing our guide's voice.

'Frightening the headman,' Tom declared. 'Threatening to wither him up or strike him blind if he does not obey him. In a few minutes the headman will be obedient as a tame elephant.'

Tom spoke truly. When the astrologer-doctor came out of the house he was accompanied by the headman—a fierce, cut-throat-looking fellow, who was, however, very meek. Having made obeisance to the white monkey, the headman hurried to a hut near by and commanded the man who lived there to sell us rice and any other provisions which we might desire. This man, who appeared to be a general provision merchant, at first refused flatly to serve us, but when the headman threatened to have his flesh cut with red-hot scissors, and the astrologer-doctor promised to add other and more fearful tortures, he changed his mind.

Having procured our provisions, Frank turned to summon our men to come forward and receive their portion, but to his surprise saw them crowded around a bare-footed, shaven-headed, yellow-robed talapoin who was addressing them.

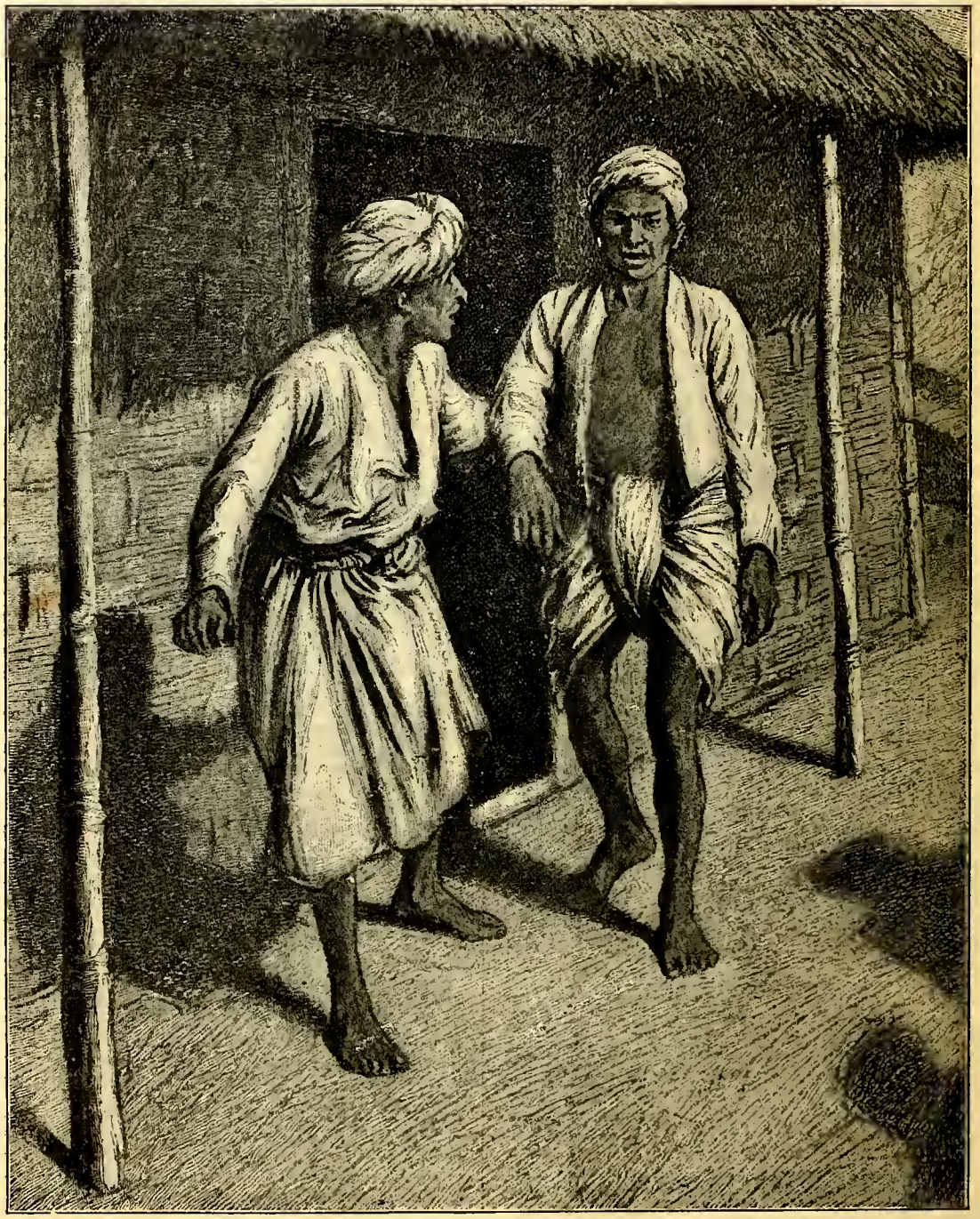
'What is the meaning of this?' Frank exclaimed, calling our attention to the crowd.

'Some villainy, we may be sure,' Tom replied. 'We had better bring that talapoin's speech to a close at once.'

The talapoin did not, however, wait for us to interfere. Seeing us approach he scowled at us, and then, turning his back on us, marched away.

Knowing that if we asked our men what the talapoin had said, they would reply that he had been repeating wise precepts for their benefit, we made no remark whatever concerning the holy man, but marched them away to where the food was awaiting them. There was a restlessness about them as they received their provisions that struck us as being very suspicious, and we determined to keep a sharp watch on them in case the talapoin should have urged them to revolt and massacre us. Until that hour we had had perfect confidence in our men, but we knew that at the bidding of a talapoin the most trustworthy servant would become a murderer. I do not wish you to imagine that the talapoins were in the habit of inciting to murder, for I believe that they are, as a body, good men: but they have tremendous influence over the people, and the talapoin whom we had just seen evidently disliked us. He had, perhaps, declared that the 'water-rats' ought to be killed—an opinion which would be sufficient to raise in his hearers a desire to carry it out.

(Continued on page 314.)



"The astrologer doctor was accompanied by the headman."

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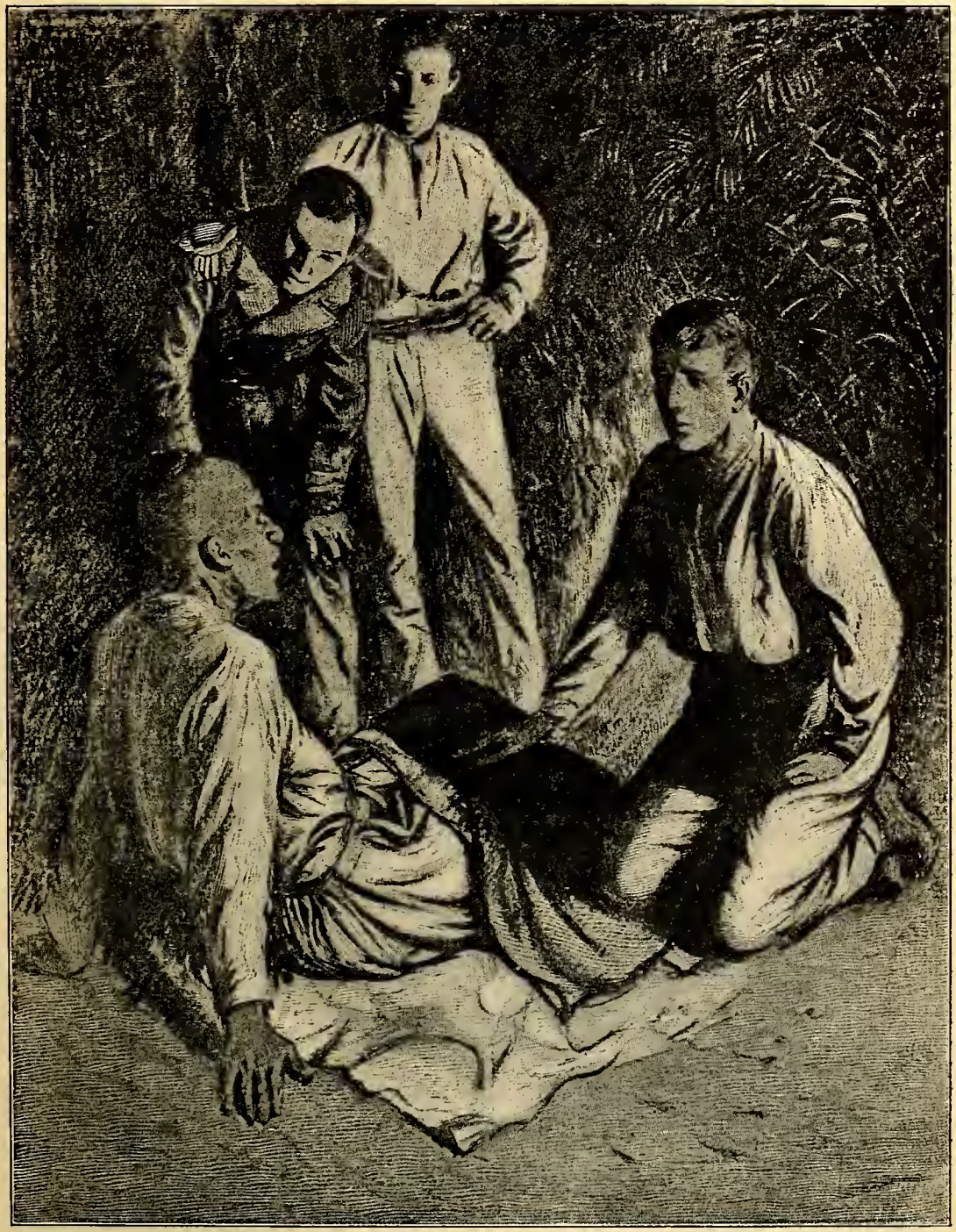


"He was almost dumb with astonishment."

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 311.)

WHEN we marched out of the village, Frank, Tom and I walked at the rear of the force, so that we could see all that happened and guard against being surprised.

'They seem to be quieting down,' Frank remarked, when we had marched about a furlong.

'Perhaps they have noticed that we are suspicious,' Tom replied. 'We must not allow them to put us off our guard.'

'By-the-bye, Frank,' I joined in, 'what explanation has the astrologer-doctor given of the villagers' behaviour?'

'I have not had time to ask him for it,' Frank replied, 'but I will do so at once.'

Our guide, who was walking some yards ahead of us, hurried back on hearing Frank call him.

'My lord,' he said, in reply to Frank's question, 'I have been waiting for you to utter these words. Alas! it is a sad story which I must tell you. The dogs who refused to obey your honourable commands have spoken to the Brother of the Moon words that are untrue, and his Majesty believes them. Two days ago the news of his Majesty's wrath reached the village which we have recently quitted, and it was because the people feared his displeasure that they were unfriendly to you.'

The news that our cowardly enemies had succeeded in setting his Majesty against us, although not unexpected, made us feel somewhat depressed. We had discussed the possibility of their being successful, and now there was nothing for us to do but act as we had decided—go straight to his Majesty and denounce the treacherous leaders of the spearmen and bowmen.

'Ask him,' I suggested after a few moments' silence, 'what the talapoin was saying to our men.'

Frank did so, but the astrologer-doctor was not inclined to reply.

'My lord,' he said, 'they were foolish words, and not worthy to be repeated.'

'But I wish to hear them,' Frank declared firmly. 'I insist upon your telling me.'

'My lord, I will obey you. The virtuous talapoin declared that you were "water-rats," and that the Brother of the Moon would kill you. Then he told your men that if they remained with you they too would be killed, and declared that they were very foolish to die when by deserting you they might live. My lord, the virtuous talapoin is a bad man, and your brave soldiers have not taken his advice. They know that I possess more wisdom than fifty talapoins, and when I told them not to obey him, they thought no more of what he had said.'

'We thank you,' Frank replied.

The astrologer-doctor, finding that we had nothing more to say to him, hurried on to the position he usually occupied when on the march.

'Well,' Frank said, when he had departed, 'the worst has happened, but I see no reason for altering our plans. To attempt to escape would be useless and be considered as a sign of guilt. Moreover, I do not despair of making his Fatness understand the truth. Once before he was displeased with me, but I obtained an audience and soon proved to him that his courtiers had deceived him.'

Although Frank spoke hopefully, I do not think that he really believed we should live to leave the country, and Tom and I felt certain that we were doomed. Nevertheless, we tried to be cheerful; we chatted gaily on various subjects, and amused ourselves by watching the antics of the white monkey.

It was not until two o'clock in the morning that we bivouacked, as Frank was determined to get to Bangkok as quickly as possible. Having posted our sentries and seen everything made secure for the night, Tom and I lay down to sleep.

It seemed to me that I had barely closed my eyes when I felt some one pulling my legs, and heard Frank exclaiming, 'Wake up, wake up!'

'What has happened?' I asked, jumping up.

'Our fellows have deserted,' he replied.

'All of them?'

'Every one.'

'The astrologer-doctor?'

'No. He is fast asleep.'

'Did they go off in a body?' Tom asked.

'I really cannot say. I noticed that the nearest sentry was not where I had posted him, and got up to see where he was. Then to my surprise I found that every man had disappeared. They must have crept off very quietly.'

'The talapoin's advice has been the cause of it,' Tom declared; 'but for that I feel certain that the men would have remained loyal to us.'

Frank made no reply, but Tom and I could see that the desertion of the men whom he had trained, and of whom he had been proud, was a heavy blow.

'Well,' he said, a few minutes later, 'we shall have to proceed to Bangkok unattended.'

'You forget the astrologer-doctor,' I replied. 'Let us awake him.'

That worthy individual was snoring loudly, and we had some difficulty in arousing him, but when he did awake and heard what had happened, he was almost dumb with astonishment. Recovering from his surprise, he held up his hands and spoke rapidly and angrily. The light from our fire fell on him, and never before or since have I seen such a fierce expression on a sane man's face. 'What is he saying?' I asked, somewhat awe-stricken.

'He is abusing the deserters,' Frank replied.

'I cannot understand why he should be so angry,' Tom remarked, 'unless it is because the rascals preferred the talapoin's advice to his.'

'That is the reason,' Frank declared; 'but, of course, he will not admit it. However, we need not waste time discussing him. Let us all have a good sleep and be ready for whatever to-morrow has in store for us.'

Frank's suggestion struck us as being good, and placing fresh fuel on the expiring fires and kindling two or three fresh ones—making, in fact, a circle of them around our camping ground—we lay down and slept.

I was the first to awake. The day was breaking and a mist hung over the open space in which we lay. The fires had nearly burned out and I was shivering. Getting up, I piled some wood on the nearest one and soon had it well ablaze.

The crackling of the wood aroused Frank. 'Where is the astrologer-doctor?' he asked, after glancing around.

'I say!' I exclaimed, 'I forgot all about him. I have not seen him since I awoke.'

'Then he has gone—rats desert a sinking ship. I thought last night that his indignation was too strong to be genuine. He is fond of studying the stars; if ever I have the good fortune to meet him, I will make him see more than he will care about.'

While Frank was speaking I aroused Tom, who received the news of the astrologer-doctor's desertion with a shrug of his shoulders. 'Well,' he said, a few minutes later, 'he saved my life, so I won't speak ill of him. Probably he feared that being found in our company would ruin his chances of becoming Court Astrologer.'

'If he had said that he wished to leave, I should have raised no objection,' Frank declared. 'It is his sneaking away that annoys me. But come, let us have something to eat and be off.'

Acting on Frank's suggestion, we warmed some of our cooked rice and ate it hurriedly; then, leaving our fires still burning, we began our last day's march.

(Continued on page 322.)

THE RIVALS.

IT was nearly four o'clock, and the books were all being collected and put away before school was dismissed. At last everything was ready, and the boys sat with folded arms waiting for Mr. Knight, the head master, to take prayers. But before doing so he had a few words to say.

'Boys,' he said, 'the Squire has been to see me to-day, and he has given me a message for those of you who have gardens at the school. He is pleased to see how well some of you manage them, and to encourage you he has very kindly offered to give two prizes for the two best gardens next July. The first prize will be ten shillings, and the second five shillings. Now, you have nearly six months before then, so that all have a good chance, even if their gardens have been rather neglected before. But let me remind you that gardening is like everything else: if you want to get good results, you must work at it steadily, not by fits and starts.'

When the boys came out of school there was nothing talked of but the prizes for the gardens.

'Ten shillings!' exclaimed Tom Jackson. 'Isn't that a lot of money? I mean to work hard to try to get it, and then I can buy some good tools for myself, and still have some money to put in the savings-bank.'

'I wish I could win it,' said Tony Bilton, with a sigh.

Tony was a cripple, and could not walk without the help of a stick.

'What should you do with it?' asked Tom.

'Well,' said Tony, 'I want to buy a tricycle. I have been saving up for ever so long, and I have two shillings. Of course I could never ride a bicycle, but I could manage a tricycle, and then I could go into the town and do the shopping for mother. I could get one cheap second-hand.'

Tom and Tony lived in a small hamlet where there were no shops. The nearest town was three miles away, and every Saturday the villagers used to go there to do their shopping. Mrs. Bilton was a poor widow, and Tony was her only child. He was not able to walk so far as the town, so Mrs. Bilton had to go after she came back from her work.

At first all the boys were working at their gardens every minute they had to spare. But soon some of them began to get tired. They thought they could easily catch up again by working hard the last month; but when that time came they found they had made a mistake.

It was already the end of June, and there were only a few more weeks before it would be decided.

Most of the gardens looked very nice, and so Tom Jackson thought as he looked at them. He and Tony Bilton were two who had worked hard all the time, and now it would have been hard to say which of the two gardens looked the better.

'I feel sure I should win the first prize if it were not for Tony,' said Tom to himself. 'I think his sweet peas are a bit better than mine; but then, my violas are very fine,' and he pulled out a weed he had suddenly caught sight of.

Tom had been very ambitious. He had marked out a Maltese cross with string on his square. He had outlined this with a row of violas, then behind he had planted mignonette and blue cornflowers. In the middle were planted sweet peas, while the spaces outside the cross were filled in with virginia stocks. It was really very pretty indeed.

Tony was not at work to-day, and had not been to school. He was away the day before too. Tom began to wonder why it was. On his way home he passed Mrs. Bilton standing at her garden gate. He stopped and asked her where Tony was.

'He is ill in bed,' she said, her eyes filling with tears, 'and he keeps making himself worse by worrying about his garden. Poor lad, I would buy him his tricycle if I could afford it, but it is hard work to buy food for us and keep a roof over our heads.'

'I'm sorry he's bad,' said Tom, as he turned away. But was he really sorry? He could not help thinking that now he should be sure of the prize. If Tony's sweet peas were not attended to, they would all be gone to seed by the time the Squire came to judge the gardens.

But soon better thoughts came. 'Poor Tony! After all, he wants the money more than I do,' thought Tom. 'I can run about anywhere, and I have a father to look after me too.'

He turned round and went back to Mrs. Bilton. 'Tell Tony I will see to his garden for him till he is able to look after it for himself,' he said, and ran off before Mrs. Bilton had time to thank him.

He almost neglected his own garden to attend to Tony's. 'Tony will be sure to get the first prize now,' he said, and though he could not help feeling just a little disappointed, yet it was worth it to see how much brighter and better Tony seemed, and how pleased he was when Tom went in to tell him how well his garden was looking.

Before the time was up, Tony was well and back at school again. The day came at last, and all the boys waited breathless with excitement to know who had won the prizes.

The Squire made a short speech, and then he said: 'I have found it most difficult to decide which garden really deserves the first prize. The two best

"'Tell Tony I will see to his garden for him,' he said."

seem to be equal. They belong to Tom Jackson and Tony Bilton.'

'Oh, give it to Tony,' called out Tom, forgetting he was in school.

The Squire smiled, and went on: 'So I have decided to give ten shillings as first prize to each of them.'

Marca Minett.

SOME ENGLISH TREES.

VIII.—THE ELM.

TOM HOOD prefaces his poem on the 'Mysterious Tree' by a well-known quotation from As You Like It:—

'And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees.'

The burden of Hood's poem is founded on the curious moaning sounds associated with elms, and any one who has sat, stood, or walked for long together beneath a row of these leafy giants will catch the meaning of his song:

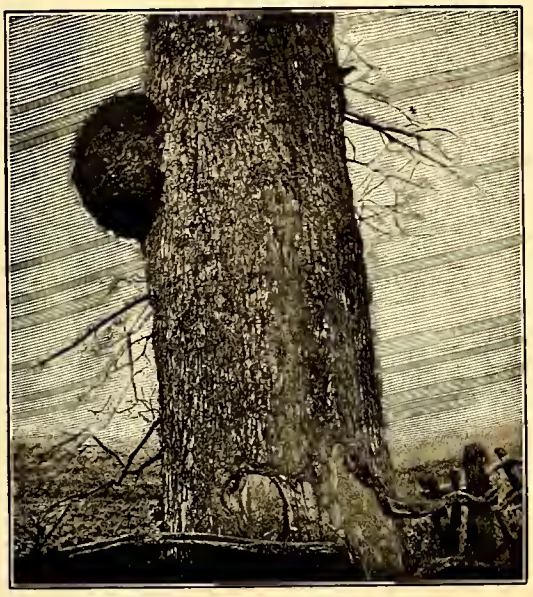
'One mystic tree alone there is
Of sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmurs overhead,
And sometimes underground,
In all that shady avenue
Where lofty elms abound.'

The poet sees visions of the connection of the elm-tree with humanity, and refers to the possibility that its trunk may some day come to form the coffin of a lonely pauper, coffin-making being one of the chief uses of the wood.

'The tattered, lean, dejected wretch
Who begs from door to door,
And dies within the cressy ditch
Or on the barren moor,
The friendly elm shall lodge and clothe
That houseless man and poor.'

Indeed, Hood goes on to predict that the particular tree which is singing its dirge to him may one day furnish his own last resting-place.

Elm Tree in Foliage.



Elm Tree Trunk, showing Growth of Bark.

Elm Tree in Winter.

belief in the mysterious power of the elm was formerly so general that it was the custom to plant a wych-elm over the lych-gate giving entrance to the churchyard, so that its shadow might prevent the approach of witch or spirit of evil. Dairymaids also held a strong belief that a spray from the church tree would make the butter come more easily, and save much labour in churning.

Apart from legends, the elm is one of the favourite trees in cultivation. English elms are celebrated throughout the world for size, usefulness, and beauty. Asia, North America, and most parts of Europe rejoice in several species. Twelve varieties (with three or four other trees) form the small natural order of the Ulnaceae, or trees not producing catkins.

Elms often attain a height of a hundred feet or more, with a trunk of twenty to thirty feet round. The bark is grey, of a cork-like substance, and, as age advances, is scored by upright furrows of some depth, which have a most picturesque effect. The trunk often has upon it large growths, or nodules, the work of a parasite.

Single trees are grown as ornaments in parks and pleasure-places, in which, the horizontal growth of the branches being unimpeded, the form resembles that of the oak, and is often very beautiful. Usually, however, these trees are planted in avenues or hedgerows, and in the former stand like pillars in the aisles of a vast cathedral, connected with arches of delicate tracery. Rooks love to haunt such places, and to nest amongst the young leaves, which in April crown the uppermost branches, spreading their leafy mantle lower as the season advances.

Low-lying lands and fairly warm localities are most congenial to elms. When growing in gravel or very light soil, they spread out their roots near the surface, so that they may be watered by the drippings from the overhanging branches. Unhappily, however, these surface roots have slight hold upon the ground, and it is a sad sight to see one or more of these grand trees lying prostrate after a summer gale, when the hold of the root is not strong enough to resist the wind-pressure.

Legend says that elms were first brought to England by the Crusaders, and they are usually supposed to be foreign trees, mainly because they seldom ripen their seeds in our country, but are propagated by layers after the manner of osiers.

The wood is of great value for its strength, toughness, and closeness of grain. It also has the power of resisting the influence of water, and so is much used in ship-building, and for foundation-piles and other purposes where damp is present. The great knots or bosses on the trunk are valuable in cabinet-work, and take a beautiful polish; indeed, all parts of the wood have their own value.

The bark is used in dyeing and sugar-refining, whilst the inner bark has medicinal qualities. The wych or Scotch elm ranks next to the English elm in value, and is supposed to surpass it in beauty, its less formal growth giving a more picturesque appearance than

> 'The tall abounding elm that grows
> In hedgerows up and down
> The field and forest, copse and park,
> And in the peopled town,
> With colonies of noisy rooks
> That nestle on its crown.'—Hood.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL ARTIST.

A SMALL pale face stared wistfully out over the white gate into the shady road, where the sunlight was making a curious, chequered pattern with the leaves. To the right lay the sleepy little town of Ashborough, and to the left stretched a wide expanse of common—happy hunting-ground of Bobbie Lennox when he was allowed to go there with Father or Nurse.

To-day, however, as he stood there, kicking the palings with a sturdy brown boot, Bobbie felt a sense of injury. Time hung heavy on his hands. Mother and Father were both away, and would not return till long after Bobbie and his brother Miles were safe in bed; and a long afternoon stretched before him, to be got through somehow. Turning his head, Bobbie could see his little brother, clad in holland overall, gravely pulling up plants in his garden to inspect their growth.

Little Miles, with his blue eyes and long fair curls, was very placid and good-tempered. He usually firmly refused to follow Bobbie in his escapades, having learnt that they generally ended in trouble; while, as for Master Bobbie, he was like a bit of quicksilver, and a regular handful.

Bobbie sauntered round to join his brother, but, as he skirted a tall cedar, a splash of paint on the seat beneath caught his eye.

Instantly a bright idea flashed into his brain, an idea so exciting that he quivered all over, and started to run towards the house.

'Where are you going, Bobbie?' called Miles.

Bobbie wheeled round impatiently. Miles was too small to be trusted with so important a secret. 'You go on with your digging; I'm busy,' he cried.

And Miles, rebuked, resumed his gardening.

Once safe in the nursery, Bobbie dragged a chair to the cupboard, and reached down his money-box. He turned the contents into his palm—one shilling and twopence—all in coppers. Bobbie liked coppers; he could jingle them in his pocket like Father.

In a few minutes he was speeding down the road to Ashborough; no thought of disobedience entered his mind. He knew that the common was forbidden ground, but he had never been told not to visit the town alone, probably because no one had thought that he would wish to do so.

Bobbie hitched up his overall in his belt to show as much knicker as possible. He secretly rebelled against the overalls as frocks, only suitable for Miles, and degrading to the dignity of nine years.

As he ran, he thought over his great idea. Some nights ago, as he sat at dessert with his parents, he had overheard scraps of conversation.

Father had said, 'Well, dear, I suppose it is no good putting it off any longer, and, much as I dislike it, we really must have the house painted this year; but the worst of it is, men make so much mess.'

Well, he, Bobbie, was going to make that beginning, as a surprise. He was sure it would be a surprise—but how great a one he did not guess! He was also sure that he could paint; it was quite easy. You only had to get the paint and dab it on.

At length Bobbie halted outside the ironmonger's in the High Street. An old man, with white hair and beard, was standing inside the shop.

'He looks just like Father Christmas,' thought Bobbie as he entered.

'Good-morning,' said Bobbie, with much friendliness. 'Please, I want to buy some paint.'

The old man eyed his young customer with much interest. He knew who he was, and was rather surprised to see him alone. 'Certainly, young master,' he said civilly; 'but what would you want it for?'

'Why, to paint with, of course,' said Bobbie. Really, he thought, this old man was rather silly.

'What colour do you want?'

Here was a difficulty. Bobbie had never thought about any colour at all. He did not know in the least what colour Father would like, and his eyes wandered perplexedly round the shop. They rested at last on a large scarlet watering-can. Bobbie himself preferred bright colours—the brighter the better. He was sure Father would like that lovely red. So a shilling pot of red paint was bought.

'Now, you will want a brush,' said the old man, who was quite interested.

A brush was selected, and Bobbie set off, hugging his treasures. Miles was still gardening, and Bobbie slipped into the house unobserved, and down the long corridors, until he came to the library.

The library at Ashdon Hall was the finest room in the house, and here Sir Godfrey Lennox had gathered together many art-treasures. Three sides of the room were lined with books from floor to ceiling. On the fourth hung some choice engravings. Skin rugs covered the polished floor, and a group of statuary stood in a recess. A handsomely-carved black oak chair was drawn up to a writing-table, heaped with papers and some old parchments that Sir Godfrey had promised to look over for a friend.

Into this abode of art and luxury crept a small sprite in brown holland—an artist longing to make his first essay into the realms of art.

Bobbie put his tin of paint on the writing-table, and tugged manfully at the lid, but it resisted all his efforts, and, red in the face, he looked round for some more effective weapon.

A delicate silver paper-knife, richly chased, caught his eye, and he snatched it up and prised up the lid in workmanlike fashion.

What mattered it that the delicate blade bent nearly double in the attempt, and that the paint, escaping joyfully from its confinement, formed a little pool on Father's papers and those funny skin things?

Bobbie was ready to begin work, and with a brush, full of paint, poised in mid-air, he looked round for inspiration.

The carved chair was scratched and dinted with age, and Bobbie thought how pleased Father would be to find all the scratches gone. A carved chair, however, whose legs and arms twist distractedly, is not the easiest thing in the world to paint, for the paint would trickle down, and the leopard skin on which it stood was covered with many spots that did not belong to it originally.

Bobbie thought he would try something easier. The door, for instance. Now, the library door was quite unique of its kind, and its panels had been painted by a celebrated animal-painter, a great friend of Sir Godfrey's, and as Bobbie passed his destroying red brush over each in turn, he smiled gleefully, and stood back to examine the effect.

With his head on one side, he surveyed his handiwork, and was not so pleased. The room did not look nice somehow. Suppose Father should he not pleased, but angry. Big tears gathered in Bobbie's grey eyes, but he brushed them manfully away. Boys of nine do not cry. What was it Father had told him one gentleman did who had offended another? Hurrah! he knew! They 'pologised!' Well, he would 'pologise' too.

* * * * *

Some hours later, a motor-brougham rolled swiftly up the well-kept drive, and two gentlemen and a lady alighted. The lady went upstairs to remove her things, but the gentlemen stood a few moments chattering in the hall. Then Sir Godfrey turned to his friend.

'Come into the library, old fellow,' he said, genially, 'and I will give you back your parchments. I meant to have returned them before.'

On opening the library door, both men recoiled a step. A strong odour of fresh paint greeted them.

'Who has been messing about here?' exclaimed Sir Godfrey angrily, and switched on the light.

A strange scene of disorder was revealed. Mysterious patches on the floor seemed to point that a crime had been committed, until the half-finished chair proclaimed its own tale.

Professor Langley tripped over the empty tin. A dark frown gathered on Sir Godfrey's brow as he noted the damage done to his friend's parchments.

'It looks like that young rascal Bobbie's handiwork. Well, he shall have a sound hiding to-morrow, I promise you.'

The Professor laid a restraining hand on his arm. 'Look at this curious document, Lennox, and I don't think even your hard heart will be proof against it, and as for the parchments, they are not of much real value.'

This was what Lennox read:—

'Dere father,—I thort I wood have a nice suprise for you, and hoped you wood like it, hut Im afraid you won't as it was so messy and runny dere father it looks orful and I am so sorry I did hope you would be pleased. Your miserubble little boy Bobbie.

'P.S. This is my pology.'

The eyes of the two men met.

'Poor little beggar,' said Sir Godfrey softly.

Ten minutes later Sir Godfrey softly pushed open the door of the night nursery. In the dim glow of a nightlight, he could discover two little white beds, side by side. In one, Miles lay peacefully asleep—the picture of innocent childhood. In the other was a tumbled heap, which resolved itself into Bobbie, with flushed, tear-stained cheeks and wide-open grey eyes.

He trembled a little as Sir Godfrey bent over him.

'Are you angry, Father? Did you see my pology?'

His father gathered him in his arms. 'I'm not angry now, sonny, though I was at first: but promise me that you will never go into the library again without leave.'

'I promise,' answered Bobby, cheerfully.

'Now go to sleep,' said the Baronet, tucking him up. 'Why can't you be a good little boy, like Miles?'

'Because I was horn had,' answered Bobbie, stoutly. 'Father, Nurse was so angry, and she said I was a perfect plague. What is a plague? Am I one?'

'No, certainly not,' answered his father.

Bobbie raised his face for a final kiss. 'Goodnight, Father,' he murmured, sleepily. 'I do love you, and, when I grow up, I won't be an artist. I thought any one could paint, but I find they can't.'

Pauline Howard.

"Bobbie thought he would try the door."

BUMBOAT - MEN

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"'Shall we fight?' Tom asked."

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 315.)

CHAPTER XVII.

FRANK was wonderfully cheerful as we trudged along towards Bangkok. I do not know whether he believed that he would be able to convince the King of the rascally behaviour of the native officers, or whether his cheerfulness was assumed for the sole purpose of preventing Tom and me from becoming despondent. I must own that I did not feel very happy, for I had little hope of the King being open to reason.

'I think,' I blurted out, 'that it is a pity we were not killed in the fight with the Burmese.'

'If we had been, those rascally native officers would have escaped punishment,' Frank replied.

'We cannot be certain that they will be punished,' I retorted. 'The punishment which they deserve will probably be given to us.'

'You're not feeling well,' he said.

'I shall be feeling much worse, I fear, before twenty-four hours have passed,' I answered.

'Rubbish!' Frank said, and began whistling.

At that time we were walking in single file along a narrow raised path which divided two rice-fields. Ahead of us was a cocoa-nut grove which we were anxious to reach, the sun being high in the heavens and the heat intense. It was our intention to rest in the grove for half-an-hour or so; but no such luxury was in store for us. We had left the rice-fields about a hundred yards behind us, and were just preparing to lie down, when suddenly there was a loud beating of drums and shouts. We could see no one, but we guessed that the King of Siam's soldiers were near us, and that they had come on no friendly mission. Soon a trumpet was blown, and instantly hundreds of men sprang from their places of concealment and surrounded us. The spearmen and bowmen who had basely deserted us were present, their officers pointing at us. The remainder of the force was made up of the men of three other native regiments.

'Nearly two thousand men!' Tom exclaimed. 'His Majesty has paid us a compliment by sending so large a force.'

The soldiers were now closing in upon us, brandishing their spears and swords, and filling the air with cries of 'Kill the vile water-rats.'

'Shall we fight?' Tom asked.

'No,' Frank answered sharply. 'Perhaps they have only come to escort us to the King.'

'Judging from their shouts,' I joined in, with difficulty controlling my excitement, 'our fate has already been decided. I certainly think that we had better resist. Of course we shall soon be killed, but it will be far better to die fighting than to surrender and be tortured to death.'

'If I thought that there was no hope of my being able to obtain an audience with the King, I would be as ready as either of you to fight this rabble,' Frank replied, 'but believing, as I do, that I shall be able to make him understand that he has no just complaint against us, I consider it would be foolish on our part to resist. Of course, if you are determined to fight, I will die with you, but I hope that you will see that by fighting we shall be throwing away our only chance.'

Well, Tom and I being healthy young fellows had no desire to throw away our lives, and being impressed by Frank's earnestness we agreed to surrender. A few minutes later we deeply regretted that we had done so, for the behaviour of the Siamese officers was almost unbearable.

'Vile water-rats!' exclaimed one of those who had deserted us during the fight with the Burmese, 'make obeisance to us.'

'We will make obeisance only to the Brother of the Moon,' Frank declared, haughtily. 'Escort us to his Majesty at once.'

The Siamese laughed loudly at Frank's command, and one, picking up a handful of mud, flung it full in his face. Frank took one step forward as if about to avenge the insult, but remembering the course he had decided to pursue, he went no further.

'Dog!' he exclaimed, 'remember that you are insulting your royal master's uniform.'

'The Brother of the Moon has commanded us to tear the uniform from your back,' another officer of the spearmen declared. 'Throw down your weapons.'

'We will deliver them up at the foot of the throne,' Frank declared.

For some moments the Siamese appeared undecided how to act.

'Evidently they do not wish to kill us,' Frank whispered to us.

'I think they are afraid to approach us,' Tom replied. 'Besides, if they fire at us they will probably hit some of their own men.'

'Water-rats, we will take you to the Brother of the Moon,' the chief officer declared. 'We must march quickly, for soon it will be the hour for his Majesty to dine.'

This was good news, for it seemed clear that our fate had not been decided. Had his Majesty sentenced us to death these scoundrels would certainly have killed us — and until he did sentence us there was hope.

The Siamese soldiers now formed up on all sides of us, with their faces towards Bangkok. The command to advance was given, and we started off, Frank, Tom, and I walking side by side. Not a word of insult was addressed to us, and I was thinking that Frank had given us excellent advice in urging us not to resist, when suddenly we were pounced upon behind, our arms pinioned to our sides, and our legs seized and held tightly. Although I was taken completely by surprise, I struggled hard to free myself from the sinewy brown arms which held me. Ted, who was sitting on my shoulder, ably supported my efforts. His tail had been accidentally squeezed by the man whose arms were around my body, and turning round he bit him viciously in the face. The man, shouting with pain and terrified at having displeased the sacred monkey, released his hold on me; but before I had time to use my sword, a lasso was thrown over my head and drawn tightly around my body, pinioning my arms to my side. At the same time a rope was tied to each of my legs.

I now glanced at my two friends, and saw that they too had been overpowered. Tom was furious, and hurled taunts at the Siamese as he wriggled about to free himself. Frank was ghastly pale, but not from fear. It was the knowledge that his advice to us had brought us to our present position that caused him mental agony. Now that we were overpowered, the Siamese behaved infamously, pelting us

with mud, and striking us with stieks. I suffered less than my friends from the fact that the white monkey refused to be eoaxed away from my shoulder, and that they feared they might strike him while assaulting me.

(Continued on page 331.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

11. — Diamond.

A consonant.
Conceited.
A period of time.
To make love.
A flesh-eating fish.
A eonsonant.
A soldier.

A. L.

12. — Short Charade.

1.—Not in sunny waving beauty,
As in Indian fields 'twas found;
But when it has done its duty,
Reaped and boiled, though first well ground.

2.—Add to this, a place to live in,
Or to die in, if needs be;
And perhaps that will be giving
Light enough for all to see

What strange things I'm here intending,
Early sought in pastures old.
Though — in town its brief life ending —
It is very quiekly sold.

C. J. B.

(Answers on page 355.)

Answer to Acrostic on Page 283.

T w O
H o D
O b I
R u N

HOW AMERICA GOT ITS NAME.

IT was a map-maker who gave its name to Ameriea. His own name was Waldseemuller. This gentleman lived quietly at the College of St. Die, in the Vosges, and left the exploring to other folk. He had a friend, a learned Italian geographer, named Amerigo Vespueei, who was employed by the Portuguese Government as a pilot in exploration work. About A. D. 1500, some years after Columbus's diseovery of the islands and the land of Central America, Amerigo eame upon the eountry whieh we eall 'South America.'

Nobody then had any idea that this eountry formed one eontinent with that previously discovered by Columbus. So, in the new maps appeared a large island to the south-east of India, from which it was separated by Japan. The island was labelled 'Ameriea,' Waldseemuller having thus named it after his friend. When, long after the diseoverers of the New World—Sebastian Cabot, Columbus, and Amerigo himself—had passed away, it was found that eontinuous land stretched from Labrador to Terra del Fuego, the name of the southern portion, was extended to the northern territory.

Quite reeently, the Marchesa Amerigo Vespucci died in Florenee, at the age of ninety-three. This lady was said to be the last deseendant of the discoverer of South America.

E. D.

THE COFFER.

IN the town of Ravello, on the coast of Amalfi, in Italy, there lived once a man uamed Landolfo, who, wishing to become very rich, bought a ship, and sailed forth to make his fortune.

He made it. The ship, however, never 'eame home,' because she was eaptured by some Genoese, who had heard of the wealth that she contained. These pirates had two big ships (which held already many precious things), and, after taking possession of Landolfo's treasure, and flinging all his shipmen into the sea, they put him as a prisoner on board one of their vessels. His own ship, emptied of all her riches, they sank.

By-and-by there arose a terrific storm, in whieh the two big ships were parted from the other. The vessel in whieh the wretched Landolfo lay was dashed upon a roek and split in pieces, like glass against a wall. All her treasures were scattered about in the sea. Some sank, others floated. Among the latter was a coffer, or chest, which Landolfo succeeded in laying hold of. For although, on the day before, he had in his misery longed for death, now that he found himself face to face with it he desired to live, and so he clung to the floating coffer. The other men who had been in the big ship either swam for their lives, or, like Landolfo, caught hold of something which would keep them afloat.

What became of the others I do not know, but Landolfo was not drowned, though he was tossed about in the sea for many weary hours. Still clinging to the chest, he was at last washed towards the island of Corfu, where, luckily for him, a poor woman was kneeling on the shore, scouring her dishes with salt water and sand to make them thoroughly clean.

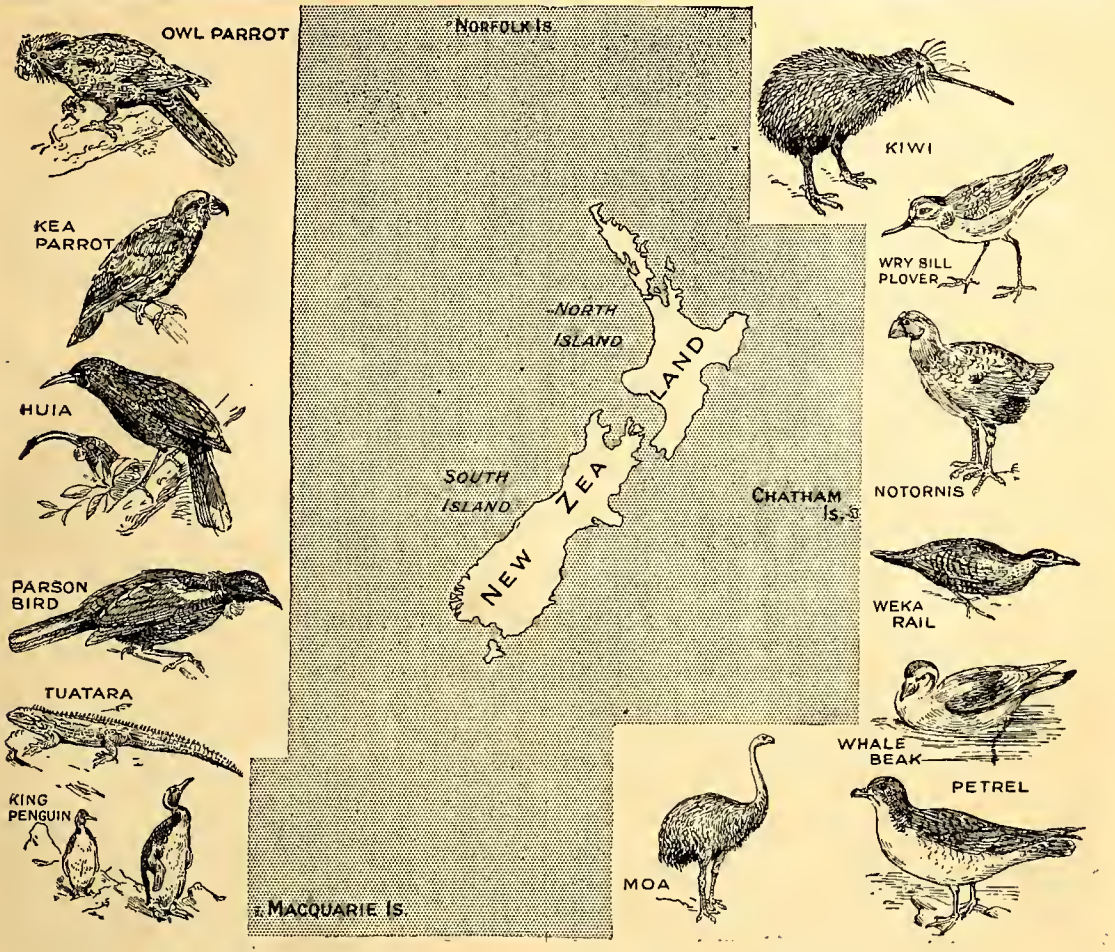
The woman saw the chest before she saw the man behind it, and because, as it came towards her, it seemed to be alive, she was at first startled, and eried out in alarm. Landolfo was too exhausted to speak to her. But very soon she saw, first two arms stretching over the chest, then the face of a man. Quickly she stepped in amongst the waves, and by great efforts succeeded in saving both man and chest. Landolfo lay on the shore as if dead, but the woman called to her daughter to come and help her, and between them they unlocked his arms from the chest, and led him to their cottage.

Some days later, when the patient had suffieiently recovered to talk and be talked to, the good woman showed him the ehest which (under God, as she said) had saved his life. It was not at all heavy, and Landolfo did not hope to find in it anything of value. He opened it, however, one day when he was alone, and found, to his surprise and joy, that it contained a rich packet of precious stones. Being a merchant, and greatly skilled in such matters, he saw at a glanee that these were of immense value.

Landolfo, whose past mishaps had made him cautious, wrapped up the jewels in an unsightly bundle, and said not a word to anybody of his good fortune. After thanking the woman again and again for her great kindness, and telling her to keep the ehest, as it might be useful to her in the house, he set off for home. He got a passage in a ship to Brindisi, and then went on to a town called Tranium, where some merchants of his acquaintance kindly gave him some decent clothes, of which he stood greatly in need. He told his friends of his adventures, but still said

"She succeeded in saving both man and chest."

nothing about his treasure until he reached his home at Ravello, where his first act was to fall on his knees and thank God for all His mercies towards him. Then he undid his bundle, and re-examined the jewels. They proved to be even more valuable than he had at first thought, and, having sold them all, he sent a large sum of money to the good woman of Corfu who had rescued him from the sea, and some also to the merchants at Tranium; after which he still had enough left to keep him in prosperity.



New Zealand and neighbouring Islands, with their Birds and Beasts.

ANIMAL GEOGRAPHY.

VIII.—THE ANIMAL LIFE OF NEW ZEALAND.

NEW ZEALAND is one of the most interesting regions of the world, not so much because of what it has, as of what it has not! Briefly, one of its most marked features is the absence of strictly native mammals. Only two kinds of mammals are found there: one of these is a rat which was probably introduced when the ancient Maories took possession of this pleasant land, and the others are bats. Now, bats do not count for much in the study of animal geography, for they can fly, and hence give us no information of ancient land connections. True, two of these bats are found only in New Zealand, and one is met with also in Australia; still, we know nothing of their origin, and they could, as we have said, have reached New Zealand without the use of any land bridge. Thus, then, there are really no 'terrestrial,' no ground-dwelling mammals in the country, which have come after the fashion of settlers, as in other parts of the world. The rat, remember, was probably carried by human agency.

This seems to show that Australia and New Zealand, now some twelve hundred miles apart, were at no time connected with one another, for the result of such a relation would surely have been the spread of marsupials (kangaroos, &c.) into New Zealand.

New Zealand, then, is regarded as part of that great system of islands which you will find on a map under the general term, Polynesia. But the neighbouring Norfolk Island, the Kermadecs (where crowds of petrels known as 'Mutton-birds' breed), Chatham Island, Stuart and Auckland Islands, Campbell Island, Macquarie and Lord Howe's Island, are all included in the New Zealand region. These islands, there can be no doubt, formed a more or less continuous land surface ages ago, and the same is true of Polynesia. Subsidence—the sinking of the ground—hid all but the mountain-tops under the sea, and these form the islands of to-day.

But we shall speak chiefly of New Zealand here, for the smaller islands similarly have few or no mammals: a few mice and bats at most, and a few birds of interest chiefly to scientists only.

The claim of New Zealand to notice is due to the

fact that it contains some remarkable birds, and in times past it was inhabited by even more remarkable species. These last are the moas. They must have roamed in vast numbers over the North and South Islands which make up New Zealand. Some were giants far larger than the living African ostrich, while others were no larger than a turkey. Like the ostriches, they were flightless. But more than this, they were wingless. The ostrich has at least the remnant of a wing, but the giant New Zealand ostrich, the moa, had not even this! As they were thus hampered, when the ancient Maories discovered and took possession of the land, they gradually exterminated these helpless creatures, using them as food, eating both birds and eggs. That this was so is shown by the fact that charred bones are found, with the remains of charcoal, even to-day; and that the work of destruction ended ages ago is proved by the fact that no living Maori has ever seen one alive, though they have traditions of moa-hunting handed down from their ancestors.

In the British Museum of Natural History some wonderfully perfect skeletons are to be seen, as well as pieces of heads and necks and legs, with the skin on. What the moa was like and how it was hunted you will find in a book about this wonderful Museum, issued by the publishers of Chatterbox.*

But besides the long-extinct moa, there lived, and, happily, still lives, one of the strangest of birds, the kiwi, or apteryx. This, too, is flightless, but traces of the wings remain. It is further peculiar in that the nostrils are at the tip of a strange curlew-like beak, instead of at the base, as is usual; thereby the bird is able to sniff up what he no doubt regards as the pleasant smell of worms, when the beak is thrust down into the soil and the prey captured.

One might almost call New Zealand the land of flightless birds, for yet another species lives here whose wings can no longer be used for the purpose of flight. This is the owl-parrot, or kakapo. It is a heavy-looking, green-coloured bird, whose breast-bone has lost its keel completely, though the wings have not gone so far as to disappear entirely. In a few years, probably, the kakapo will be numbered among the departed species which vanished before the spread of so-called 'civilisation.'

Besides the kakapo, New Zealand possesses another remarkable parrot, one which during recent years has fallen into evil habits, and consequently every man's hand is against it. As a result, the kea, as this parrot is called, will also speedily become extinct. It has taken a great fondness for mutton, tearing great holes in the backs of living sheep. The kakapo is totally unable to fly, and is yearly becoming more scarce owing to the introduction dogs, and other destructive animals, by the settlers. It is called the owl-parrot on account of the curious ruff-like arrangement of the feathers round the eye. But it is a quite harmless bird, and inhabits mountain districts, or open forests, feeding by night and hiding by day. Another native of New Zealand which has lost the power of flight is the weka rail; and in times past there lived a huge flightless goose.

New Zealand is, or rather was, the home of a strange owl, now almost certainly extinct, and known as the sceloglaux. A similar fate has also come upon a huge moorhen-like bird, of a gorgeous violet colour, with red beak and legs. This is the notoruis, a near relative of the purple gallinule to be seen at the Zoo. This bird was first described from fossil bones discovered in the island some time ago; when lo! a few years later, a living bird was discovered, and a year or two ago yet another was killed, probably the last of his race. There are two or three other birds which must be mentioned here. One of these is the curious little wry-bill plover, so called because its beak is always twisted towards the left side! Another is the remarkable huia-bird, wherein the female has a long, slender, curved beak; the male a short, thick one—the only known case where the beak of the male differs much from that of the female.

Special mention, too, must be made of the curious tui, or parson-bird, so called by the early settlers because of the long tufts of white feathers which stick out on each side of the throat, like the white bow worn by many clergymen a generation ago. Although New Zealand possesses several species of cuckoos, none give forth that delightful call, 'Cuckoo, cuckoo!' which is so beloved by us all in England. One of these, from the wonderful metallic sheen of its plumage, is known as the shining cuckoo, and by the Maoris as the 'Pipiwhaanroa.'

Several species of albatross are found in New Zealand, but these are not peculiar, since albatrosses are found in regions far remote from this strange land. But two groups of the petrel tribes, to which the albatross belong, demand mention here. One of these is formed by the 'whale-birds,' which are distinguished from the petrels in that the beak is very broad and deep, and has the edges of the upper jaw fringed with horny plates, like our British shoveller duck, and like the plates along the edges of the mouth in whales; hence the name 'whale-bird.' The other is a small species of petrel which bears a most striking likeness to the little auk of our own seas. This very unpetrel-like shape has come from its habit of diving in search of food; other petrels obtaining their food from the surface of the water.

Lastly, by some—the ornithologists—the New Zealand region is considered to include only New Zealand and the islands immediately surrounding it, Norfolk Island making the northern boundary and the Macquaries the southern limit. Those who base their ruling on the mammals, however, include all the islands lying to the east of the coral sea, but excluding the Sandwich Islands. The difference of opinion is easily understood, for the evidence given by the study of one group of mammals differs from that given by another. But, on the whole, be it remembered, the division of the world into zoological regions remains the same whichever group of terrestrial animals is studied.

Now, with regard to these tiny islands spread out over the Pacific, we can say nothing here. They are chiefly interesting on account of their birds, and these, though often of exceeding beauty, are not of sufficient importance to describe.

Finally, in the southern islands—New Zealand and especially the Macquaries—we meet with some of the most remarkable of living birds, penguins. Further south yet, other species, including the giant King and Emperor penguins, the great gentoo penguin, the Adelie and ringed penguins, are met with in vast hordes. They have so far escaped persecution, the land which they have made their home being the southern coast of Australia, South America, and

* *The Natural History Museum.* By W. P. Pycraft. (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co., Ltd.)

the islands of the southern hemisphere south of latitude thirty degrees, extending to Antarctic regions. Even here, however, they cannot wholly escape. The numerous expeditions to the Antarctic during recent years have relied on them for food, killing thousands; but this is nothing to the destruction by commercial speculators, who boil down these defenceless creatures by the thousand for the sake of their oil! If this traffic goes on, the continental species first, and afterwards those which have chosen these desolate spots, will be wiped out. This brutal waste of life does not seem to grow less as man becomes more 'civilised'—the word has almost become a term of reproach!

It is a remarkable fact that while, for the most part, penguins are birds of the far south, some species have spread northwards, the furthest limit being that of the Cape Penguin, which breeds so abundantly on Dassen Island, just off Capetown. Yet no penguin seems ever to have passed the Equator. They are absolutely limited to the southern hemisphere.

Reptiles, in New Zealand, are rare; but it, at any rate, may boast the most remarkable of living reptiles. This is the tuatera, which is closely related to some of the oldest known of the fossil reptiles. That is to say, its ancestry can be traced back for millions of years. It is a striking-looking creature, having a big head, a pair of large, lustrous eyes, and a frill down its back. But more than this. In addition to the large eyes just referred to, it has also a third eye, and this in the middle of its head! It has, however, long ceased to be of use, and can only be found by dissection. But time was when most of the ancient reptiles possessed quite a large eye in this region; and when attention was called to the fact that traces of this could be found in the tuatera, other reptiles were examined, and they too showed traces of this eye, though much fainter.

W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.

THE THREE SISTERS.

THERE are three beautiful sisters,
  And they live in a beautiful home;
The house is sweet with their presence,
  As daily they go and come.
They are fair as the lovely sunshine,
  They are always gentle and mild;
And the home of these beautiful sisters
  Is the heart of a little child.

There is one that is always quiet,
  And placid and serene.
She has a voice that is gentle,
  Most gentle is her mien;
With her low and quiet accents,
  She makes all discords cease:
Her face is the face of an Angel,
  And that sister's name is Peace.

There is one who is always singing
  A sweet and gentle song.
The home is glad with her music,
  As she carols the whole day long.
Her songs are as sweet as brooklets,
  That with the pebbles toy:
Would you know the name that we give her?
  That sister's name is Joy.

There is one who is even sweeter,
  Though all are sweet and good;
She lives for the good of others,
  In pure and gracious mood.
Though her hands in love's work are busy,
  Her heart is set above:
Would you know the name of that sister?
  Her beautiful name is Love.

Frank Ellis.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING.

Adapted from the German.

THE master of a village school in Germany once offered a prize to the boy who, by the end of the following week, should bring him the most beautiful thing. The things were to be brought to the school, so that the boys themselves might help the master to award the prize.

So the boys spent that week in looking over their toys, pets, and other little possessions. It seemed to them at first that it would be an easy thing to find some treasure for their master, but each day the task became more difficult. They changed their minds again and again, and in the end almost every boy who had attempted the task of selection 'gave it up.'

When, on the appointed day, the boys assembled at the school, only two of their number carried parcels.

Maximilian, who was a very rich boy, walked up proudly to the master's desk, and placed on it a casket containing a dazzling jewel which had once adorned a crown worn by his royal ancestors. All the pupils exclaimed in admiration of this beautiful thing; all felt sure that Max would receive the prize.

'Is there anything more?' inquired the master. A fat boy, whose name was Otto, brought up a huge parcel. When the master opened it, there appeared an immense sugared cake. At this sight, the boys' mouths watered; many of them would rather have had Otto's cake than Maximilian's jewel.

'Is there nothing else?' asked the master again.

There was no answer.

Then, in at the door of the schoolroom came little Karl.

'How is it that you are so late, Karl?" said the master. 'You have never been late before.'

'On my way, sir,' replied Karl, 'I saw a hawk pounce down upon a poor little white dove, and carry it off. When I clapped my hands, the hawk dropped the dove, and flew away. I picked up the dove, washed its wounds in the brook, then wrapped it in my handkerchief. That is what made me late, sir.'

'Where is the bird now?'

'I left him in the shed.'

'Bring it in.'

Karl obeyed. He brought the dove to the master's desk. The eyes of the wounded bird looked up at Karl so imploringly that two big tears rolled down the boy's cheeks on to the dove's back.

'Look at these tears, children,' said the master. 'A tear shed for others is the most beautiful thing in the world. Love—sympathy—is far more precious than jewels or cakes. But I leave the decision to you. To which of these three boys shall we give the prize?'

Every voice shouted, 'Karl! Karl! Karl!'

"At this sight the boys' mouths watered."

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"One of them cut the painter with his sword."

THE SEA-KINGS OF ENGLAND.

V.—ROUND THE WORLD WITH DRAKE.

(Continued from page 299.)

DRAKE entered the Straits of Magellan with good courage on an August day. But it was not till ten weeks later, in the midst of the October gales, that he got out of them again into that ocean where no English boat had yet ventured. The very entrance to the terrible Straits seemed to forbid the dauntless Englishmen to proceed. On either side were 'high, steep, grey cliffs, against which the sea breaking showed, as it were, the spoutings of whales.' An icy wind blew perpetually, and, though in the many creeks and inlets there were calm harbours in plenty, these were of no use, for 'the sea is so deep in all this passage that upon life and death there is no coming to anchor.' The land on both sides was 'huge and mountainous,' range after range towering up behind one another, so that sometimes 'between them did appear three regions of clouds.' The mountains were snow-covered, and there was continual frost and snow, so that the very trees, even when they were green with foliage, 'seemed to stoop with the burden of the weather.'

On the third day after they entered the Straits they came upon an island, where they landed, and took in stores of fresh water. On it they found hosts of penguins, and in less than one day they killed over three thousand of them.

For a fortnight they made their way without event, and on September 6th came to the end of the Straits to the open Pacific; they appeared to have reached their goal. But on the 7th a hurricane sprang up, and they were driven back. 'The winds were as if all the clouds under heaven had been called together to lay their force upon that one place. The seas, which by nature and of themselves are heavy, and of a weighty substance, were rolled up from the depths, even from the roots of the rocks, as it had been a scroll of parchment, and being aloft were carried in most strange manner, like feathers or drifts of snow, by the violence of the wind, to water the exceeding tops of high and lofty mountains.' The anchors could find no hold, and the ship and her crew were tossed 'like a ball in a racquet.'

Day and night the tempest continued without abatement. The four ships—Drake had now with him only the Golden Hind, the Elizabeth, the Marigold, and a pinnace—lost touch with one another. On the night of September 15th, during an eclipse of the moon, the Marigold sank with all hands. On October 8th the Elizabeth also disappeared, and Drake saw no more of her. He learnt, two years later, that Captain John Wynter had brought her safely back through the Straits into the Atlantic, and after a perilous voyage reached England again nine months afterwards. Wynter was the first European captain to sail through the Straits of Magellan from the west to the east. A few days later the little pinnace also was lost. She strayed back into the Straits, and so along the coast to Rio de la Plata, where her crew of eight landed. They endured tremendous hardships on land from Indians and Spaniards, and only one of them, Peter Carder, ever saw his home again. He succeeded in returning to England nine years afterwards. The pinnace was Drake's last consort; he was now left with only his own ship and crew.

For fifty-two days the gale endured; the hapless Englishmen sheltering as best they could among the islands far south of the Straits themselves, until 'at length we fell in with the uttermost part of land towards the South Pole.' They had reached the neighbourhood of Cape Horn. There, suddenly, on October 28th, their troubles ended: the storm ceased, 'as if God all this while by His secret providence had led us to make this discovery, which being made according to His will, He stayed His hand.' No European had ever before sailed in those far, bleak, southern waters. Magellan had held on his course through the straits, believing Tierra del Fuego and the land towards Cape Horn to be an unknown continent.

They stayed two days in the islands after the storm abated. On October 30th they 'set sail, shaping our course right north-west, to coast along the parts of Peru,' which they found to be mountainous and barren, except in a few places, where there were small Spanish settlements. The Spaniards from Panama and Mexico and Granada had gradually spread down the Pacific coast from the north and east. They built ships in the western ports of Central America, and pushed south-west by land as well as sea.

The Englishmen sailed on to the north, every day drawing nearer to the rich Spanish settlements, where they hoped for booty. On November 29th they came to a little island called Mocha, and cast anchor: Drake with ten men went ashore in a boat and traded with the natives, who were very friendly, and gave the weary Englishmen fowls and meat: 'that night, our mutton and hens was to us so sweet that every man desired to be a South Sea merchant.' The next morning they landed at a narrow creek with casks to get fresh water. Two men went on before, but were suddenly cut off and seized by the Indians. The rest, as they busied themselves at their boat, were attacked by four or five hundred natives, who sprang up from the thick reeds along the shore, and showered arrows upon them. One seized the painter of the boat and prevented it being pushed off, while the Englishmen, almost blinded by the incessant arrows, did not know how to resist. Not one escaped without a wound: Drake was struck in the face, and they would have been killed to a man had not one of them kept his head and cut the painter with his sword. They thrust the boat off hurriedly and hastened back to the ship, leaving their two comrades prisoners: it is said that they were eaten by the cannibal Indians.

They sailed thence that afternoon, and the next day dropped anchor in a bay called St. Philip's Bay. A boat's crew sent ashore could find no sign of any inhabitants; but as they returned to the Golden Hind they descried in the bay an Indian in a canoe, fishing. They took him to Drake, canoe and all. He was 'a comely personage, and of a goodly stature: he seemed very gentle, of mild and humble nature, and most thankful for such things as our general bestowed upon him.' His arms and legs were bare, and he was clad only in a white garment reaching to his knees: he had no beard, but his hair was long.

They entertained him courteously, and contrived to converse with him by signs, telling him that they needed victuals. Then they sent him ashore, and he fetched some of his comrades, who brought 'some hens, eggs, a fat hog, and such-like.' But the Indian

returned aboard the Golden Hind, and made it clear that not much provision could be obtained in that bay. He could show them, he signified, a good harbour a little way south, where there lay at anchor a great ship, richly laden.

Drake wished to continue his voyage north, but there was some hope that if he went back he might pick up again the lost ship, the Elizabeth, for it had been agreed that if they parted company, they should cruise about the thirtieth degree of latitude for a time, so as to meet, if possible; and the Golden Hind had now passed that degree. Moreover, the thought of a Spanish ship and booty was welcome. He rewarded the Indian, took him on board as pilot, turned back, and, on December 5th, sailed boldly into the Spanish port of Valparaiso.

(Continued on page 359.)

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 323.)

WE had trudged on in captivity for nearly a quarter of a mile, when Tom exclaimed, 'They are not taking us to the Palaee, but to the river.'

We saw at once that Tom was right. We were marching straight to the river.

'Why have you broken your promise?' Frank asked the chief officer. 'Why are you taking us to the river and not to the Palace?'

'The vile water-rats will soon know the reason,' the chief officer declared loudly, and his men laughed heartily at his reply.

'You are foolish men to laugh,' Tom declared, addressing the soldiers, 'for by treating the Keeper of the White Monkey with disrespeet, you are insulting the honourable monkey, and that is a crime for which every one of you will have to suffer.'

'The vile water-rat is no longer Keeper of the White Monkey,' the chief officer declared promptly. 'The Brother of the Moon has taken that office from him. I will take charge of the honourable animal.'

He advanced to remove Ted from my shoulder, but the white monkey had no intention of being taken away, and bit the chief offieer's hand severely the instant it was placed upon him. Never have I seen a man more enraged than this Siamese was. He drew a jewelled dagger from his belt, and would have killed the monkey, had not a brother-officer seized his arm. The chief officer replaced his dagger, but his anger had by no means cooled, and finding that it would be unwise to injure Ted, he turned his wrath against me. Snatching a stick from one of his men, he beat me most unmercifully on the back and legs. It caused me intense pain, but I did not utter a word. Frank and Tom did not, however, remain silent, but in vigorous language told the chief officer that he was a coward. I was sorry that they spoke, for my tormentor immediately turned upon them and viciously struck first one and then the other. But the scoundrel did not escape punishment. By some means or other Frank freed his right hand, and struck the Siamese a tremendous blow with his fist between the eyes, knocking him flat on his back. For a few moments he lay on the ground half stunned, and did not utter a word until Frank was secured and bonnd tightly. Then, seeing Frank could not harm him, he once more attacked him with his stick, and did not stop until his strength was exhausted.

'It is quite certain that they have had instructions not to kill us,' Tom said to me as we moved on 'otherwise that rascal would have had Frank put to death.'

'Perhaps they are sparing us simply to torture us,' I said. 'We shall kuow soon.'

'Look!' Frank exclaimed, 'they have the cages ready for us.'

Three cages, similar to the one in which I had been brought from Paknam to Bangkok, stood by the riverside, at intervals of about thirty yards.

'Then they are going to take us away from Bangkok,' I remarked.

'I fear not,' Frank replied, and he spoke so sadly that I felt certain he had at last lost all hope of our gaining our freedom.

'What is the matter?' I asked, however.

'I am regretting that I dissuaded you from resisting. I thought affairs would have turned out differently. Soon you will both be hating me.'

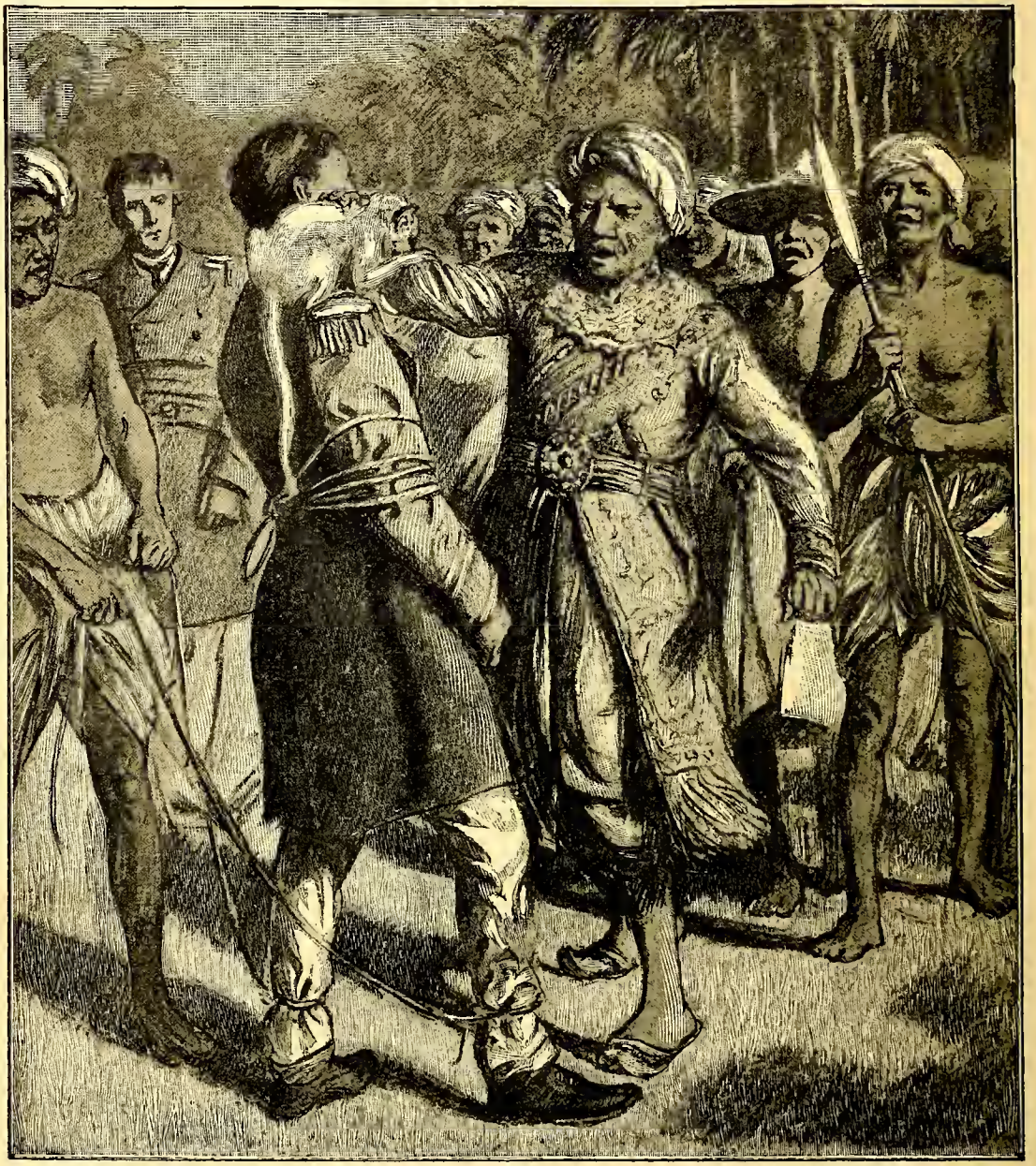
'Never,' I declared emphatically. 'Whatever happens to us, we shall never think ill of you.'

'Besides,' Tom joined in, 'we may, after all, live to thank you for your advice. We have been in many desperate positions before now and got out of them. Perhaps we shall get out of this one also.'

Our escort had halted while we were speaking, and now some of the men roughly pushed Frank towards the nearest cage. I imagined that they intended to make Frank secure in his prison before dealing with Tom and me, but such was not the case. Before Frank arrived at his cage Tom and I were separated and hustled away towards the other cages.

Determined efforts were now made to entice the white monkey away from me. Food of various kinds beloved by monkeys was held a few yards away from him, but although sorely tempted he did not quit my shoulder. The Siamese were now in a quandary. How were they to imprison me without imprisoning the monkey? This difficulty had not been solved when we reached the cage, the door of which was open for me to enter. Being exhausted by the ill-treatment which I had received, the prospect of rest, even though it was in prison, was delightful, and I would have entered the cage at once had not the man who held the ropes attached to my legs prevented me from doing so.

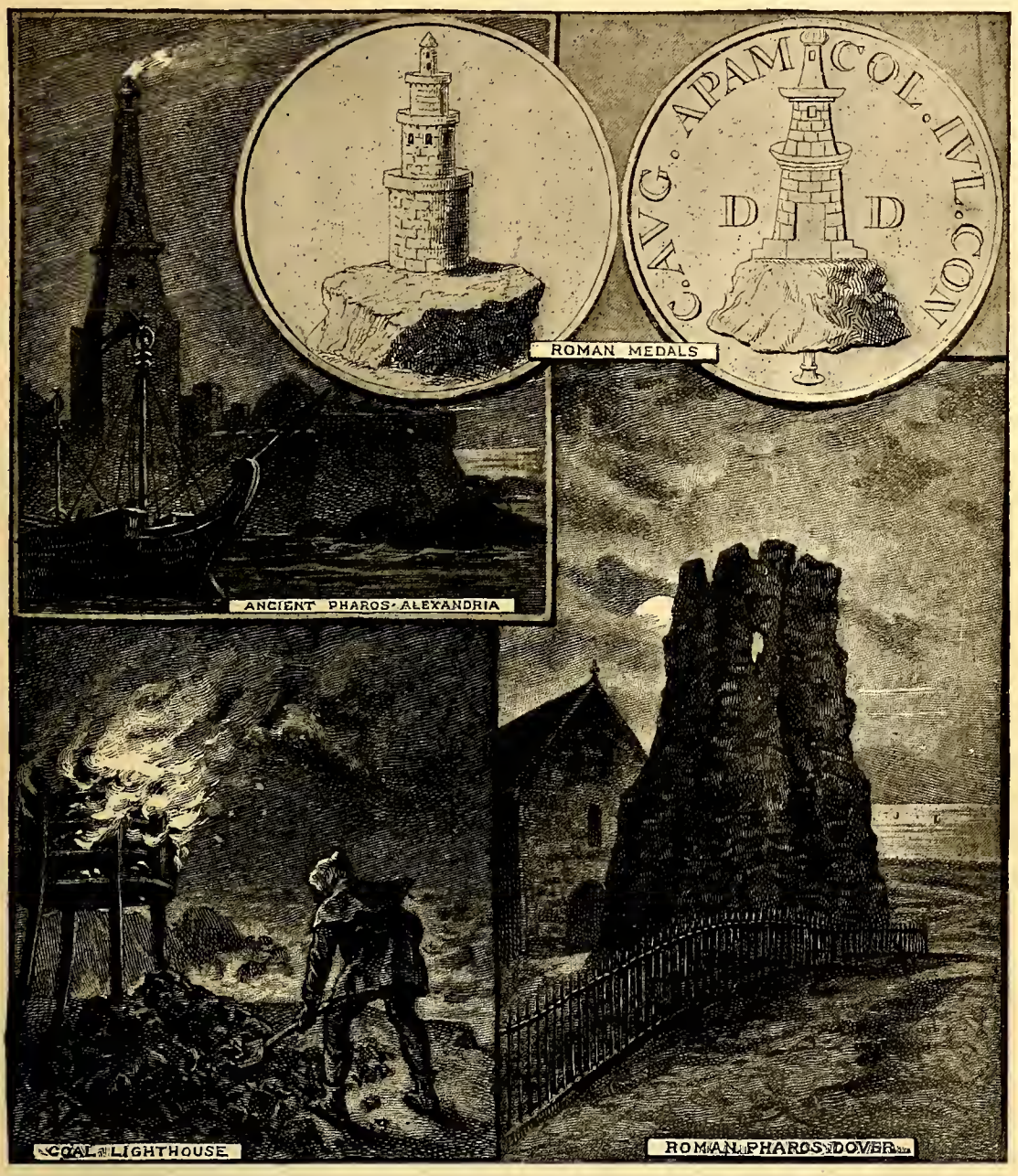
I stood for nearly twenty minutes about a foot from the cage, for Ted, in spite of the dainty morsels with which he was tempted, refused to quit my shoulder. In my opinion monkeys are more intelligent than most people imagine, and I believe that Ted had a suspicion that an attempt was being made to separate us. His refusal to be coaxed away from me annoyed the Siamese officers greatly; they discussed, in an excited manner, plans for overcoming their difficulty, but no one apparently made a suggestion of which the rest approved. They were still arguing when a commotion was caused among a portion of their men by some one attempting to force a passage through them; finding that his way was barred, he shouted something which I could not understand, but which evidently gave satisfaction to the Siamese. By command of the chief officer, the soldiers who had been obstructing the new-comer opened out and gave him a clear passage. The officers, now silent, awaited his arrival with evident anxiety, and but for the fact that the soldiers were standing erect, I should have imagined that the



"The white monkey bit the chief officer's hand severely."

Brother of the Moon was approaching. A few moments later I saw the Court Astrologer come hurrying through the crowd of soldiers. This was the man who had been degraded in our presence at the King's command; the man who had vowed vengeance on us, and had incited Nai Tum to steal the white monkey. That his disgrace had not lasted long was evident from the fact that he was wearing the chain of office which we had seen taken from him. I was not very surprised, for I was aware that it was by no means unusual for a court official who had been degraded to be taken back into royal favour, but I was far from pleased to see him, knowing that he would do all in his power to prevent us receiving any mercy.

(Continued on page 343.)



Some Lights of Long Ago.

DANGER SIGNALS.

[Second Series.]

VII.—LIGHTS OF LONG AGO.

THOUGH many hundreds of years have rolled away since the last flicker of light died out on their tower-tops, and though historians can scarcely even discover where they stood, we must not altogether forget the ancient lighthouses. Those who try to rebuild them in imagination are obliged to be satisfied with a word here and a word there, by various authors who wrote in olden times—authors who declared that they had seen the towers they spoke of, and looked upon them as wonders of the world.

Alas! when we take these scattered words and turn them into bricks or stones, it is but a curious tower that we can build with them; sometimes much too strong and lofty, sometimes in other particulars very unlike what the original must have been.

It is said that in the very early days these 'aids to navigation' were temples erected to various heathen deities. The 'lighthouse-keeper' under such circumstances was the priest of the temple, who, though he might possess little or no knowledge himself, undertook to instruct young men in the art of navigating the deep. With this object in view, the walls of the buildings were roughly scratched with maps and plans for the pupils to study, while some offered even better opportunities by providing atlases in which maps were drawn on papyrus. It is hard to believe that from such schools as these there came many skilful mariners.

Of quite another type among the ancient sea-lights, some people are inclined to class the Colossus of Rhodes. This gigantic statue was intended to represent Apollo (or the sun), and was erected striding across the entrance to Rhodes harbour, off the coast of Asia Minor, two thousand two hundred years ago. Its height was ninety-five feet, and for sixty-three years it stood, holding aloft a glittering emblem of the sun, and gazing down on the white-sailed fleets of galleys that passed beneath its outstretched limbs. But one day an earthquake shook all the shores of Asia Minor, and down came the Colossus, to lie in broken and shattered fragments in the harbour for nearly nine hundred years. Then, the Saracens having captured Rhodes, the pieces were broken still smaller and carried away to Alexandria on nine hundred camels. Such is the story, partly true, of a wonder not unlike the statue of 'Liberty,' which now stands in New York harbour on a much firmer footing though it is no longer used for lighting purposes.

And now to come to the first really historic lighthouse. We know quite well that on the island of Pharos, near the harbour of Alexandria, there stood a noble tower to guide the Greek and Egyptian sailors to the mouth of the Nile, nearly three hundred years before the Christian era. But when we are told by 'one who knew it' in the thirteenth century that it was six hundred feet high, and held a light on its summit which could be seen like a star on the horizon one hundred miles away, we know that this writer is offering us the wrong material for re-erecting the ruined tower. Fortunately there is more reliable information, which tells us that this famous lighthouse did great service in the Mediterranean, and not only became the model for others in later years, but originated the name given to all lighted towers used as danger signals. From the Pharos on Pharos Island, Alexandria, sprang the Pharoes of the coasts of the world. It is only during quite modern times that the old word 'Pharos' has been changed for the new word 'Lighthouse,' and indeed in many continental countries it is still in use.

The Alexandrian tower is said to have been built somewhat in the same design that we see in old pictures of the Tower of Babel—one short tower above another, lessening and lessening in size as they neared the top. An interior stairway led from the base halfway to the summit. Here a broad gallery was reached, and from the gallery a narrow stair led to the top, which was so small that a man's arms could encompass it. The apex of such a tower must have been a giddy spot for a light-keeper to stand upon, and maintain a glowing fire at the same time. Another author, who was evidently more fond of marvels than of facts, states that Alexander the Great, desirous of keeping a watch on his fleet, however far away that fleet might be, caused a mirror to be erected on the tower-top, which, by being tilted at various angles, would catch reflections of the moving fleets and tell the stories of their doings. But such fairy tales gather about all ruins.

In the days when this Pharos was erected, the nations of the earth had such strange ideas of peace and war, that even lighthouses were not safe from attack in troublous times. Thus it was necessary to make the tower a fort as well as a beacon; to strengthen it against the assault of arrow and battering-ram as well as against wave and wind. For many centuries this precaution was taken, and as 'light' after 'light' was erected on the shores of Italy, the architect built his walls of the sturdiest dimensions, even when his tower was beyond the reach of the sea. Their ruins still stand in many places to prove the double duty they performed.

Near the town of Ravenna (once closer to the Adriatic Sea than now) there is a sturdy tower standing against the walls of a church. But the church was not built till 1096, and the tower was there many hundreds of years before—a sentinel for the harbour until, during the fifth century, the sea had so filled the harbour with sand that the services of the light 'were no longer required.' So the fire went out, and to-day chimes of bells are in its place—not for ringing fog-warnings, but for calling people to the church.

With the spread of Roman commerce, of course the Pharoes spread as well; for the shadow of barbarism lying on Western Europe had to be dispersed by them.

Among the many remains still traceable of these light-towers, one of the most interesting stood, until near the close of the eighteenth century, at Corunna, on the coast of Spain. It was square, built of small stone, and about ninety-two feet high. But perhaps the most unusual feature about it was the curious path that wound its way from base to summit. This was formed by leaving on each of the four sides a deep horizontal gap, or niche, in the masonry, sloping upwards. Thus, starting from the bottom, the would-be climber stepped into the niche and crawled upward till the corner of the tower was reached. Here, of course, the narrow path turned and led up the face of the second side of the square tower to the next corner, and so on, round and round to the top—a giddier path than the boldest mountaineer can often find.

In 1684, at the request of many nations, Spain had this tower put in order, but more recent improvements have ended its long career.

On our own coasts there are still to be found a few of these 'gone-out lights.' In Dover Castle visitors are shown the last crumbling stones of a tower which is supposed to have been built by the Romans as one of the two 'candles' marking the narrow straits. The other stood among the sand-hills of Boulogne until, undermined by the sea and fresh-water springs, it toppled into the surf one day about the year 1642. The survivor at Dover is known to have been entirely out of business since the time of William the Conqueror.

On the wind-swept ridge of Flamboro' Head, a very short distance from the smart, up-to-date light-station that sweeps with its brilliant, changing beams such a vast stretch of the North Sea, there stands a lofty rugged tower of stone. Wind and frost and rain and time have left their marks upon it; for even from quite a distance it is easy to see that the side which is turned to the roughest weather-quarter is crumbled and broken away. It is doubtful if a light was ever burned upon this tower, and most of those who try to tell its history differ in their facts; but, for the purposes of the navigator, it is to-day an important sea-mark, being visible for great distances across the water. It forms an additional means of identifying Flamboro' Head by day, and for this reason will probably be preserved from falling into utter ruin.

There have been many instances of worn-out towers remaining when new ones are erected, the principal cause, of course, being that they serve to make the spot more quickly recognisable. The base of the Old Eddystone, left when Smeaton's tower was carried to Plymouth Hoe, is one of these cases, and rising beside its more stately successor, gives additional warning of the dangerous reef.

Thus the 'gone out' towers, relieved of night duty, may be said to continue in the 'service' as daytime lighthouses.

THE VIGIL OF VICTOR.

VICTOR possessed a healthy contempt for ghosts, which irritated his chums. Not that they themselves had any more belief in them, but it annoyed them to have the famous ghost story of Lesley Manor put loftily aside by this newcomer who had never before lived in a genuine Elizabethan mansion.

'You would pretty soon change your tune if you saw a ghost,' said Martin Lesley.

'Certainly!' agreed Victor, 'but as there is no such thing to be seen here, or anywhere else, my tune remains the same. But look here, don't let's waste any more time arguing about nonsense. You promised to show me that woodpeeker's nest, remember.'

So for the time the subject was dropped, until Victor himself unknowingly revived it. He had caught sight of a water-mill whose moss-green wheel proved it to be abandoned, and his practical mind wanted to discover the reason. The house was seemingly well-huilt and in good repair, and the swift little stream clearly could still supply all necessary power.

'Why aren't they using that mill?' he asked.

Basil and Martin exchanged glances.

'Nobody will stay there,' said Martin, briefly.

'You don't mean to say,' eried Victor, stopping short, 'that that's another ghost story?'

Again Basil and Martin looked at one another for some seconds before replying, then Basil answered with a question.

'How would you like to stay there? Isn't it awfully dreary and lonesome, even if it's not old? Would you like to discover who carries about the light that they say has heen seen in the mill after dark?'

'Certainly,' eame the answer, for Victor's quick eye had caught the glanees passing between the brothers, and he was shrewd enough to scent a practical joke. It would not be for the first time his schoolfellows had made some such plot.

'Will you go there now?' asked Martin, eagerly, but Victor laughed.

'Why, even you would go by daylight. I will spend the night there,' aud he chuckled to himself. He would put the boys to some trouble in carrying out their plan, whatever it was.

'I don't think you will,' said Basil. 'I have a good notion you will be home again by daybreak.'

'We shall see about that,' said Victor, laughing confidently, resolving that the surprise should not be on his part.

As evening drew near and the Lesleys found that Victor still kept cheerfully to his promise, they tried to dissuade him, but Victor only became more determined, seeing in these efforts their own dislike to visiting the mill by night. So Basil and Martin accompanied him to the deserted house, helping to carry the provision Victor had made for his vigil. They entered by a large empty window.

Victor explored the building with a satisfaction that astonished his chums. The lower floor was certainly damp and uninviting, though the paneless window through which the boys entered, let in an ample supply of fresh air. But the upper rooms were light and cheerful, and in one of these Victor arranged the two big rugs he had brought.

'You expect to spend a quiet night?' laughed Basil.

'Why not?' asked Victor, coolly. 'I don't intend to lose my sleep because of a ehange of lodging.'

'Nor your supper,' added Martin, as he helped to spread out a feast of biscuits and fruit, sausage-rolls, and a few jam-tarts, with ginger-beer.

'Nothing more we can do?' asked Basil at last.

'No,' Victor replied, and the Lesleys bade him a merry good-night, renewing their prophecy that he would be back at the Manor many hours before breakfast was due.

When Victor felt sure they were safely away from the neighbourhood, he set out on a new round of exploration. First he made certain that there was at present no other way of enteriug the mill-house but by the broken window. The other windows and the doors were securely bolted from the inside, and the bolts, being rusted with long disuse, could not be forced without difficulty. If the boys meant to surprise him they would certainly choose the most silent entrance. He next examined the shutters to the open window. Their catches, too, were rusted, but with some trouble Victor released the hooks holding them back against the wall. The wood being swollen hy damp, the shutters did not close properly, but with his knife the boy shaved away at the edges until they fitted satisfactorily. The iron har that elosed them lay on the ground. After this experiment, Victor pushed open the shutters to their original position, but did not hook them in plaee.

Then he elimbed into the room and tried the door-lock, whieh was fairly sound. Just outside, however, the passage ended in a big eupboard, whose door, when opened, covered that of the room. So Victor locked the latter on the outside, then opened the cupboard door, and by ramming between it and the opposite wall two stout poles he had seeured, made it impossible for any one to get out of the room this way, even if the lock were forced.

(Concluded on page 351.)

"They entered by a large empty window."

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"Open your mouth and shut your eyes." By William Mulready.

WILLIAM MULREADY.

WILLIAM MULREADY was an Irishman, the son of a leather breeches maker, and was born in County Clare, in the year 1786. The boy was a born artist, and, more than that, a tireless worker, with a capacity for picking up in the most unexpected quarters every possible help to his art. When his family moved to London he haunted second-hand shops and old book-stalls, so that he might purchase copies cheaply, and his energy and talent attracted the notice of the artist Graham, who gave him a helping hand.

The boy was spirited and independent. At fifteen he was supporting himself, turning his hand to anything, illustrating books, scene-painting, and giving drawing lessons. Like most young artists of his day, he tried his hand on the fashionable large historical picture, but he soon found his own line in the simple, homely subjects for which David Wilkie was already famous. He studied the Dutch artists, and learnt much from their perfection of minute detail and treatment of indoor scenes; but there was a grace and a charm about the work of the Irishman which we fail to find in the homely women and stolid little children from Holland. Among Mulready's best-known pictures are the illustrations to The Vicar of Wakefield, which were so popular that he was induced to reproduce some of them as oil paintings —Sophia and Mr. Burchell tossing the hay in the sunny meadows; Moses decked out by his admiring sisters for the fair; and, best known of them all, the choosing of the wedding gown.

The artist's home life was a sad one, but his professional career was one of extraordinary success. In one year, 1816, he was elected, first, Associate of the Royal Academy, and then Royal Academician, the most rapid promotion ever known in the annals of the Academy. Nor did he ever settle down to rest upon his laurels. Like another great man, he might be said to have 'died learning.' His later pictures show the same careful, painstaking work as the early ones, and two days before his death, he was studying in the Life School. He designed a famous envelope, now very valuable, to celebrate the introduction of penny postage. Nor must we forget his generous support of the Artists' Fund, a proof that success had not made him forgetful of the days when the hand of a brother-artist had helped him up the ladder which he had set himself so perseveringly to climb. M. H. D.

SOME DERIVATIONS.

'DAMASK' is derived from the city of Damascus (whence the damson, or 'Damascene Plum,' also takes its name); 'satin' comes from Saytouin, in China; 'calico' from Calicut, in India, formerly noted for its cotton material, and where the printing of calico was first tried; 'muslin' is named from Mosolim, in Asia; 'Alpaca' is the name of an animal of the llama species, from whose wool this fabric is made; 'taffeta' is said to be named from a street in Bagdad; 'cambric' from Cambrai; 'gauze' from Gaza (where it was first made); and 'baize' from Bajac. A 'blanket' is the namesake of Thomas Blanket, a well-known clothier, who was connected with the introduction of woollens into England (about 1340); 'velvet' seems to be derived from the Italian velluti, which means 'woolly' (Latin vellus = shaggy hair).

A WISHING CAP

IF some kind Fairy Queen would give
A Wishing Cap to me,
I'd be the happiest little boy
That ever you did see!

As soon as it was growing late,
I'd put it on my head,
And wish the time would never come
For me to go to bed.

I'd wish the birds and beasties, too,
Inside my Noah's Ark,
Would get alive, and sing and crow,
And moo, and roar, and bark!

I'd wish my Pussy-cat could talk,
And Fairyland was near—
I'd wish that I could always live
On jam and ginger-beer!

Katherine E. Sherriff.

THE OBJECT-LESSON.

'I WISH one of you would drop into the lake at the bottom of the garden—I mean,' as a horrified chorus greeted this cheerful wish, 'I mean, if one of you dropped in, I would like to be there to help bring you round—back to life again. I have just read a stunning tale about rescuing some one from drowning, and I have a little diary note-book here that gives you all sorts of useful information: the usual things about the post, you know, and all that sort of thing, and there's a page on directions for helping in case of accidents, and drowning is amongst them. I'm longing to put them to the test —the directions, you know. I'm certain I could do it myself, and it would be ripping to try!'

Cecil Douglas, seated on the schoolroom table and holding a red leather note-book up to view, looked round upon his brothers and sisters and met their gaze of strong disapproval.

'Really, Cecil, anybody would think you were a lunatic,' was Ivor's brotherly comment.

'You had better practise on yourself,' suggested Stella. 'I am afraid I cannot offer my services to oblige you.'

'You forget the remedies might fail,' said Cedric.

And May added: 'And even if they didn't, there would be the icy plunge into the water to make ready for the rescue!'

'Perhaps Cecil won't mind waiting till the summer,' cried Nancy with a shiver, as she held out her hands to feel the warmth of the flames roaring cheerfully up the chimney. 'It gives me the cold shudders even to think of drowning now. I am glad you have made such a splendid fire, Cecil!'

'Perhaps he had his rescue work in his mind's eye when he heaped on the wood and coal, hoping one of us would do the drowning patient for him,' said Ivor.

'You needn't rag a fellow so,' said Cecil good-temperedly. 'I explained that I didn't want you to drop in on purpose.'

'You began your long speech by wishing that we would,' Cedric reminded him.

'But I corrected myself.'

'Still, the wish was there in the first place, or it wouldn't have slipped out,' insisted Cedric. 'I suppose the long and the short of it is that you want

a medal from the Royal Humane Society, old man?'

'Not half as much as I want to practise what I have been learniug and reading about,' said Cecil earnestly, opening his little red note-book again. 'It's really awfully interesting—I will read you a bit: "Lay the patient face downwards, with arms stretehed out beyond the head——"'

'Oh, shut up!' cried Ivor.

'We are not to say "shut up,"' said Cecil. 'It's one of the worst forms of slang, because it's rude as well as vulgar.'

'Shut up—the book. I have corrected myself,' said Ivor meaningly.

'We don't want to hear any more, please, Cecil. If you must read aloud, read us a nice story,' begged Stella.

'What about the stunning drowning story you mentioned just now?' suggested Ivor; but Cedric held up a warning hand.

'Don't set him off on his hobby-horse again,' he begged. 'If you do, he will be wanting to illustrate the story with real drowning and rescue cases, and one or more of us will be dumped into the lake.'

'As if we were a set of dolls!' cried Nancy, with mock anger.

Five-year-old Daisy, who had been listening in silenee to the lively talk, clasped the doll she held very tightly and looked alarmed at the bare suggestion of a doll having to undergo such treatment, but Cecil's eyes grew suddenly hopeful, for Nancy's idle suggestion had given him an idea.

'Is Cecil here?' inquired a merry voice at the door, and a boy very like Cecil himself, both in age and appearanee, entered the room.

'I brought a message from Mother for Aunt Harriet,' explained the new-comer, 'and Auntie has invited me to stay to tea.'

'How jolly!' cried Cecil. 'I was just longing for some one with a grain of sense and sympathy to talk to. Look here, Jack: I have been learning exactly how to save people from drowning, and all I want now to show how it is done is to be able to give a practical experiment.'

'And you want me to be the practical experiment? Thanks awfully!'

There was a elapping of hands from the schoolroom party, but Cecil held to his point.

'Don't you be a goose like the rest, there's a good fellow. Every one knows there is nothing like an object-lesson to impress any kind of teaching on one, and I could teaeh you all how to save people from drowning, if—mind, I said if—anybody should at any time happen to fall into the lake.'

'Of course he means them to stay there long enough to lose consciousness—it isn't an ordinary, simple rescue-from-the-water case that he is anxious to show his skill upon,' explained Ivor. 'I, for one, wouldn't risk trying it on!'

'Nor I either, though I do most things old Cecil wants!' laughed Jack.

'Think of the hundreds of lives we might save between us in the course of time, if we all learned,' said Cecil, eloquently. 'Come over to the window-seat, Jack, and I will explain the whole system to you.'

The two cousins retired to the other end of the room, and a lively conversation was carried on in low voices until tea-time.

Dolls not being allowed at the tea-table, Victoria Mary was always tenderly tucked into her cradle by her careful little 'mother' before the latter went to her meal; and on this particular afternoon Daisy did not depart from her usual custom. Yet, when she went to the nursery after tea to carry Victoria Mary back to the school-room, the cradle was empty, and a frantic search round the room failed to reveal a trace of her. A terrible fear seized the poor little mother of dolls as she remembered the conversation of the afternoon, and Nancy's heedless remark. Supposing—only supposing!—Cecil should give Jack an object-lesson in restoring drowned people to life, with Victoria Mary for the 'object'! Daisy's heart seemed to stand still with fright, as she gazed at the empty eradle, where she was positive she had laid her doll less than an hour ago. Daisy's dolls were very real to her little heart, and she pictured to herself the agonies her poor darling, Victoria Mary, would endure as she was plunged ruthlessly into the cold water. She must rush to her rescue at once.

It was almost dark in the garden as Daisy's flying feet hurried her across lawns and gravelled paths down to the piece of water which the children called the lake.

And, yes! before she reached it, she could see in the dim light the two conspirators standing together by the low railings at the water's edge, and they were evidently bent on their object-lesson, for Cecil held Victoria Mary in his hands.

The boys did not hear the sound of Daisy's soft slippers on the grass, and Cecil had climbed over the railings, and was stooping down to place the doll in the water, 'to make the lesson as real as possible,' as he had explained to Jack, when the little girl, breathless and excited, arrived on the scene, squeezed herself under the lowest rail, and seized her treasure from her brother's grasp. Cecil, too surprised to resist, let go so suddenly that Daisy overbalanced herself, and she and Victoria Mary fell into the water together with a loud splash.

Cecil's thoughtless wish had come to pass—and through his fault. But with its fulfilment all recollection of the lessons he thought he had learned so well vanished. He was a brave boy, though, and much more quickly than it takes to tell he had thrown off his coat.

'I'll get her out—it isn't deep!' he gasped. 'Fly to the house, Jack, and fetch Mother and—anybody big!'

Jack was off like an arrow, but his voice travelled faster than he did, and his shouts brought a little crowd rushing from the house before he reached it.

'Quick! Quick! They're all three in the water! —I mean Cecil and Daisy—and the doll! Oh, Uncle Hubert, are you here? What a good thing!'

Nobody waited then for explanations, though in the hearts of the elder children there was a terrible dread lest Cecil should have been foolish and wicked enough to persuade Daisy to help him to give the 'praetieal experiment' he had so ardently desired. Their relief was so great when the rescue-party had returned, and Cecil and Daisy, after hot baths, had been settled in their beds, and the true history of events related by Jack, that they were inclined to make a hero of Cecil for his prompt plunge into the water after Daisy. They were so thankful, indeed,

"Cecil held Victoria Mary in his hands."

for the safe ending to what might have been a tragedy, that they forbore to tease Cecil for the failure of his 'object-lesson,' and they made Daisy happy by clubbing together to provide a new outfit for Victoria Mary, whose clothing was the worse for the adventure.

Amy Cripps Vernon.

ROUND LONDON TOWN.

VIII.—BOW CHURCH.

'WITHIN sound of Bow Bells:' how far back into the distant past this saying takes us! It carries us back to the time when the City of London—the City, that is to say, within the walls—boasted of many more churches than it does at the present day. There is no subject connected with the ancient history of London more interesting than its ancient churches; yet we know really very little

Cheapside and Bow Church, from the West.

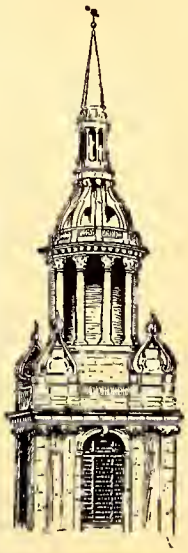
about them, or how they came into existence. The very names of those which have survived are often extremely hard to account for, and we can only guess at the origin of the many which have disappeared. Many were burnt in the fires which devastated the old town, even before the Great Fire of 1666; many were destroyed when the monasteries were dissolved by Henry VIII.

The church of St. Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside, derives its name from the fact that it was the first of the London churches to be built on arches, or bows, as they were called. The Court of Arches, likewise, takes its name from the court having been formerly held in the crypt of this church. This fine Norman crypt still exists as the only remnant of the ancient church, the present building having been erected by Wren after the Great Fire.

To live within sound of Bow bells meant to be a true cockney—that is, to belong to the life of London proper, as distinguished from those districts which lay without the bounds of the City. Every one knows the jingle about the London Bells:—

'Oranges and lemons,'
Say the Bells of St. Clement's.
'You owe me five farthings,'
Say the Bells of St. Martin's.
'When will you pay me?'
Say the Bells of Old Bailey.
'When I grow rich,'
Say the Bells of Shoreditch.
'When will that be?'
Say the Bells of Stepney.
'I'm sure I don't know,'
Says the Big Bell of Bow.

The London of olden times cannot be separated from the sound of its church bells; their sound is heard in almost every legend and story connected with the ancient City. When poor Dick Whittington, having escaped from his cruel master, was resting by the road-side, he was induced to turn back by the ringing of Bow Bells, which fitted their chime to the words: 'Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London.' When a victory was won, by land or sea, the event was made known to the citizens by the ringing of the joy-bells throughout the City, and as the news spread far and wide, the bells of one parish church after another joined their merry peal to the chorus.



The Steeple of Bow Church.

Bow Church has had an eventful history. As the old chronicler, Stow, tells us, the church, 'for divers accidents happening there, hath been made more famous than any other parish church of the whole city or suburbs.' Thus, he relates that 'in the year 1090, by tempest of wind, the roof of the church of St. Mary Bow, in Cheap, was overturned, wherewith some persons were slain, and four of the rafters, of twenty-six feet in length, with such violence were pitched in the ground of the high street, that scantly [scarcely] four feet of them remained above ground, which were fain to be cut even with the ground, because they could not be plucked out, for the city of London was not then paved, and a marish [marshy] ground.' The church stood in the centre of the market-place of West Cheap (now Cheapside), which in wet weather must have been little better than a quagmire. It was not till long afterwards that the principal streets were paved with blocks of stone.

Bow Church, from the East.

Near the end of the twelfth century the heavy taxes imposed upon the people, to supply the wants of the king, gave rise to riots; in one of these, which resulted in the death of

several citizens of London, the ringleader, called William of the Longbeard, fled with his companions to Bow Church, where they held their pursuers for some time at bay. At length, the door being fired, the defenders were compelled to rush forth, and being overpowered and taken prisoners, were hanged at Smithfield. In 1196, one, William FitzOsbert, 'a seditious tailor,' seized the steeple of Bow and fortified and provisioned it. Once more, 'fire and smoke' were resorted to to compel the valiant tailor to forsake the church, and he suffered the usual fate at Smithfield. In the year 1271 a great portion of the steeple toppled over into the street, and 'slew many people, men and women.'

The steeple seems to have been a favourite place of resort for persons suspected of crime. In 1284 one Laurence Ducket, a goldsmith, having grievously wounded a man in West Cheap, sought sanctuary in the church; but the wounded man's friends entering the church by night, fell upon Laurence as he lay in the steeple and slew him. They then hung his body before the window in such a manner as to make it appear that he had taken his own life. The inquest afterwards held decided that it was a case of suicide, and Laurence's body having been drawn by the heels through the streets, as the custom was in those days, was buried in a ditch outside the city. Later on, however, the truth came out by reason of the evidence of a boy who had been present at Laurence's murder, and had hidden himself for fear, with the result that the murderers were hanged, and a woman connected with the crime was burnt. 'The church was interdicted, the doors and window were stopped up with thorns, but Laurence was taken up and honestly buried in the churchyard.'

The space around the church was in course of time encroached upon by houses, which pressed so closely on the church itself as to leave no room for burying the dead. Seeing this, a citizen, in 1465, left by his will a garden in Hosier (now Bow) Lane, to be a churchyard, 'which so continued near a hundred years,' but was subsequently built upon.

The old steeple, after many accidents, was restored and 'new built up' by sums of money given for this purpose, and in 1469 it was ordained by the Common Council that Bow Bell 'should be nightly rung at nine of the clock.' This was a survival of the ancient curfew. Provision for the maintenance of the bell and its customary ringing was made by the gift of two houses in 1472, by a mercer named John Donne. It would seem that the bell was rung somewhat late—a fact which caused the 'prentices and young men of Cheap to publish the following couplet against the clerk: —

'Clerk of the Bow Bell, with the yellow lockes,
For thy late ringing, thy head shall have knockes.'

To which the clerk replied in another rhyme—

'Children of Cheape, hold you all still,
For you shall have the Bow Bell rung at your will.'

The restoration of the steeple was completed in 1512, and its appearance at this period is described by Stow: 'The arches or hows thereupon, with the lanterns, five in number, to wit, one in each corner, and one on the top in the middle upon the arches,' were of stone brought from Caen in Normandy. The lanterns were to contain lights placed in them during the winter to guide travellers coming to the city. The great bell, the fifth of the ring, was given by William Copland, a churchwarden, in 1515.

From this spot were witnessed the joustings held by King Edward III., 'with the nobility, valiant men of the realm, and other some strange knights,' which lasted for three days together. For this purpose a wooden scaffold was erected across the street, and here Queen Philippa, in 1331, 'and many other ladies richly attired, and assembled from all parts of the realm, did stand to behold the jousts: but the higher frame, in which the ladies were placed, brake in sunder, whereby they were in some shame forced to fall down, by reason whereof the knights, and such as were underneath, were grievously hurt: wherefore the queen took great care to save the carpenters from punishment, and through her prayers, which she made upon her knees, pacified the king and council, and thereby purchased great love of the people.'

The king afterwards caused to be built a shed of stone against the side of the church, from which the royal party might view the jousts and processions in safety. The shed was for long used for this purpose, but in later times it also served as a means of viewing the great watches kept over the City on the eves of St. John Baptist and St. Peter at midsummer. In 1510, on St. John's Even at night King Henry VIII. came hither 'in the livery of a yeoman of the guard, with an halbert on his shoulder, and then beholding the watch, departed privily when the watch was done, and was not known to any but to whom it pleased him; but on St. Peter's night next following, he and the queen came royally riding to the said place, and there with their nobles beheld the watch of the city, and returned in the morning.'

When the church was rebuilt, as we now see it, by Wren, after the Great Fire, the belfry was prepared for twelve bells; of these only eight were placed, but two more were subsequently added, and the set of ten bells was first rung in 1762, on June 4th, the birthday of George III. The upper portion of the steeple (which is to some extent a miniature representation of the tower which crowns the dome of St. Paul's) forms a graceful pyramid from the top of the tower to the vane. The vane is a gilded dragon, ten feet in length. One of Mother Shipton's prophecies was that when the dragon of Bow Church and the grasshopper of the Royal Exchange should meet, the streets of London would be deluged with blood. In 1820 both of these vanes were lying together in a stonemason's yard in Old Street Road, whither they had been sent for repair. Over the doorway of the church in Cheapside is a small balcony, intended as a place from which royal processions might be viewed. It was no doubt suggested by the stone shed formerly placed against the side of the church. The bells have been restored so as to ring at certain times the traditional air of 'Turn again, Whittington.' F. J. Rowbotham.

'PENCIL' WOOD.

NEAR the town where, during the Civil War in America, the battle of Franklin was fought, there is a patch of land about twenty-five miles square which is practically the only part of the United States where cedars are grown for no other purpose than that of furnishing wood for lead pen-

cils. These trees, which do not grow to any great extent in other sections of the States, seem here to spring spontaneously from the soil. Employment is thus provided for many wood-choppers and planing-mill workers, who prepare the cedar-wood for shipment to the Eastern States and to Europe, where it is used in lead-pencil factories. From the town of Murfreesborough, Tennessee, an immense quantity of the wood is shipped every year, after being cut, planed, and sawed. Many fortunes have been made out of these cedars. A century hence, the groves of this spot will probably still be furnishing the close-grained, fine-fibred wood for lead pencils.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 332.)

THE astrologer's conversation with the officers was brief. Turning towards me, he made various mystical signs which I imagine were meant to charm the white monkey into passive obedience. Then he strode towards me, and seizing Ted with both hands tore him from my shoulder. The instant my little friend was captured, six men rushed at me, pushed me with unnecessary violence into the cage, the door of which they shut and chained instantly. I had been flung heavily on the floor, but I got up quickly to see what had become of my pet monkey, and I can assure you I was more than pleased when I saw that he was fighting desperately for freedom, scratching and biting the court astrologer vigorously. Growing terrified, the court astrologer shouted for help, but not a man went to his assistance, probably thinking that a monkey who could treat an astrologer with such disrespect was an animal to be feared as well as revered. The court astrologer could easily have ended the struggle by using force; but he dared not do so, knowing that if he did he would arouse the anger of the people. His chief endeavour, therefore, was to keep a tight hold of the monkey and prevent him from biting and scratching him. But this he failed to do, for Ted suddenly seized his right ear and bit it viciously. With a cry of pain the astrologer released his hold on Ted, who immediately sprang to the ground and looked around for me.

'Ted,' I shouted, 'come here.'

He heard my call and scampered towards me on all fours, the Siamese scuttling out of his way for fear that he might attack them. One man fell right in his path and shouted in terror, fearing that he would be attacked; but Ted sprang over him and arriving at the cage climbed up it, and squeezing through the top bars swung himself down on to my shoulder. I need scarcely say that I was both surprised and delighted at having my little friend once more with me. The possibility of his being able to squeeze through the narrow bars had not occurred to me, and it was evident from the dismay among the Siamese that they had not thought it possible.

I now waited anxiously for the Siamese's next move, but it was soon evident that they could not decide how to act. For fully ten minutes they discussed the matter before arriving at a decision. Twelve sturdy men then advanced towards the cage, causing me to imagine that some of them were about to enter it and carry off the monkey by force. But this did not prove to be the case. They did not touch the door, but lifted the cage and carried it to the bank of the river, which at this point rose some ten feet above high-water mark. Then they put it down and turned their attention to a pole which stuck out a few yards over the river. From the end of a pole a chain stretched to the bank, and tugging at this they brought the pole round by a circular movement until the point was close to the cage. Then I understood what their intention was. My cage was to be attached to the end of the pole and left hanging over the river. I cannot say that the prospect caused me any great alarm, for I felt that all hope of escape had not gone; if the executioners had taken me out of the cage it would have been different—I should have known that my last hour had arrived.

The Siamese were apparently anxious to make up for the time which they had wasted in their fruitless attempts to rob me of the white monkey, and in less than five minutes the top of my cage was chained securely to the end of the pole, and the work of dropping it over the bank began. Whether purposely or not I do not know, but on reaching the brink the men on one side of the cage released their hold before the others, with the result that it fell unevenly, pitching me against the bars and causing it to swing violently. My efforts to get into the centre of the cage and balance it amused the onlookers highly, and I believe that they were disappointed when, after many attempts, I succeeded in doing so. With my hands pressed on the floor, I sat in the centre of the cage while the Siamese pulled the pole until it was at right angles with the bank. No sooner had this been accomplished than the Siamese turned about and marched off towards the palace. They did not even leave a man to watch me, a sure sign that they considered it was impossible for me to escape.

For a few minutes I had forgotten Frank and Tom, but now I became anxious as to how they fared. Looking down the river, I saw that they were in cages similar to mine. Tom was in the nearer one, and seeing me looking, waved his hand.

'All right?' I shouted.

'Yes,' he replied.

'Shall we be kept here until the King has made up his mind what sentence we are to receive?'

'We have been sentenced, and this is our punishment—to be starved to death.'

Tom's reply filled me with horror. The probability of my being tortured had frequently been in my mind, and I had consoled myself, as far as possible, with the thought that death would soon release me from the hands of the torturers. But starvation meant many hours of acute misery.

'Are you certain that we are to be starved?' I called to Tom.

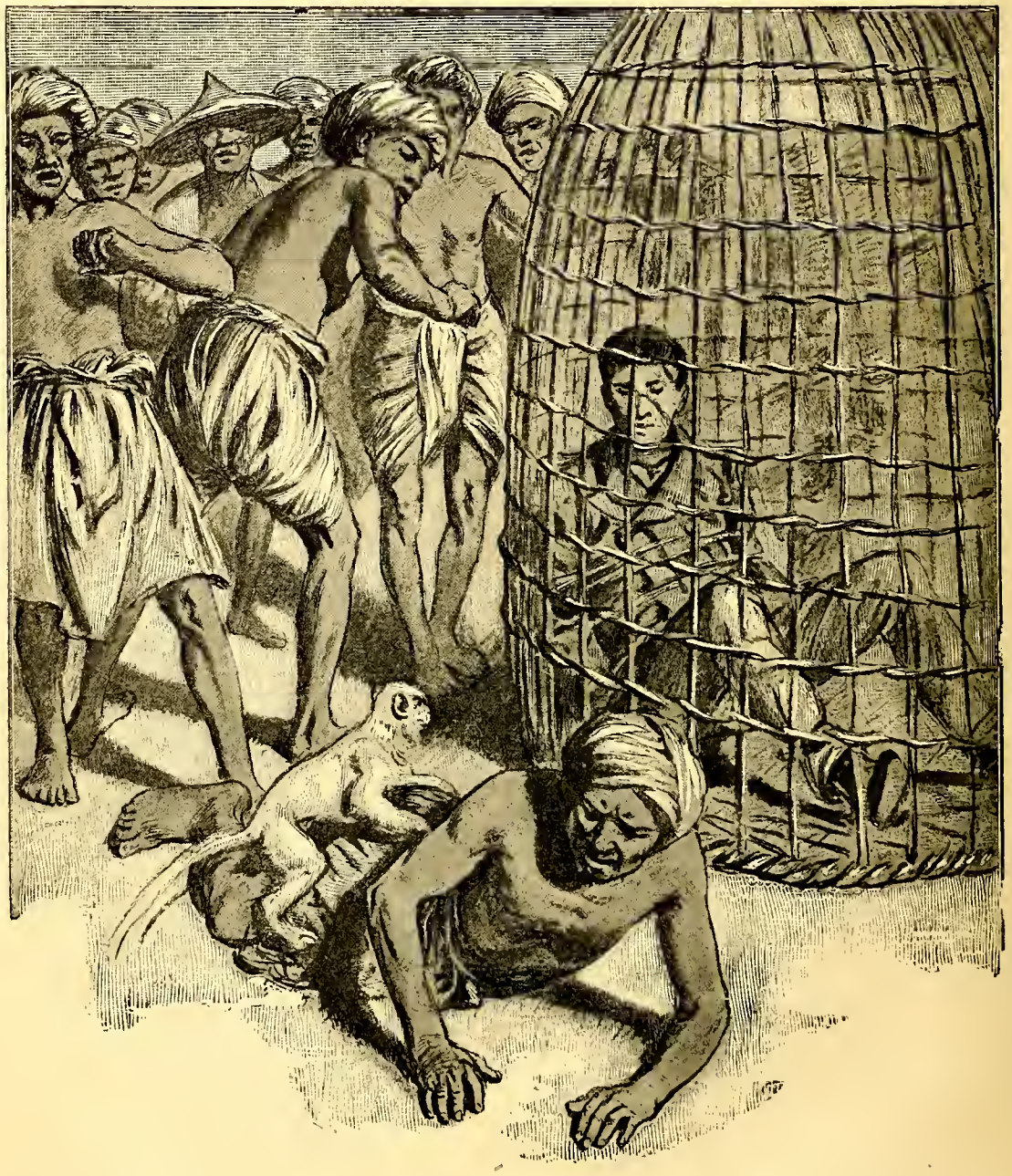
'Quite,' he replied.

'Does Frank know?'

'Yes. He told me. He has seen other poor wretches in these cages.'

We said no more. We had to shout loudly to make ourselves heard, and probably Tom, like me, was in no humour for talking. Our fate had been decided, and nothing that we could say could alter it. Moreover, the heat was terrible, and a langnor which I could not withstand came over me. Soon I was fast asleep and dreaming of home.

(Continued on page 346.)



"Ted sprang over him."

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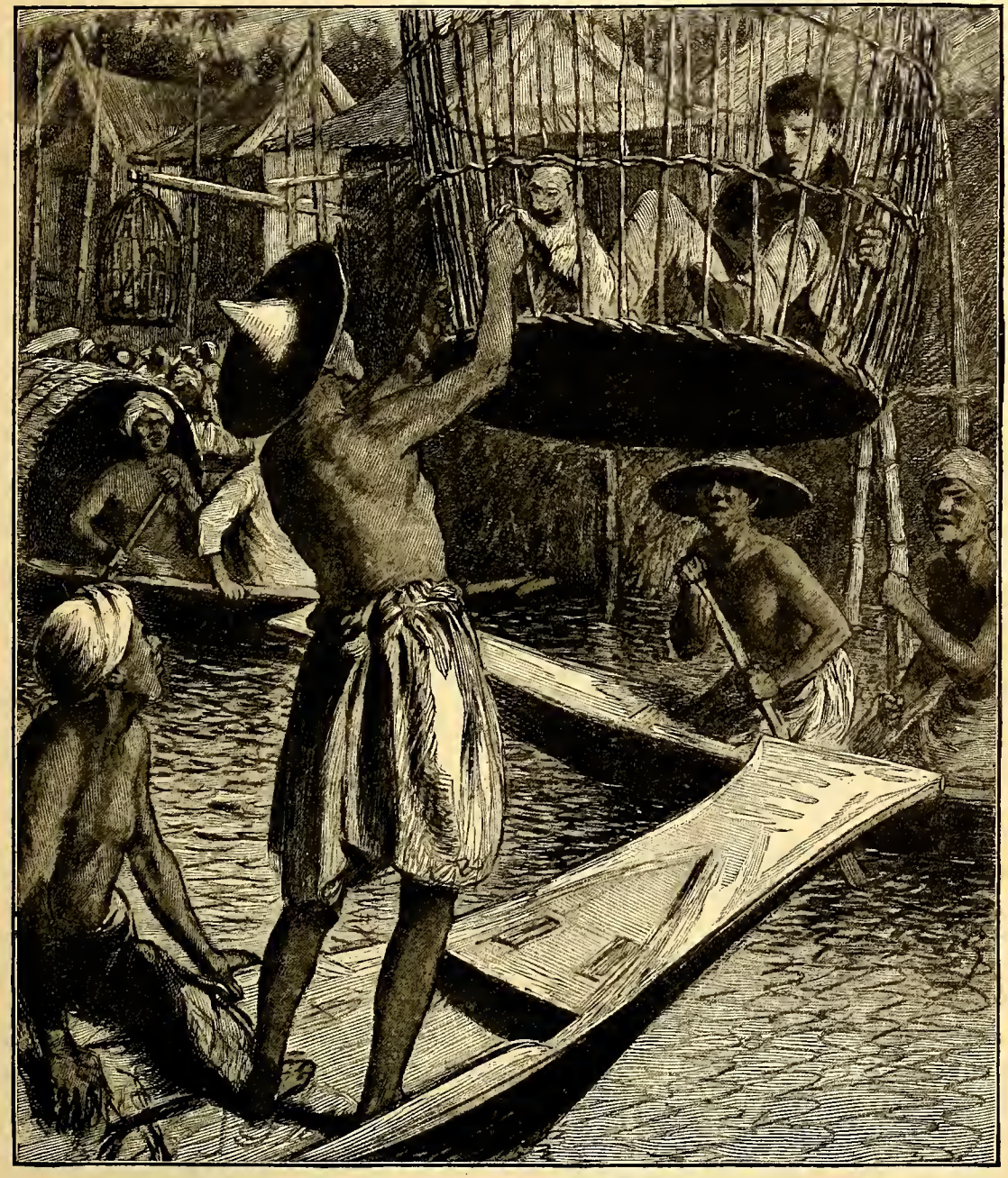

"I envied Ted's good meal."

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 343.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN I awoke, the hottest part of the day had passed, and the Siamese, refreshed by their siesta, had taken to their canoes and paddled up from their floating city to see us in captivity. It was their jeers and taunts hurled at Frank, whom they saw first, that aroused me.

That our imprisonment was popular with the people was very evident, and as they paddled from Frank to Tom I could distinguish their shouts of 'water-rat,' as well as more insulting cries. When the foremost canoe, a big ten-oared boat, arrived at Tom's cage, one of the men stood up, and, catching hold of it with both hands, set it swinging. He and the crowd had expected that Tom would be taken by surprise, and roll heavily against his prison bars; but they were disappointed, for Tom had learnt how to keep his balance, and sat tight.

Very few of the canoes stopped at Tom's cage, for the Siamese, having given vent to their hostile feelings by jeering at and insulting Frank, were now anxious to see the white monkey and his disgraced keeper.

'Water-rat! Down with the water-rat!' were the cries in which the excited people indulged as they approached my cage; others were so horrible that I do not care to repeat them.

Now it happened that as the first of the canoes arrived, Ted, who had been sitting on my shoulder, sprang on to the bars, and began climbing about the inside of the cage. The Siamese immediately jumped to the conclusion that he wished to escape from me, and their anger burst out afresh. Many of the people had brought with them a good supply of rough stones, with which they pelted me unmercifully, taking care not to hit Ted. I received several cuts, and should have suffered more from the assault had not Ted suddenly dropped on to the floor beside me. His movement was made with such rapidity that he shared a volley of stones intended solely for me. Exclamations of horror burst from the floating crowd when they saw that the white monkey had been hit, and their horror gave way to terror when they saw that he was enraged with them.

Ted was, indeed, angrier than ever I had seen him, and, picking up the stones which lay on the floor of my cage, he flung them, one by one, at my persecutors. He could not throw far, and I fancy that he hit no one; but nevertheless the people paddled quickly beyond the reach of his attack, for fear that the stones, having been handled by him, might possess some marvellous power to harm them.

When Ted had exhausted the stock of missiles with which they had unintentionally supplied him, they paddled back to my cage and strove to make peace with him by offering him food. Ted was hungry, and he took and ate nearly everything that was offered to him. The sight of food made me conscious that I, too, was hungry, but the wretched people took precautions against my getting any of the food given to Ted. Standing in their canoes they handed the monkey small morsels, never giving him more than he could hold in his hand.

I must admit that I envied Ted his fortune in getting a good meal, and wished that I had some means of making my little friend know that I was hungry. Alas! he was not sufficiently intelligent for me to be able to make him understand that. But I made it plain to the Siamese. Ted having eaten as much as he wanted, threw the last piece of fruit given him upon the floor. I stretched out my hand to seize it, but a man, standing in one of the canoes, put his hand through the bars and forestalled me.

The Siamese now knew that the white monkey had eaten all that he required, and that I was hungry. The latter fact gave them unbounded delight, for they knew that the period of suffering had begun. Nor were they sufficiently humane to remain content with the knowledge that I was already suffering from hunger, but strove to add to my anguish. This they did in a way which proved that they were skilled in the art of torture. Several vendors of cooked provisions had paddled up-stream, knowing perfectly well that they would find many customers among the crowd. On its becoming known that I was hungry, one of these vendors paddled his canoe quickly through the flotilla until he came close to my cage. He was selling roast pork, and the smell of it made me feel more ravenous than ever. One man purchased some of his toothsome food, and to my astonishment held it close to the bars of my cage. With an exclamation of joy I stretched out my hands to take it, but as my fingers were about to close on it the fellow drew it back. Shouts of laughter greeted my disappointment, and for the first, and last, time in my life I felt that I could commit murder. But the scoundrel who had made sport of my hunger was beyond my reach, and all that I could do in my rage was to call my tormentors names.

(Continued on page 354.)

A COMPANY OF BENEFACTORS.

III.—ELIZABETH FRY.

DURING the last twenty years of the eighteenth century, seven merry, light-hearted girls were growing up to womanhood at Earlham Hall, near Norwich. Their father, Mr. Gurney, belonged to the sect of Quakers—'Friends' as they preferred to call themselves; but there was not much trace of Quaker gravity of demeanour or simplicity of costume among the sisters at Earlham. Gayest and most frolicsome of them all was the flaxen-haired Elizabeth, light-footed in the dance, in love with the music of the military band at Norwich, and, as she herself wrote in her diary, 'too much addicted to trifles, dress in particular.' And such dress as it was, too! A scarlet riding habit on one occasion; a pair of purple boots, laced with red, on another—far removed, indeed, from the sober greys and lavenders which we associate with the gentle ladies of the Quaker community in those days.

But underneath all the girlish frolic there was a strong, earnest nature, ready to purify and turn to good account the buoyant high spirits, and a heart so tender that the mother, who died when her little daughter was but twelve years old, talked of the child as her 'dove-like Betsy.'

And as the girl grew to womanhood, the serious thoughts came uppermost. Always wide-minded and lenient to others, she grew stricter with herself. The dancing, which she never condemned as wrong, was too exciting for her, and, after once refusing her dear brother John as a partner, she declared that the privilege denied to him should be granted to no one else. At twenty, the old girl-life at Earlham

ended with her marriage to Mr. Fry, and she exchanged her beautiful Norfolk house for a house in St. Mildred's Court in the City, and for the cares and duties of a good wife and a most loving mother. Her interests went beyond her home circle. She was ever ready with help for any case of real distress, but she had a keen eye for impostors, who found the gentle lady quite a match for them.

It was in the year 1816 that she entered in earnest upon the work which will be for ever connected with her name. Even in the days of her merry girlhood, the sad lot of the prisoners in the Norwich gaol had weighed upon her mind, and she had prevailed upon her father to allow her to visit them. The subject was again brought before her by Mr. William Foster, one of the many friends who visited the Frys at their beautiful home at Plashet, in Essex, whither they had removed from St. Mildred's Court. One among the lessons which even Christian and civilised lands have been very slow to learn is the right aim and object of punishment—not only to frighten possible offenders, but, as far as possible, to improve the wrong-doer himself. Certainly the prison system at the beginning of the last century was far more likely to degrade than to benefit the prisoner, and calculated to turn slight offenders into dangerous criminals.

When Mrs. Fry and a lady friend, dismayed by Mr. Foster's account, obtained leave to visit Newgate, they found there a state of things almost too horrible to describe. Three hundred women were huddled together in two wards and two cells, no distinction being made between those whose guilt was still uncertain and those who had been already tried and sentenced. No beds were provided for them, and cooking, washing, eating and sleeping all went on in the same place. Employment they had none, save gambling and fighting over the money which they begged from curious or compassionate visitors. Drink could be obtained from a tap in the prison, and the singing, swearing, and dancing of the drunken women made the place a perfect pandemonium.

Such was the sight which pierced the compassionate heart of Mrs. Fry on her first visit to Newgate, and which drew her back again at the earliest possible opportunity, to see what could be done to alter a state of things so disgraceful to a Christian nation.

On this second visit she asked to be left alone with the prisoners that she might speak to them more freely. It is a picture upon which we may well love to dwell, the gentle, delicately-nurtured woman standing where the very officers of the prison hardly dared venture alone, in the midst of the howling, struggling crowd of miserable women. In the wisest way she spoke to them, appealing, as herself a mother of boys and girls, to those whose little children were in that horrible place. Did they want them, these little ones who had done no harm, to grow up worse than heathen, in misery and shame? The faces round her, and the tears which started at her words, encouraged her to go on. She proposed to open a school in the prison, where the children might be taught what would fit them by-and-by to take their places as honest, God-fearing citizens, and she asked the help of the mothers in carrying out her scheme. There was little doubt of their approval; even those who had almost ceased to hope for any better future for themselves caught at the chance for their little ones, and the school was started accordingly. There was no good 'Ma'am Baber' here to carry out the plans of the foundress, as in Hannah More's school; the teacher was a prisoner like the rest, one Mary Connor, committed to Newgate for stealing a watch. But so well did she justify the trust reposed in her that she became an excellent mistress, and did good work among her little scholars, until, sixteen months later, she received a free pardon.

The improvement in Newgate went on. The elder women began to beg for teaching themselves. The very fact that some one cared for them, and expected them to do better, put fresh life and hope into the poor creatures, and awakened the self-respect that had been well-nigh dead within them. A gentleman who had heard of Mrs. Fry's work gives a delightful account of a visit which he paid to Newgate to see for himself what was going on. He entered expecting to find the horrible scene of fighting and drinking which had been described to him by other visitors, and came instead upon a company of quiet, neatly-dressed women, sewing round a long table, while the gentle Quaker lady read aloud to them in the sweet, impressive voice which always found its way to the hearts of her hearers.

Those were the bad days of transportation to convict settlements, and Mrs. Fry began to extend her interest to the unhappy women shipped off to an unknown land, with no one to help them on their arrival. When the convict ship, with its sad burden, was ready to sail, she was there with her parting gifts, and words of farewell and encouragement, her bundle of print and knitting materials to pass the tedious hours of the long voyage, and her commendations to those who would await the new arrivals at the colonial port, and put them in the way of earning an honest living in the new country.

So the good work went on, in spite of home troubles and anxieties which might have filled the thoughts of a less large-hearted woman. The Frys had suffered heavy money losses, obliging them to give up the pleasant home at Plashet and move to a smaller house. Sons and daughters grew up and married, death thinned the ranks of the beloved brothers and sisters. But Mrs. Fry had learnt the truth that to bind the wounds of others is the best way of healing our own, and her work for her poor prisoners was extending, not only beyond Newgate, but beyond the bounds of her own country. She did much to amend the terrible condition of things in the Scottish gaols, and she travelled further afield to France, Germany, and Russia. Kings and emperors took counsel with her; she was entertained in the proudest palaces in Europe, always bearing herself with the same gentle, earnest serenity. We like, too, to remember one interview with royalty which had no direct bearing upon her work—the meeting which she records with 'a sweet, lovable, hopeful child' of eight years old, the young Princess Victoria, to whom the gentle lady spoke of the boy-king, Josiah, called to a like heavy responsibility. Mrs. Fry lived to see that fair child upon the English throne, more than fulfilling the promise of her youth as friend and mother of her people. She lived also to see a general reform of the prison system in her own and other lands, and died in 1845, followed by the blessings of thousands who, but for her, had been in very truth 'ready to perish.'

Mary H. Debenham.

A PICTURE PUZZLE.

The above black shapes, cut out and joined together in the proper way, make up the figure of a person connected with the year 1485. Who is it? If you do not wish to cut up the page, take a tracing of the pieces, colour them black, and cut out the traced shapes exactly. It would be a good thing to stick the pieces on thin cardboard, to prevent their being torn. A Key appears on page 405.

"'You did it! You warned them!'"

'THERE'S MANY A SLIP——'

THE landlord of the inn came across the parlour, and a silence fell on the men grouped there; they watched him suspiciously as he drew the curtains over the little window, chirped softly to the parrot dozing on the sill, its head under its wing, and withdrew.

The talk bubbled up again as the door closed.

'Not a single good thing have I made for myself out of this,' maintained Jonas Martin, thumping the

table as he spoke. 'Not an atom of plunder has come my way. You forced me into the Parliamentary army for your own ends, and now what am I to gain by it?

His three companions looked at each other rather ruefully, and one was about to speak when the outer door opened and Simon Darley stepped in.

'Is Jonas here?' he said; 'I have come hot-foot to see him.'

'Yea, what is it?' the soldier answered, gruffly.

'It hath come to my ears in the village that young Colonel St. John, with a handful of men, rides here on his way to the coast. There is a price on his head, Jonas; 'twould be well if you could be the means of his capture.'

The man's eyes glistened. 'Ay, but how? I am but one,' he said.

'Listen to me. But five miles from here lies General Elphinstone of the Parliament, with his force. Ride there post-haste (I will pay for the horse), and get from him a small company: then return and take the malignant.'

'Ten miles there and back! 'Tis impossible; when will they be here?'

'Not until to-morrow eve: you have plenty of time—they do not know the General lies so near, and very like will sleep here the night.'

'Haste thee, haste, Jonas!' cried Ponsonby eagerly. ''Tis a fair sum they offer for the man.'

They hustled the soldier, grumbling, into the yard, mounted, and sent him on his way; he wanted the gains without the trouble of getting them.

At the gate, as they stood about him, he said, 'If he sees any of you he will know there's mischief afoot.'

'We will make ourselves scarce,' Darley assured him; and they vanished like black shadows as he clattered away into the gloom.

Dusk had fallen, the following evening, when the young Royalist colonel and his men rode into the inn courtyard. The four conspirators, after watching them safely in and the tired horses led away to be fed and watered, departed to strain their eyes along the Easterton road in search of Jonas and his soldiers.

That unfortunate man was having a bad time with the General, a good-hearted gentleman who would never have lifted his hand in war but that he thought his country had need of him, and who had little taste for the task of hunting out and capturing escaping Royalists.

'Well, well,' he said at last, 'Captain Arkwright shall go with you, in case your tale be true. I suppose,' he added to himself, 'we must do our best to capture this rebel.'

So Jonas, happy at last, as in imagination the gold crowns jingled in his pocket, rode off after much delay, beside the Roundhead captain.

'They are sleeping there to-night, you say?' asked that officer, and Jonas assenting, 'Oh! then we have plenty of time if no one is likely to warn them.'

'Nay, there is none to do so,' answered Jonas, satisfied.

Meanwhile the tired Cavaliers had entered the inn, and, flinging aside hats and cloaks, called for supper.

'Faith, I am tired,' exclaimed young St. John, stretching his long legs on the settle, while a meal was being prepared. 'We will lie here to-night, gentlemen, and go on in the morning.'

'Ay, we are safe enough in this out-of-the-way corner. Elphinstone is our only danger, and he has no inkling of our nearness. Hullo! there's a parrot. Hi! Polly, Polly!'

The parrot, roused by the lights and noisier guests than it was used to, ruffled its feathers and shrieked at them. A lump of apple soon soothed its feelings, however, and it consented to sit on St. John's hand and rub its head against his cheek.

'She's rare knowing, that bird,' said the landlord proudly; 'picks up anything.'

'Say "God bless his Majesty," Polly,' cried one of the young fellows.

'God save the King,' returned the bird solemnly; then, cocking its head on one side, it added in an exact imitation of Ponsonby's hoarse voice, 'Haste, Jonas, haste; 'tis a fair sum they offer for the man.'

The Cavaliers sprang to their feet, and stood staring at the bird; it was chuckling and muttering to itself, 'A fair sum; haste thee, Jonas,' over and over again.

No more was needed; a few hasty questionings of the landlord, a gathering up of hats and cloaks, a saddling of horses, and the guests were on their way again, supperless but safe.

When Jonas and his companions rode into the yard but ten minutes later, their disgust may be better imagined than described and the Captain said something very emphatic to the man who had brought him on such a fool's errand.

'But they were there,' protested Darley; 'we saw them go in.'

'Well, they're not here now,' snapped the Captain, 'and if they ever were, some one must have warned them. They have gone.'

Nobody could deny that, and the five met the following day in the inn parlour to discuss it, Jonas feeling that he wanted to be revenged on some one. Who could have warned the Royalists?

'It is impossible to find out,' said Ponsonby at length, opening the book which he always carried with him. 'Let us soothe ourselves with a little reading.'

As he spoke, the parrot fluttered from the window where it had been sunning itself to the corner of the settle. 'Haste, Jonas, haste,' it said; ''tis a fair sum.'

The soldier sprang to his feet. 'You did it! You warned them!' he cried, pointing an accusing finger at the bird.

'God save the King!' croaked Polly.

May Heward.

THE SWIFTS AND THE SLOES.

'FAREWELL,' said the swifts,
'It is time we were flying;
For summer's best gifts
From the landscape are dying.
The swallows have gone,
And we find—willy-nilly—
That lately each dawn
Is decidedly chilly.

'The very last bee
O'er the meadows is humming.
It's easy to see
That the autumn is coming.
And who would not say
That there's reason in fearing
The swifts must away
When the sloes are appearing?'

THE VIGIL OF VICTOR.

(Concluded from page 335.)

'HOW to find another way out for myself,' thought Victor, and he soon managed to open another ground-floor window, through which he climbed into the fresh air once more. Being satisfied with his plans he then returned indoors, fastened the window, and went upstairs to the meal he felt he had earned. The daylight was now rapidly dying, but he did not light any of his candle-ends, being anxious not to attract attention, and contented himself with striking an occasional match to guide his hand to his supper. He did not expect any disturbance before midnight; Basil and Martin would not venture forth until the household was asleep. As for ghosts, Victor's disbelief in them was so strong that he did not give them a second thought, but knowing he would wake at the desired time, wrapped a rug round him and went to sleep.

A sound outside, light, but unmistakable, roused him a couple of hours later, and he jumped up instantly, chuckling a little to himself. So they hadn't funked it after all! He had meant to be downstairs before they came, but there was still time to act.

In stockinged feet he crept downstairs, and went to the window he had opened before. The catch moved silently, and he pushed out the casement the merest trifle. Outside he heard footsteps distinctly. He wondered a little that the visitor did not approach with more caution. He could trace only one person's steps: perhaps Martin, being the more timid, was keeping his distance.

The instant Victor judged that the intruder was safely inside the prepared room, he opened wide the casement and sprang lightly to the ground, making for the window through which the other had passed. He could hear some one moving inside, but could see nothing distinctly. Deftly he closed the shutters before his intention could be suspected; they fastened with a click that brought a sudden cry from the room.

'It's all right, Basil, Victor called to him, breaking the silence now the would-be 'ghost' was trapped. 'I sha'n't leave you alone in the house, but as I told you, I mean to get a good rest, and I can't have little boys disturbing me with practical jokes. By the way, there's a rug in the left-hand corner, and a couple of sausage-rolls. I'm going back to bed, and will let you out in time for breakfast. Good-night!'

The iron bar clamped into place, and Victor, well satisfied with himself, climbed back to the house, fastened the window after him, and stamped upstairs to resume his broken slumber, singing cheerfully as he went. His captive was silent at first, but presently Victor could hear his repeated but vain attacks on door and window.

But there was to be no quiet night for him. Hardly had he dozed again when he was aroused by shouts from below his window.

'Victor! Victor!' he heard in Basil's voice, and vexed that the lad had escaped from the trap, he got up, and looked down at the two Lesleys.

'I say, how did you get out?' he asked reproachfully.

'Quite easily,' answered the other, in astonishment. 'The servants were too sound asleep to hear us, and Grandfather is very deaf. We got out by the library.'

'I don't mean that,' persisted Victor, impatiently. 'I mean from the room downstairs. I suppose Martin came to the rescue. I had forgotten him.'

'The room downstairs?' echoed Basil. 'I haven't been in there since you yourself were with me. The fact is,' he went on, 'Martin and I felt sort of sneaky to think of you being over here alone just because of our daring you to do it. Of course, there aren't any ghosts or anything, but there might be much worse live people. So we have come over to ask you to call it quits, and go back with us.'

But Victor only dimly grasped what they were saying. In his mind was the one startling thought that he had certainly imprisoned some one in the lower room, and that that person was neither Martin nor Basil.

'My word!' he muttered; then to the boy, 'I'll be down in a jiffy, you chaps—just wait there.'

To say they were startled by Victor's story is to put it mildly, but they showed no lack of courage.

'That's just what we were afraid of,' said Basil. 'Several people have seen lights moving in the old mill lately, and Martin suggested to-night that there might be some one here.'

'How far away does the village constable live?' asked Victor. 'Can you fetch him? We have our man securely trapped, and as it's hardly likely he wants to be taken, we had better have some one else here when we open the shutters. I'll stay on guard while you fetch the policeman.'

As it happened, however, the constable was away on duty, but the boys had no trouble in securing three stalwart volunteers to fill his place. One brought with him the gun he used for rabbit-shooting; the others carried stout sticks. During his vigil, Victor's brain had been planning, and he went a little way to meet the rescue party.

'Hush!' he cautioned them at once. 'We had better make a surprise attack, so that the fellow will be too astonished to resist.'

Accordingly the little band crept silently to the barred window. Very gently Victor removed the piece of iron, while the owner of the rabbit gun held his weapon, covering the way of escape. Then one boy at either side suddenly flung back a shutter, while the two young men with sticks made a dash at the opening.

But there came no desperate struggle, for there, blinking rather shamefacedly in the early dawn, stood the gallant village constable.

At first astonishment prevented speech; but presently the boys learned that the constable had noticed Victor's stealthy walk round the mill, and when all was quiet had come to investigate, seeing a prospect of fame and glory. He was inclined to be angry with his captor, but soon saw that, if the story were made public, he would not cut a very heroic figure, and so decided to let well alone. The three villagers who had come to take him were also uncertain how their share in the affair would be received. But Victor remembered that his father's parting 'tip' was still unspent, and when this changed hands, there was a friendly parting between men and boys.

Somehow, as stories will, this one leaked out eventually, and with its narration was 'laid' the ghost of the mill. On his next visit to Lesley Manor, Victor was delighted to see the old water-wheel once more merrily at work.

"There stood the village constable."

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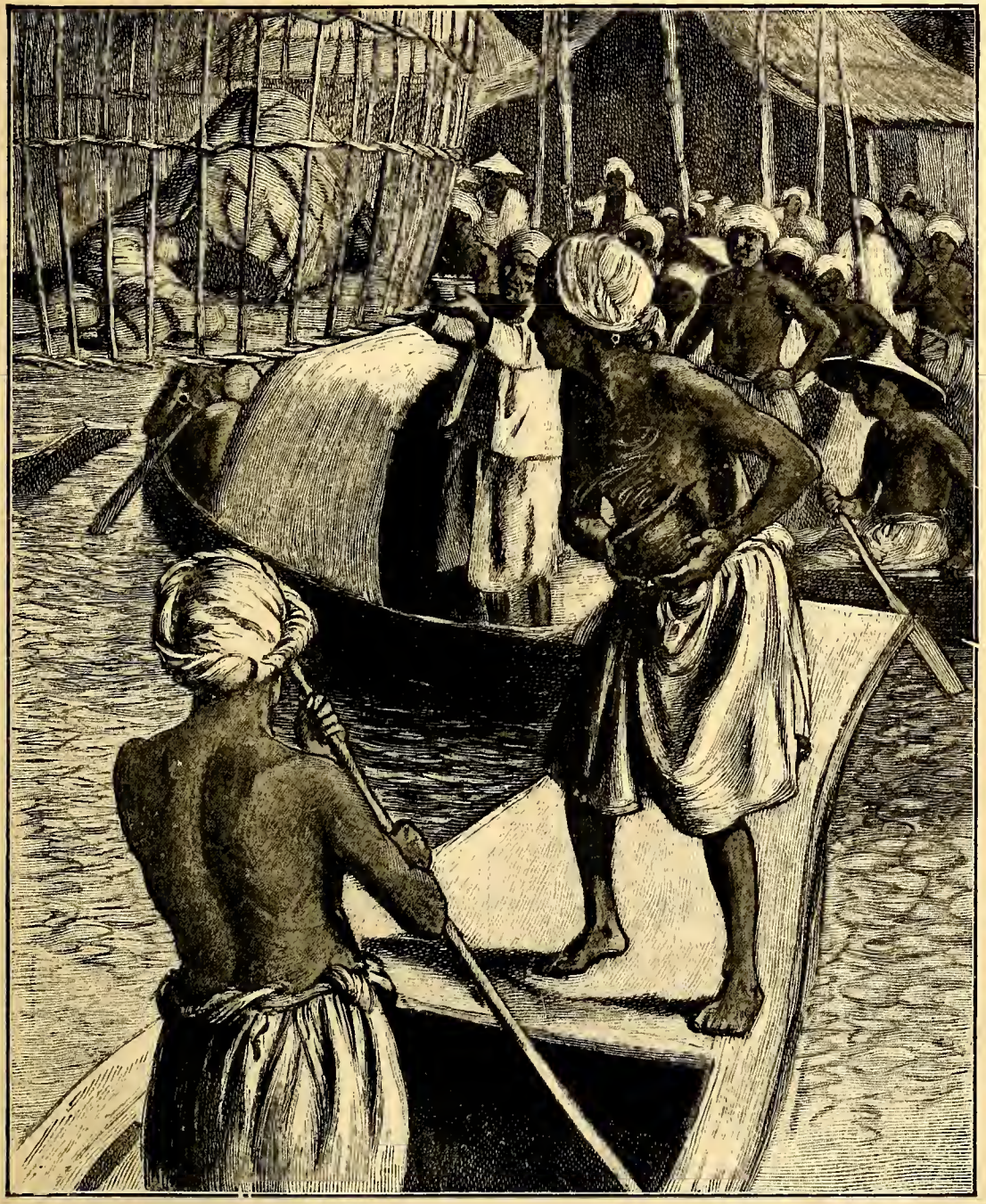


"Holding against the bars dishes of food such as I yearned for."

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 346.)

SELLERS of hot coffee, fruit, and cooked fish now arrived, and found many customers among the people anxious to see me irritated. Soon, all round my cage men were standing in their canoes, holding against the bars dishes of food such as I yearned for. I knew that if I attempted to seize any of them they would instantly be withdrawn, and yet it was with the greatest difficulty that I refrained from doing so. At last, however, I hit upon a plan which I hoped would result in my obtaining at any rate a few morsels of food. Straight in front of me was a man holding close to the bars of my prison a dish of soup in which meat and yams were floating. If I could upset his dish, some of the food would probably fall through the bars. Suddenly I shot out my right leg, but instead of upsetting it in the way I had hoped, I sent it flying against the holder's chest, spilling its contents over him. Not a particle of the food was spilt into the cage. The man lost his balance and fell into the river, but his wetting gave me no satisfaction, for, as I have already said, the Siamese were almost as much at home in the water as ducks.

After this my persecutors watched my legs as well as my arms, but I did not repeat my experiment, although my craving for food was intense. It was now five o'clock and with the exception of a little rice at daybreak, I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. In the hope that my hunger would not be so great if I did not see the food at my prison bars I closed my eyes. I was not, however, allowed to rest in peace. One of the men, finding that he was no longer able to irritate me by showing his savoury-smelling food, threw a basin of scaldingly hot water over my legs. After this assault I kept my eyes open, and by ducking my head occasionally, managed to escape many things that were thrown at me.

As the hour of sunset drew near the Siamese became more brutal than before. I had, apparently, not given them as much amusement as they had expected, and they now strove to drive me to frenzy by pricking me with spears. It was only by moving quickly from one side to the other of my cage that I escaped many of the thrusts. Soon the Siamese arranged that it should be impossible for me to do this any longer. Ten men standing at intervals, on their canoes, around the cage put their spearheads simultaneously through the bars, hoping that when I sprang forward from one prick I would fall on to another spear. It was an arrangement worthy of the cruel ingenuity of the Siamese of those bygone days, but fortunately for me, it was not crowned with success, as, when the spearheads were about a foot from me on all sides, Ted, who for some time had been engaged in gymnastic feats on the roof, dropped suddenly on to my shoulder and surveyed the spears with marked interest. Fearing that he might spring upon them I held him tightly, but the danger was of short duration, for when my tormentors saw that there was a possibility of hurting him instead of me, they withdrew their spears hurriedly. For fully half an hour the Siamese waited round my cage in the hope that the white monkey would leave me and give them another opportunity to torment me. But they were disappointed. Ted was very comfortable on my shoulder, and, being tired by his exertions, had no intention of moving. Indeed, he showed signs of settling down for a good sleep, and the Siamese, seeing this, gave up all thoughts of tormenting me further on that day, and paddled off down-stream.

It was with great thankfulness that I saw them depart, for I was terribly exhausted, and felt on the verge of losing my reason. It was not the ill-treatment I had received which had driven me almost frantic, but the fact that I was unable to strike a blow at the cowardly brutes who had taken advantage of my helplessness.

Now that my tormentors had gone, I began to wonder how Frank and Tom had fared. Darkness had come up quickly, and I could not even see the nearest—Tom's cage.

'Are you all right, Tom?' I shouted as loudly as my exhaustion permitted.

'Yes,' came the reply. 'The scoundrels did not treat me as roughly as they did you. I was watching them. Have they hurt you badly?'

'No,' I replied, growing more cheerful at hearing a friendly voice. 'How did Frank fare?'

'Pretty badly, but he is still cheerful and hopeful.'

Our conversation ceased with Tom's account of Frank, for I had not the strength to continue it. The spear wounds which I had received, although not severe, were painful, and pulling myself together I bound them up with strips of my undergarment. The scalded leg was also painful, but not nearly so bad as it might have been. The King of Siam's uniform was made of strong cloth, and the water had cooled somewhat in passing through it. Having done all that I could to make myself comfortable, I lay down, with Ted nestling close to my chest, and was soon asleep. I did not sleep soundly, for the events of the day came back to me in my dreams with painful vividness. But in one respect the dream differed from the reality—a native was beating a drum throughout the ordeal. When I awoke I found that the drum was still being beaten, and at once concluded that the Siamese were returning to torture me again. But minute after minute passed, and yet the Siamese did not come in sight. This puzzled me, for the drum sounded as if it were not ten yards away; but what perplexed me still more was, that I heard neither voices nor the splashing of paddles.

'Why is the drummer so far ahead of the others?' I said to myself, and while I was trying to think of a reasonable explanation, an extraordinary thing happened—the drum-beating was close to my cage, but I could see neither man, drum, nor boat. I was not superstitious, but it would be an untruth for me to deny that I felt exceedingly scared as the sound of the invisible drum came nearer. I could locate the sound, but there was absolutely nothing to be seen as it advanced towards my cage. 'What will happen when it reaches me?' I wondered, as, with perspiration breaking from every pore, I gazed at the spot from which the mysterious sound came.

The critical moment soon arrived. The unseen drum passed under my cage, and in breathless expectation I waited for something to happen. But to my surprise and relief the drum passed harmlessly from beneath my prison and continued its journey up-river.

'What an idiot I am,' I exclaimed, as the sound

grew faint in the distance, 'it was a drum-fish.' I had never seen, or until then heard, a drum-fish; but I remembered that Tom had told me, soon after I made his acquaintance, that such a thing existed, and described it as a hideous, non-edible fish, with a bladder under its throat which gave forth the drum-like sound. Now that I knew the cause of the noise, I laughed at my recent nervousness.

Whilst listening to the drum-fish I had forgotten that I was hungry, but now I felt ravenous again. I had already drawn my belt as tightly as possible round my waist, and there remained, so far as I knew, no means of relieving the pangs of hunger. Truly sleep could have given me a respite, but, unfortunately, it would not come to my relief, although I closed my eyes and courted it. It was not hunger alone that kept me awake, however; mosquitoes bit me with a persistency I had never before known, and the damp night air made me shiver. Ted, who felt the cold as much as I did, nestled closely to my chest and soon fell asleep.

(Continued on page 366.)

IN SPRINGTIME.

AID the robin to the snowdrop
As beneath the sun they sat,
'Why, you still have on your night-cap!
Now, how came you to do that?'

'So I have,' replied the snowdrop,
And she hung her tiny head.
'Really it escaped my notice
As I scrambled out of bed;

'For I came so very quickly
When I heard the Spring's sweet call.'
'But I love you, little snowdrop,'
Sang the robin, 'cap and all.'

THE CAPTAIN'S PUDDING.

HERE is an old story of a Yankee captain and his mate. Whenever there was a plum pudding made, by the captain's orders, all the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it.

Well, after this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain.

The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he discovered that he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish, and turning it in his hands, as if merely examining the china, he said, 'This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool,' and put it down again, as though without design, with the plum end next to himself.

'Is it possible?' said the mate, taking up the dish. 'I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling.' And, as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plum end next to himself.

The captain looked at the mate, and the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed, and the mate laughed. 'I see, young man,' said the captain, 'that you've found me out. So we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time.'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

13.—RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in Rob, but not in Steal,
My second in Snake, but not in Eel:
My third in Loaf, but not in Bread,
My fourth in Leg, but not in Head;
My fifth is in Meal, but not in Feed,
My sixth is in Word, and also in Deed.

My whole is a song,
So this won't take you long. A. L.

(Answer on page 387.)

ANSWER TO DIAMOND PUZZLE ON PAGE 323.

D
E R A
S H A R K
D R A G O O N
P R O U D
W O O
N

ANSWER TO SHORT CHARADE ON PAGE 323.

Mushroom.

(1) Mush; (2) Room.

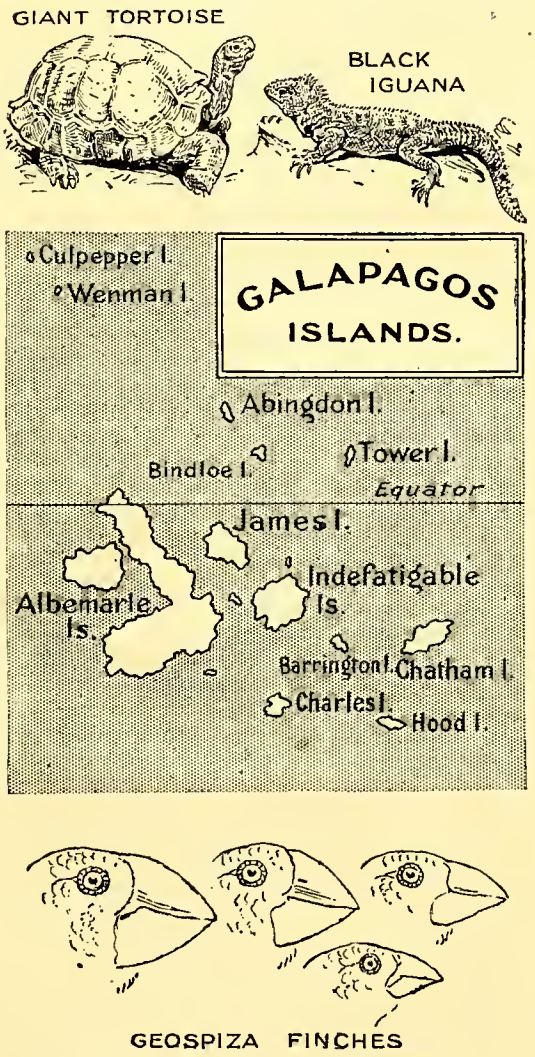
ANIMAL GEOGRAPHY.

IX.—THE ANIMAL LIFE OF ISLANDS.

BY the action of unseen forces, which are at work as surely to-day as in ages past, the levels of the land are constantly changing, so that areas once lying under the sea become raised up to form land; while, on the other hand, land areas by a similar slow process of sinking (or 'subsidence,' as it is called) are gradually lowered till they disappear altogether under the waters. By this slow process even continents, in past times, have been transformed, as we have already seen; while these movements on a lesser scale have given rise to islands round the coasts of these continents. We have already spoken of many instances of this kind: of the formation, at one time, of land-bridges across wide areas of sea, permitting animals to travel from one great area to another; and at another time of the 'subsidence' of great land areas so as to form barriers to any creatures save those which have the power of flight. The great changes which have taken place in the case of continents like Africa, India, and South America, and the effect these changes have had on the animal life of these regions, we have already discussed.

It is now our purpose to consider more closely the formation of the islands of to-day and the way they became populated. We must first distinguish between 'continental islands' and 'oceanic islands.' How are we to make this distinction? A study of the ordinary maps will not help us in the least, but if we consult a good atlas where the seas and oceans are painted of different shades to mark shallow and deep water, we shall obtain our first clue. A good map of the British Islands, for instance, will show that between the East coast of England and the Dutch coast the sea is very shallow, in places not more than ten fathoms deep, while between Great Britain and Ireland runs a channel over fifty fathoms deep. Off the West coast of Ireland it will be seen

these depths rapidly increase to over one thousand fathoms. Now we have already seen that the whole of the British Islands once formed a land area continuous with that of the continent of Europe, and that Ireland was cut off from Great Britain before Great Britain was completely separated from Europe. The animal life of the British Islands proves this ancient land connection, and the relative depths of the sea show that this is true. The deeper the sea between an island and the mainland, or between two islands, the longer, we may be sure, they have been separated. But without studying the animal and plant life of an island, we could say whether at any time the island formed part of an adjacent mainland area, simply by examining the rocks of the island and comparing them with those of the mainland.



Birds and Beasts of the Galapagos Islands.

If the island in question is a 'continental' island, if at any time it formed part of the mainland, then the rocks of the two areas will be precisely similar in character. These rocks, in short, are built up of sediment brought down by ancient rivers, and deposited in the sea; this result of the wear and tear of the earth's surfaces forms mud, and is finally hardened into rock. Later this may be thrust up out of the bed of the sea to form a vast land area, and again this land may sink over a more or less large area, forming more or less numerous islands.

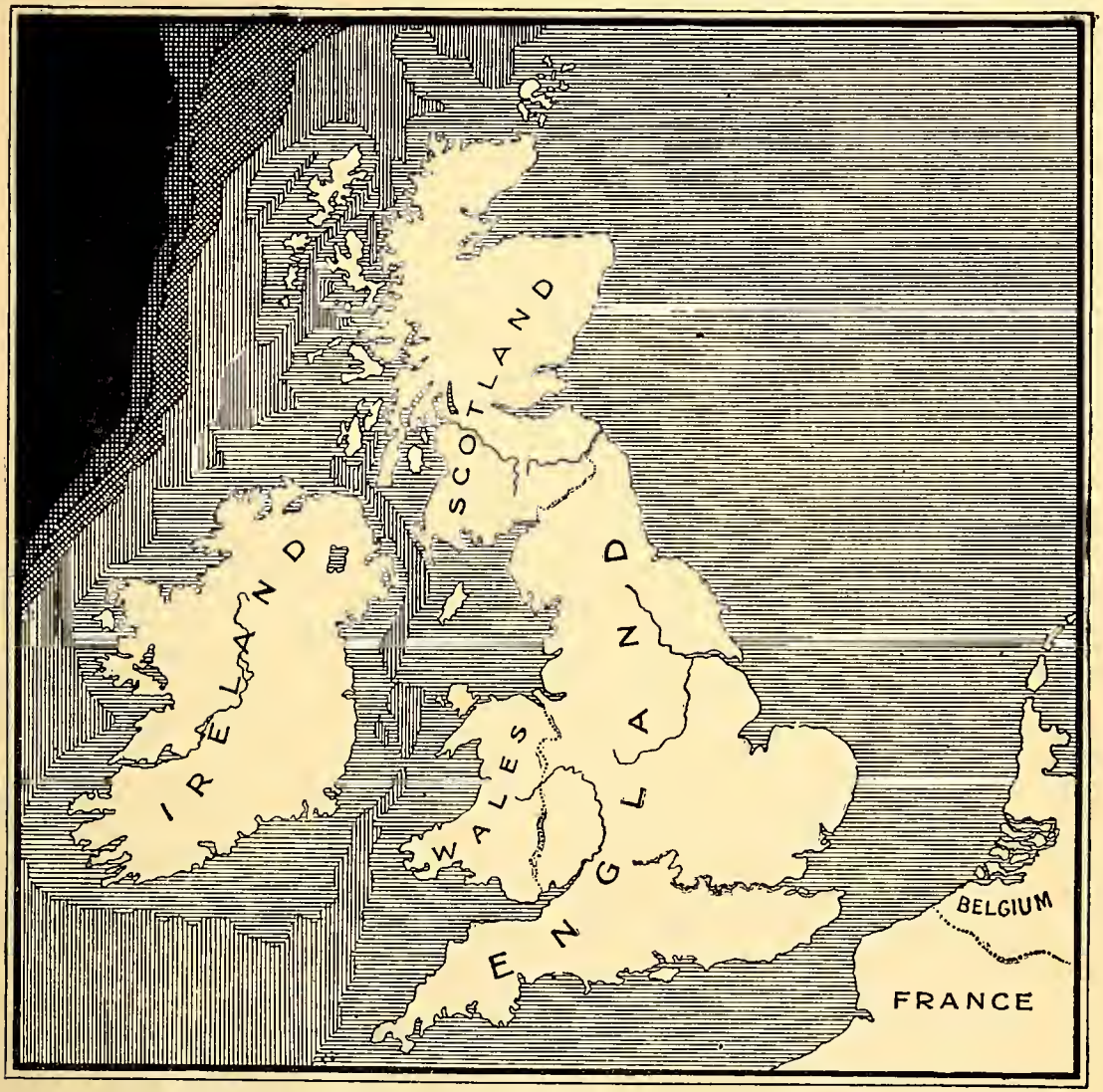
'Oceanic' islands never have the same rock structure as the nearest mainlands. Indeed, they show no sign of having been formed by layers of sediment. On the contrary, they show that they are due either to volcanic agency, or to coral formation. That is to say, many oceanic islands represent the tops of craters, while others have been formed by the uplifting of coral reefs.

Thus the study of the animal life of islands is peculiarly interesting. Since oceanic islands have at no time formed part of the mainland, and are commonly at some distance from the mainland, it is a problem to discover how they ever became the dwelling-places of the creatures we find there.

Let us take the Azores as a case in point. These form a group of islands in the Atlantic some four hundred miles long, and about nine hundred miles distant from Portugal, the nearest mainland. Till man settled there, the only living creatures that lived there were bats, birds, and flying insects. That is to say, only creatures that could fly had ever succeeded in reaching this far-off land. When man discovered the islands and took possession of them, he brought with him rabbits, pigs, sheep, dogs, and other creatures which else would never have gained a footing there. The birds and other flying creatures had evidently come there as stragglers; were all of species inhabiting the nearest mainland, probably blown across by adverse winds. One species alone, a bullfinch, is peculiar to the islands—that is to say, it is met with nowhere else in the world. This shows that it is a very ancient settler, which has slowly changed its appearance because it has so long been cut off from the bullfinches of the continent. Of the other birds found there we may mention the buzzard, long-eared owl, barn owl, blackbird, robin, blackcap, grey wagtail, chaffinch, starling, wood-pigeon, woodpecker, partridge, and quail. Of the insects, beetles, butterflies, moths, and flies only are represented—all winged creatures. Had these islands ever been connected with the mainland, other flightless creatures would have been found there; but there are none.

And now let us turn to coral islands. The Bermudas will serve as an illustration of these. They are a group of low islands formed of coral and coral sand hardened into rock, about seven hundred miles from North Carolina, and somewhat further from the Bahama Islands. There are altogether about a hundred islands, and they are surrounded by reefs. Since a layer of earth and remains of cedar-trees have been found some forty-eight feet below the present high-water mark, it seems probable that these now separate islands formed one big land surface, but that in course of ages the ground has sunk, submerging all but the higher ground.

Altogether, about one hundred and eighty species of birds have been found in the Bermudas. These



THE UNITED KINGDOM & SURROUNDING SEAS
SHOWING OCEAN DEPTHS.

Under 50 fathoms, *From 50 to 100 fathoms,*
From 100 to 500 fathoms, *From 500 to 1000 fathoms,*
Over 1000 fathoms,

are all common North American birds, most of which migrate from the islands to the mainland at regular intervals. Some are but casual visitors, and eleven species always live there; that is to say, these have 'settled' there, and do not migrate. Most of these are small perching birds, the rest being represented by a quail, a dove, a water-hen, and a heron.

But the Bermudas differ from the Azores in that not only flying birds and flying insects have settled there, but such inactive creatures as snails have also secured a foothold. Now these, like the plants, of which there are many species, could only have come over by what we call an 'assisted' passage. That is to say, the snails must have been borne across from the West Indies in logs of wood and floating vegetation carried by currents, and cast ashore. The seeds of plants have doubtless mostly come in a similar way; but many, no doubt, have been carried across

in mud adhering to birds' feet, for we know that this has happened in many parts of the world. But there are no animals, be it noted, save such as have been introduced by man.

The Galapagos Islands furnish us with very interesting instances of the way in which oceanic islands become populated. These are a group of islands of volcanic origin, some six hundred miles from the west coast of South America, and situated on the equator. There are altogether twelve islands, five of which are relatively large, Albemarle, the largest, being some eighty miles long, the others of from twenty-five to thirty miles. Unlike the Azores, for instance, they are in a region of comparative calm, where storms are rare and strong winds almost unknown; their shores are bathed by strong currents which flow towards the north-east from the west of Peru.

As with the other islands of a similar origin there are no mammals, and no amphibious creatures to be found there, for these creatures could never contrive to cross such a huge area of open sea—six hundred miles. Birds, on the other hand, have found no difficulty in settling there, and many of these are of peculiar interest. Altogether about seventy species have been found, and of these no less than forty-one are found nowhere else; these are all true land-birds, the rest being more or less aquatic in habits and accustomed to roam over great distances. Naturally, we cannot describe each of these forty-one peculiar birds, but the members of the genus Geospiza are an example of one at least of the islands' curiosities. The birds of which we speak are small finch-like birds, which live upon various kinds of seeds. Those which live, apparently, on small seeds have quite small beaks, but some are capable of crushing large and heavy-shelled seeds, and these have enormous beaks, while between the two extremes we find every possible size; a splendid example of the way in which birds become adapted to their needs. But another feature of the birds, and indeed of nearly all the creatures which dwell here, is their black coloration, which causes them to suit most wonderfully the great bare areas of black lava of which these islands are composed. Darwin, who first explored these islands during his voyage in the Beagle, was the first to discover and point out these facts.

He also made some other interesting discoveries. Thus, he found that there were few insects, and those mostly beetles—which fly, be it noted. But he also found land-shells and reptiles. The land-shells—such as snails—as in the case of the Bermuda shells, were doubtless conveyed on floating tree-trunks by currents, while the presence of the reptiles is not so easily accounted for; they may, of course, have had a similar 'assisted' passage, or they may have been floated thither by currents, for reptiles are not easily killed.

Of these sluggish creatures the most remarkable are the lizards and tortoises. Of the former we must specially mention a species of iguana—the Amblyrhynchus—which is half-aquatic in habits, wandering out to sea in search of food, and returning to shore when the pangs of hunger are satisfied. It is an ugly creature, large in size, with a frill down its back, short-headed, and black in colour. Moreover, it is found in extraordinary numbers, and may be seen basking in the sun, on the black rock, in great troops.

The tortoises are no less interesting, for they are —or were, for they are now all but exterminated—of enormous size. Having ages ago drifted from the mainland, carried by a swift current, they landed at last where there were no enemies, and plenty of food. Hence they had but to wax fat and grow—which they did! Another curious result of this change of home is seen in the fact that the mouth of the shell is open, so that the creature cannot withdraw itself into its bony case as other land-tortoises can: and this change no doubt resulted from the absence of enemies: though how these two facts are related we cannot discuss now.

(Concluded on page 363.)

PLANT HAIRS.

MANY plants have hairs, as well as mankind, but I think few people notice them; they are often very curious. We may find plants, wild or garden, to which their hairs are important; they might struggle on and live without the hairs for awhile, but they would not flourish. Men, women, and children are sometimes almost, or quite, hairless, but are not much the worse, for they can put on wigs!

We know, by experience, what the hairs of the stinging nettle can do; each one has at the root a tiny bag of poison. Then there are plant hairs which do not contain poison, but have sharp points or barbs, that tickle the skin, and make it smart. Other hairs are close together, short and soft, so that they are velvety to the touch. Hairs may be very useful to a plant, in giving it protection from cold winds, and shielding it from heavy rains, which are made to run off the surface of stems or leaves. Again, by a coat of hairs upon its leaves, a plant is guarded from insects which might otherwise gnaw them; yet artful insects will sometimes make a little hole, and burrow along a leaf under its hairs. To small insects, plant hairs are now and then helpful, for they can hide amongst them, and escape enemies.

But some plants, which are harmless to look at, or even pretty, can be very dangerous traps to insects, and small wanderers are wise if they keep away from such perils, though they may be enticed to the hairs by the sweet juices around them. The sundew is an example of a British plant which entangles insects, and afterwards absorbs them for its own nourishment: the clustered hairs within the petals of such flowers as the gentian and pansy add to their beauty by their softness and silkiness. It is noticeable, sometimes, how these hairs in a flower act as a natural barrier, keeping out insects which might nibble the inside and damage it, while others having a long proboscis are able to obtain the honey of the flower. The great mullein and various other species are so thickly set with hairs that all browsing animals avoid them. Donkeys manage to bite up thistles, in spite of their spines, but hairs would be too much even for them, a felt of hairs being very choking. Climbing plants, such as the hop and the wild bedstraws, have curious hooked hairs which act as grappling-irons, and enable the plants to support themselves upon other objects. Other hairs are star-like or 'stellate,' having numerous arms, which interlace; we notice these on the under sides of the leaves of some hawkweeds, and also on lavender. We find, too, shield-like hairs, little flat objects, on the sea-buckthorn and many ferns. Hairs having fluid inside them, besides those of the stinging species of nettle, are known; they are found on the garden London Pride, the white campion and foxglove. Upon mountains there is found the curious plant named the edelweiss, coated with dense white wool, which is of

use to the plant both day and night. The sun's rays are hot in summer and the hairs prove a protection, and at night they shield the flowers from mist or cold. J. R. S. C.

THE SEA-KINGS OF ENGLAND.

V.—ROUND THE WORLD WITH DRAKE.

(Continued from page 331.)

THE harbour Drake entered so boldly was that of Valparaiso; the town adjoining it was called Santiago de Chile. The missing English ships were not there, but there was instead a Spanish ship, manned by eight Spaniards and three negroes. They thought the strangers were Spaniards, and sounded a drum to welcome them, and broached a cask of wine (which was their cargo, for the most part). But as soon as Drake's men went aboard, one of them, Thomas Moon, began to lay about him, and struck one of the Spaniards, crying, 'Down, dog.' Thereupon the English set upon the crew, and battened them down under hatches, save one who leapt overboard, swam ashore, and warned the townsmen. There were few houses in the town, and the inhabitants fled. When Drake went ashore a little later, he met with no resistance. They took as booty a few trifling pieces of plate, much wine, and many boards of cedarwood for fuel. After spending three days in refitting and taking in provisions, they set sail again, taking the Spanish ship with them. When they had got out to sea, they rifled the ship and left her adrift. They found in her a good store of the wine of Chile, and very pure and fine gold to the value of over 37,000 Spanish ducats.

Ten days later, after cruising about in vain search for Captain Wynter and his ship, they entered the harbour of Coquimbo, and fourteen men were sent ashore to fetch water. But they were espied by the Spaniards, who came down upon them with three hundred men. The Englishmen fled, all except one, Richard Minivy, who, 'chose either to make three hundred men afraid, by outbraving them, or else himself to die in that place.' He was captured and cruelly killed, and his body horribly mutilated.

The voyage northward continued. Everywhere Drake inquired for his missing ship; everywhere two skilled map-makers on board drew pictures and charts of the coast in colours, 'so naturally that any one following him would have no difficulty.' Each little Spanish port in succession was visited and plundered. At Tarapaca, they found by the seaside a Spaniard asleep, who had lying by him thirteen bars of silver, worth four thousand ducats; 'we took the silver and left the man.' At another place they came across a Spaniard and an Indian boy driving eight llamas laden with leather bags, two apiece, each containing fifty pounds weight of fine silver. At Arica they took out of three small barks fifty-seven wedges of silver, 'of the fashion and bigness of a brickbat,' each about twenty pounds in weight. From time to time they made great catches of fresh fish, and obtained more by trading with the Indians, who put out to the Golden Hind in boats made of skins; they found the English fairer dealers than the Spaniards, whom they hated for their cruelty.

On February 15th they reached the great harbour of Callao, the port of Lima. Though there were thirty Spanish ships at anchor there, seventeen of them fully ready for sea, they entered and anchored all night in the midst of them, and could easily have taken more spoil from them in a few hours than Spain could have recovered again in many years. But they wished for news of Captain Wynter, and so behaved peaceably. They got no news of Wynter, but heard a little of events in Europe; and what was more to their purpose, they were told of 'a certain rich ship, the great glory of the south sea, the Cacafuego, laden with gold and silver for Panama,' which had left Callao a fortnight before. The very next day, in the morning, they set sail; first plundering the ships in harbour of a chest of plate and 'good store of silks and linen cloth,' and then cutting all their cables, so that they drifted out to sea or on shore, and could not pursue the raiders.

Drake promised a chain of gold to the man who first descried the Cacafuego. It was won by his brother, John Drake, who about three o'clock in the afternoon of March 1st, sighted her from the tops. Three hours later they came up with her, off Cape Franeisco, one degree above the equator, fired a few shots which carried away her mizzen-mast, and boarded.

The Cacafuego was one of the greatest prizes ever taken from the Spaniards. In her Drake found fruit, conserves, sugar, meal, and other victuals, some jewels and precious stones, thirteen chests of plate, eighty pounds weight of gold, twenty-six tons of uncoined silver, 'two very fair gilt silver drinking bowls, and the like trifles,' worth in all nearly a quarter of a million pounds sterling. The Spanish pilot's boy made a jest of the ship's name: 'Captain,' he said to Drake, 'our ship should no longer be called the Cacafuego (that is, the Spit-fire), but the Cacaplata (or Spit-plate);' 'which pretty speech of the pilot's boy ministered matter of laughter to us, both then and long after.'

When Drake had done what he wished with the Cacafuego, he cast her off, and resumed his voyage north-west. A few days later he took a ship containing fine porcelain and silks, and 'a falcon of gold with a great emerald in the breast thereof.' On April 1st they refitted at Guatulco, and took more plunder, including a pot full of gold coin and a chain of gold, 'which we entreated a gentleman Spaniard to leave behind him, as he was flying out of town.' 'And now, having reasonably, as we thought, provided ourselves, we departed from the coast of America for the present.'

It was clear that the missing ship, the Elizabeth, was not likely to be met with again in those waters; and as the Englishmen had already gained enough booty to make them rich for life, Drake began to turn his thoughts upon the homeward voyage. He had never originally intended to sail round the world, but he knew that the Spaniards would try to intercept him if he went back by the way he had come. At first he planned to sail northwards until he found a passage eastwards, along the most northerly shores of America. It seemed likely to him—though it has not proved to be possible till our own day—that there would be open sea corresponding to the passage round Cape Horn in the south. He did not know that the channels between Baffin's Bay and Behring Straits were icebound and impassable for a great part of the year; and no European had as yet ever attempted that northern passage from the western or Pacific side, though Frobisher, three years before, had attempted to find it from the eastern or Atlantic side. Drake therefore resolved to sail back to England by this new route, and he set his course accordingly.

(Continued on page 362.)

"They found a Spaniard asleep."

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"He began more solemnly a long speech."

THE SEA-KINGS OF ENGLAND.

V.—ROUND THE WORLD WITH DRAKE

(Continued from page 359.)

IT was one thing to resolve to sail round the north coast of America, and another to do it. The Englishmen had to go far abroad—five hundred leagues into the open Pacific—to get a fair wind; and when at length they were well on their way, they found the climate gradually growing colder and more inclement, after that of the warm equatorial seas in which they had been cruising. They went north as far as forty-three degrees—about half-way up the coast of what is now Oregon—but, then found the hardships too great for them: 'what three men before were able to perform, now six men, with their best strength and uttermost endeavour, were hardly able to accomplish.' At that point, on June 5th, 1579, they turned back, having, even so, sailed farther north in the Pacific Ocean than any European up to that time.

They crept along the coast looking for a harbour, and found one finally about thirty-eight degrees north, not far from where San Francisco now lies. And here they had strange adventures with a race of Indians who perhaps had never before looked upon a white man. As they lay at anchor, the people of the country showed themselves, sending off a man to the ship in a canoe, with great expedition. When he was still a great way off, he began to speak as he came rowing on; and at last, stopping at a reasonable distance, began more solemnly a long and tedious speech, using many gestures and signs, moving his hands, turning his head and body many ways. When he had ended, he returned to land with a great show of reverence and submission. Shortly afterwards he came again in the same manner, and again a third time, when he brought with him, as a present from the rest, a bunch of feathers, much like the feathers of a black crow, of an even length, neatly gathered upon a string and drawn together into a round bundle; it was a special headdress, as they afterwards observed, worn by the King's guard. With this he also brought a little basket made of rushes, filled with herbs, and especially tobacco. These gifts he tied to a short rod and cast into a boat which was lowered to meet him.

Drake would have rewarded him at once 'with many good things,' but when he entered the boat to give them to him, the Indian would not take them, except one cap, which was cast into the water out of the ship. Everything else, even when a board laden with gifts was thrust out towards him, he refused; and presently he returned to land. The Englishmen found that after that their boat could 'row no way' without the Indians 'wondering at us as at gods.'

Three days later, the Golden Hind was beached, to allow a leak to be repaired; and all her crew went ashore into a camp they made of tents surrounded by a palisade. They found that the natives lived in earthen huts, with but one opening, the door. This door had also to serve as a chimney: fires were lit in the middle of the huts, which had no furniture; rushes served for beds. The men went almost naked; the women wore deerskins over their shoulders, and kilts of woven reeds. They came round the English camp in great numbers, but without hostile intent. When the Englishmen by signs desired them to lay down their bows and arrows, they did so willingly; the women, going to a little hill, began to lament and tear their cheeks with their nails, and prepared to make a sacrifice to the white men. But the Englishmen paid no heed, but 'went to prayer and to reading of the Scriptures.' Their quiet demeanour calmed the natives, who presently restored to them the gifts which had been offered to them.

The news of the white men's coming spread through the country round, and after two days ambassadors came to Drake. In the forefront of them was a goodly personage bearing the sceptre or mace, whereon were hung two crowns, one great, one small, with three chains of marvellous length; the crowns were made of knitted work wrought with feathers of divers colours, the chains of a bony substance. Behind this man came the King himself, with his guard about his person, wearing skins. After them followed the common people, their faces painted white or black or many colours; all had in their hands one thing or another for a present.

Meanwhile Drake gathered his men together within his palisade, making a very warlike show. As the Indians drew nearer, each party saluted the other, and then came a general silence. Then the mace-bearer, being introduced by another personage, made a proclamation with a manly and lofty voice, continuing half an hour; which ended, the whole body came, without weapons, towards the English camp. The mace-bearer began a song, dancing in time to it in a very stately manner; and the King and his men sang also, and danced. The women danced, but kept silence. Drake permitted them to enter his palisade, and they continued their rites inside. When they had satisfied themselves, they made signs to the Englishmen to sit down, which they did; whereupon the King, and others after him, made speeches, or rather prayers, that Drake 'would take their province and kingdom into his hand, and become their king; making signs that they would resign to him their right and title to the whole land, and become his subjects.' To persuade him the better, the King and the rest, with one accord, reverently, and joyfully singing a song, set a crown upon Drake's head, and enriched his neck with all their chains, and offered him many other things, honouring him by the name of Hioh, adding thereto, as it seemed, a sign of triumph.

Drake thought it not meet to reject this offer, because he knew not what honour and profit it might be to England. Therefore in the name of and for the use of the Queen of England, he took the sceptre, crown, and dignity into his hands. He called the country New Albion, to give it kinship with that old Albion or England, from which he had come: and also because of the white cliffs along the sea-coast. He set up a monument of his presence and of the Queen's right and title to the country—a plate nailed upon a great post, whereon was engraved Queen Elizabeth's name, the day and year of Drake's arrival, and a record of the free giving up of the province and people into his hands. Underneath was also nailed the Queen's likeness and arms, on a sixpenny-piece of current English money.

When the ceremony of crowning was ended, Drake and the King sat apart with their chief men, while the common people scattered themselves among the English, looking closely at them all, and offering sacrifices to such as pleased their fancy. But the

English used signs to show that they disliked this, and 'directed them upwards to the living God, Whom only they ought to worship.' They showed the white men their wounds, and craved help, whereupon the Englishmen gave them lotions, plasters, and ointments. Every third day they brought sacrifices, and when they were rebuked, offered them secretly, by stealth.

After a few days, Drake and his men went inland to the native villages, and viewed the land. They found great herds of deer, a thousand or more at a time, and huge warrens of pouched rats, or gophers, the skins of which were greatly prized by the Indians. As for the soil itself, wherever they turned it they discovered signs of gold and silver.

When they had done their business on land, they set sail again, the people begging them to remember them. They turned their course due west, and so left America for good. It was many weeks before they again sighted land.

(Concluded on page 411.)

TO DREAMLAND.

'TIS sleepy time for little folks—
For little girls and boys;
So put away your playthings, dears,
Pick up your dolls and toys.

And come to mother for a while,
And she will tell a tale
Of little boats that every nigbt
For fairyland set sail.

When girls and boys are safe in bed,
And all are fast asleep,
The dream-sprites come and play about,
And merry revels keep.

And in their little fairy boats,
To Dreamland far away,
They carry boys and girls, and bring
Them back before 'tis day.

Come kiss and hug, and say good-night,
Each little Sleepy-head.
The little boats will come when you
Are fast asleep in bed.

C. E.

A STRUGGLE WITH A SNAKE IN MID-AIR.

A STORY is told of a blaster who, while at work at the quarries of a workhouse in America, on a rope ladder, a hundred and fifty feet in the air, was attacked by an enormous snake which had crawled out of a rock fissure. Below, nearly a hundred workmen watched the conflict. The man had a stick of dynamite in his free hand, which he was afraid to drop for fear of injuring the people at the quarry's bottom. So, as quickly as he could on the swinging ladder, he put the stick of dynamite in his coat-pocket, taking a small steel drill from it at the same time. With this he struck at the snake, which, hissing fiercely, was already close to his head. The ladder swung under his action and the blow did not take effect. The snake then struck in its turn, but the man was fortunately too quick for it, and gave the snake a severe blow on the head, dazing it. The man struck at the snake again and again, until, slowly uncoiling from the rope, it fell dead into the pit below. The snake was over six feet in length.

A. E. D.

ANIMAL GEOGRAPHY.

IX.—THE ANIMAL LIFE OF ISLANDS.

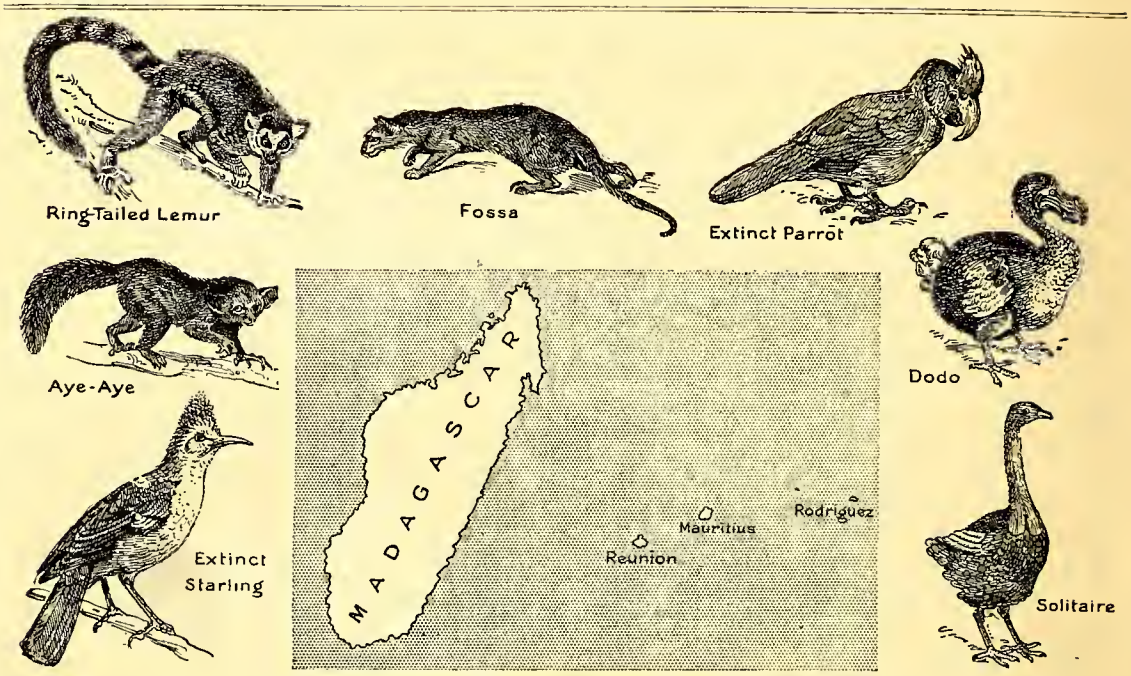
(Concluded from page 358.)

WE have pointed out the difference between two quite distinct kinds of islands—those which, from the evidence of the animal life thereon, we could say had evidently once formed part of the nearest mainland, and those which, from this same evidence, had never been connected with the mainland. But it was also pointed out that from the evidence of the island itself, apart from the living creatures inhabiting it, we could say whether it had ever formed part of the mainland. Islands once joined to the mainland, it will be remembered, are called 'Continental' islands, to distinguish them from 'Oceanic' islands, which are formed either by submarine volcanoes or by the growth of coral reefs. Oceanic islands, at first, are absolutely uninhabited, but in course of time they become tenanted by birds, beetles, and other flying creatures, and by such other animals as may be conveyed in floating drift-wood—snails, for example.

We are now to consider certain 'Continental' islands which are of extreme age. As a consequence of their great age, their animal life is very interesting, since they commonly contain creatures of a lowlier type than are now to be met with on the nearest mainland, yet which in earlier times were plentiful there.

Madagascar is one of the most interesting of such islands, and this, with the small group to the east thereof, is to form the subject of this chapter. These have preserved to us the records of a bygone world. The great island of Madagascar, situated some two hundred and fifty miles from the east coast of Africa, is about one thousand miles long, and three hundred and sixty miles wide. The central portion of the island rises in the form of a great granite plain some hundred and sixty miles wide, and from three thousand to five thousand feet high. On this rise peaks and domes of basalt and granite to a height of about nine thousand feet. The higher ground at the base of the mountains is moorland; lower down it becomes more or less wooded, while all round the island runs a belt of forest varying from eight to fifty miles wide. Such are the main features of this island. Now let us briefly survey its many treasures in the way of animal life.

Though it was at one time undoubtedly connected with the mainland of Africa, none of the characteristic African animals of to-day—lions, zebras, antelopes, giraffes, hippopotami, &c.—are to be met with. Hence we may conclude that the island was cut off from the mainland before these animals had occupied the southern portion of the African continent. The mammals in Madagascar include, first and foremost, the lemurs, distant cousins of the monkeys—the ancestors indeed of the monkeys. Now these creatures, though nowhere so abundant as in Madagascar, are found to-day in Africa and India; but in prehistoric times they lived also in Western Europe. Hence it would seem they reached Madagascar through Africa, when the island formed part of the mainland. After the separation of the land area which we now call Madagascar, the lemurs left on the island developed very quickly and remarkably, and some took to the water and grew to an enormous size. This much has been learnt from the recent exploration of



Madagascar and neighbouring Islands, with Living and Extinct Birds and Beasts.

swamps, from which the remains of some extraordinary creatures, long ago extinct, have been obtained. We may regard Madagascar, then, as to-day the oldest home of the lemurs, of which the most remarkable is the aye-aye, one of the most extraordinary of living animals.

Though this great island contains a large number of peculiar forms of birds and beasts, we can only mention one other here, and that is the giant ostrich-like bird, aepyornis, whose remains, with huge eggs, are found abundantly in the lowland swamps. This bird, like the African ostrich, could not fly, but in its skeleton it more nearly resembled the New Zealand moa than the African ostrich. But so far the aepyornis remains a puzzle, for it is not very closely related to any other member of the ostrich tribe. This again goes to show that Madagascar must have been cut off from the neighbouring land for an immense period of time.

We must turn now to what are known as the 'Masearene' islands—Mauritius, Rodriquez, and Reunion. These doubtless at one time formed a part of Madagascar. The island of Mauritius is famous as the home of that strange, unwieldy giant pigeon, the dodo, while on Rodriquez lived an even greater oddity, the solitaire. Mauritius was also the home of a strange parrot, a large coot, and a giant rail. All these birds could not fly, and roamed over the island in large numbers, until in an unhappy hour their haunts were discovered by the early Dutch voyagers and settlers. These found the dodo good to eat and speedily killed it off, pigs and other animals brought into the island hastening the work. The parrot, coot, and rail, being defenceless, soon shared the same fate.

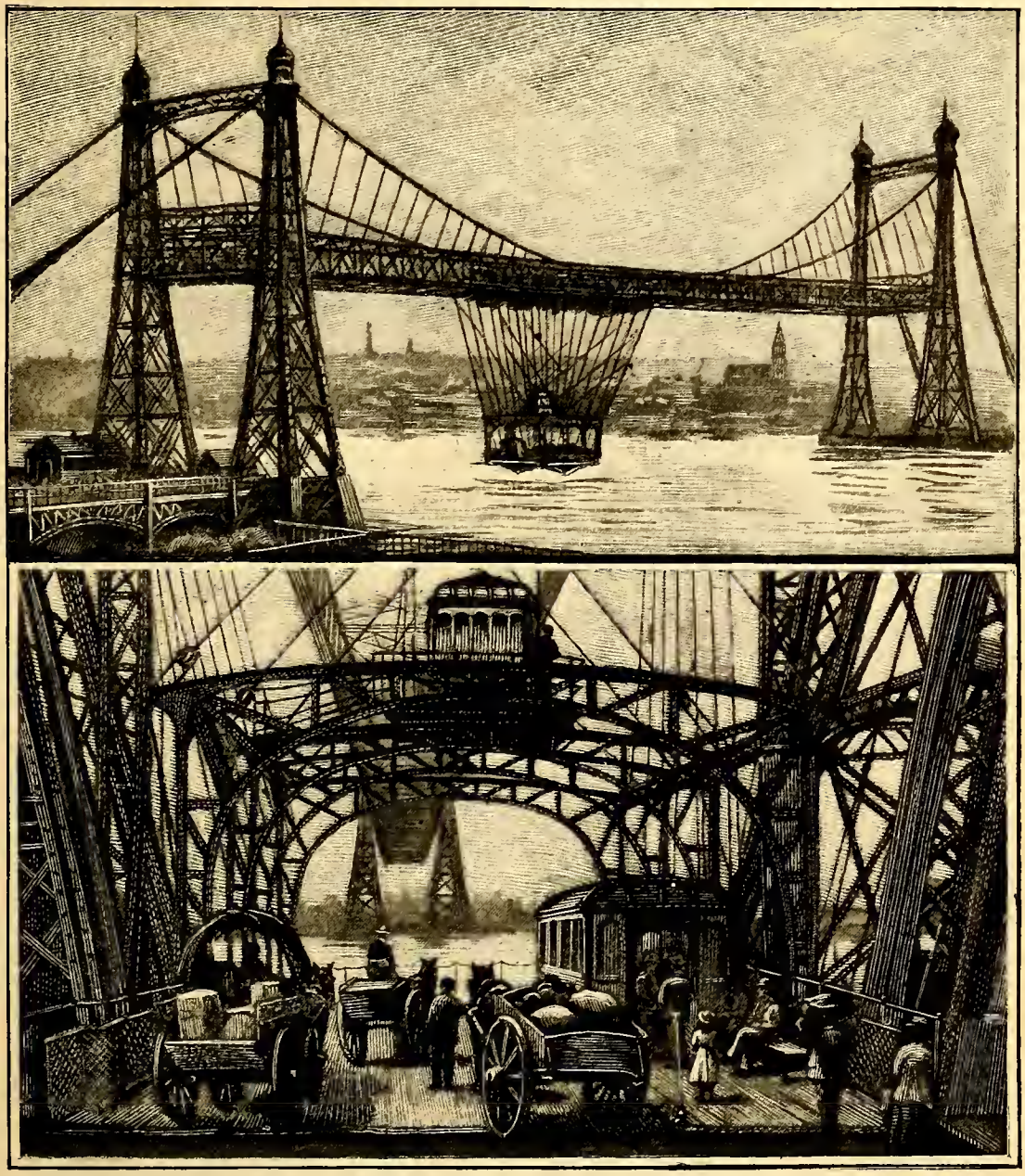
Of the solitaire of Rodriquez a similar story must be told, though these birds must have been wonderfully numerous, for remains of several thousand birds have been obtained from the island. But the dodo and the solitaire show how creatures marooned, so to speak, on islands may, if the conditions be favourable, be so greatly changed (as in the case of these two birds) that their original relationship (in the case of the dodo and solitaire, to the pigeon family) can hardly be traced. Further, they show that these islands are of great age—that is to say, they have been separated for an enormous period of time from any other land area, but they are true continental islands.

A TRANSPORTER BRIDGE.

BETWEEN the towns of Runcorn and Widnes lie, side by side, the River Mersey and the Manchester Ship Canal. The people of these two towns found it very inconvenient to have to go some miles up the river before they could find a good bridge for crossing it. In consequence they determined to have some better means of communication. But a great many points had to be considered. A ferry would hardly do, on account of the state of the river and the presence of a canal. A bridge would not do, for the very high arches needed for the large ships on the canal would cost too much, and the roads to reach the arch-tops would have to be as steep as the roof of a house!

But there are more ways of crossing a river than two, and finally it was decided to use a ferry and suspension bridge in one—a ferry that did not touch the water, and a bridge in a span more than eighty feet above the river, with no public way across it. In other words, a transporter bridge should be built—the first in England.

Permission being obtained from Government in July, 1900, the work was begun in 1901. On either



The Runcorn Transporter Bridge.

side of the river foundations were laid for four tall square steel towers, each one hundred and eighty feet high. The two which are on the Runcorn side have their feet in the Manchester Ship Canal, but not in such a position as to interfere with traffic. Their companions at Widnes are on the bank of the Mersey, and are quite dry at low tide. The distance from one pair to the other is one thousand feet.

While these towers were being erected, the engineers who had the great suspending cables in charge were busy preparing the anchorages, as the places are called where each end of the two cables that pass over the summits of the towers are joined to the earth. For this purpose, at some distance farther inland than the basis of the towers, four deep pits were dug till the solid rock was reached. Into this

the cable end, which is in the form of a long-link steel chain, is lowered, its extreme end being bolted to a large flat cast-iron plate. When the plate was properly in position at the bottom of the well two rows of steel girders were laid across it, and on top of them heavy wet concrete was poured so that it would flow round and under the girders until all became one solid mass. Before the filling in of the well was completed, however, the cable was subjected to the greatest strain it would ever have to bear, so that it would not be likely to crack the concrete by afterwards stretching in the well. Had this been allowed to take place, the 'anchorage' would have been much less secure. But this precaution having been taken, the whole well was filled in with stone and concrete, while at the same time the chain was curved over towards the top, so that it would leave the anchorage at the right angle for the cable which rises from it to the tower top.

The cables themselves are formed of nineteen strands, each strand containing one hundred and twenty-seven wires. They pass over the towers one hundred and fifty feet above the river, and rest on 'saddles' mounted on rollers, so as to allow of slight movement. When they were in place, the huge steel trellis-work girder which stretches from tower to tower was hoisted into position, and the rods by which it is suspended from the cables began to be attached. But now a little difficulty arose. When the rods which are nearest to the towers were clipped to the cables, it was found that the middle part of the latter began to rise until it became quite straight. Thus the rods still to be fastened were much too short, and the dragging down of the cables until near enough to clip would require some special appliance. At last the plan was hit upon of adding false screws to the ends of the rods, making them long enough to reach the clip on the cable, and by turning these screws with powerful levers the cable was pulled down to the end of the rod proper.

On the under part of the long girder, or 'stiffener,' are two steel rails, the same width apart as the width of the girder. On these rails runs a trolley seventy-seven feet long and with fourteen wheels. There is also a footpath here for the use of workmen. It is reached from either side of the river by a spiral staircase in one of the towers.

Now, most railway trucks carry their load above their wheels, but this one, we might almost say, runs upside down, for its car hangs from it on a number of strong steel ropes, each three inches in circumference. And when we bear in mind the weight they have to sustain, we shall not think this any too stout. The car itself is like the deck of a ship, fifty-five feet long and twenty-four feet broad, with a little cabin on one side for passengers to take shelter in. When 'in port,' waiting to ferry travellers through the air across the river, this swinging car hangs between the two towers on whichever side of the river it happens to be. The 'captain' occupies a little glass chamber mounted high up above the deck on steel arches that span it from side to side. From his windows he can see all the river with its crowds of vessels, and in his hand are the levers and switches that set the trolley on the stiffener in motion. When all is ready (and he considers he has a full shipload when there are three hundred people on the deck, and four or five horses and carriages) the electric current is communicated to the trolley, and the aerial ferry starts on its journey. It swings along at no great height above the river, and finally disappears between the two towers on the opposite side. The great advantage of this transporter bridge is that the approaches to it at either end can be at a low level.

This wonder at Runcorn was opened on May 29th, 1905, having been less than four years in building. It cost one hundred and thirty-three thousand pounds, and was not long 'the only one in England,' for at Newport, in Monmouth, another has been opened, not quite so large. Engineers are now asking each other why such bridges should not be built to carry railway trains across. No doubt we shall see even this done in the course of time.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 355.)

CHAPTER XIX.

IT is impossible for me to say how long I lay awake, hungry, shivering, and tormented by mosquitoes. All I know is that, after what appeared to be some hours, I fell asleep, exhausted. Again my dreams were unpleasant, but they were cut short by my feeling Ted moving.

'What is the matter, Ted?' I said, finding the white monkey sitting on my chest and apparently alarmed.

'Yabsley!'

Was I dreaming still, or had I really heard my name whispered? I sat up and listened.

'Yabsley!'

Yes, somebody was calling me.

'Who is it?' I asked, excitedly.

'Hush! Speak in a whisper. I am Menandez. I have put a knife through the bars of your cage. Mind how you pick it up, for it is very sharp. The handle is towards you. Cut the bars quickly. We will prevent the cage from swinging while you are doing it.'

I found the knife instantly and started work. The bars were made of exceedingly hard wood, but the knife was sharp as a razor, and in a short time I had cut four of them in halves and had made an opening sufficiently large for me to get through.

'Menandez,' I said as he assisted me into his big canoe, 'if I live to be a hundred, I shall never be able to repay you for this.'

'Oh, yes, you will,' he replied; 'but we will talk about that some other day. Better get rid of the monkey at once. Let me pitch him overboard.'

'No,' I said firmly, holding Ted in my arms; 'I will not part with him as long as I live.'

'Very well, sit down. We must hurry up the river at once.'

'But not until we have set Frank and Tom free,' I replied.

'I cannot bother about them,' Menandez declared in an off-hand manner.

'Surely you will not leave them to be starved to death?'

'They are not my friends,' he said. 'I set you free because I like you. I do not like your friends, and I will not run any risks on their account.'

'Menandez,' I said angrily, 'if you do not paddle down to them at once I will shout at the top of my voice, and we shall be discovered. Then you will be punished for releasing me.'

'That is a disgraceful return for my kindness,' he said angrily.

'Order your men to start or I will shout,' was my only reply.

Menandez gave the order, and in a few moments we were at Tom's cage.

'I will release you on one condition,' Menandez said to Tom when the latter had recovered from the surprise which our arrival caused, 'that you assist me to obtain the treasure in the sacred cavern. I know that you object to taking possession of any of it, so I will not ask you to share it with me. All that I want you to do is to help me cut my way into the cavern. Will you promise?'

'I will promise anything to get out of this cage.'

'But do you promise, and will you fulfil your promise?'

'Certainly.'

'Then here is a knife; cut through the bars.'

When Tom had been released, we paddled on to Frank, from whom Menandez extracted a promise similar to the one Tom had made. Then, when Frank was safe in our canoe, we started on our flight up-river.

'Menandez!' Frank exclaimed, when we had travelled about half a mile, 'it was exceedingly good of you to set us free, but you might add to your kindness by giving us something to eat. Starving in a boat is almost as unpleasant as starving in a cage.'

'I have a little food,' Menandez replied; 'but scarcely sufficient for three hungry men.'

As he spoke he handed us a piece of cold roast pork. Frank expressed surprise at Menandez having brought so little food, but neither I nor the Portuguese thought it wise to say that it had been intended solely for me. In fact, to this day, neither Frank nor Tom is aware that Menandez had intended to leave them in their prison cages. While we had been eating and talking the canoe had travelled quickly, and soon we entered a jungle-fringed creek.

'We land here,' Menandez said, as the canoe drew alongside a roughly made landing-stage. 'The mines and the treasure cavern are close at hand.'

Frank, Tom, and I stepped ashore with great relief. Our experience of the river Menam had been exceedingly unpleasant, and we had no desire to see any more of it until the time arrived for us to sail down-stream on our way to Europe.

The jungle through which Menandez now led us was very dense, but a narrow track had been cut through it. Along this we hurried, and in about ten minutes arrived at the mouth of a mine.

'This is the mine I am working for his Majesty,' Menandez remarked with a smile.

'Is it profitable?' Frank asked.

'To me, but not to the Brother of the Moon,' Menandez replied. 'We have not yet found the tears of gold and silver which the sun and moon shed.'

'Is the mine to be our hiding-place?' Tom asked.

'Yes,' Menandez replied. 'We will enter it by a secret way known only to me and a few of my most trustworthy men. Here it is.'

As I was very tired I scarcely noticed the secret entrance, and can only remember that we descended by a bamboo ladder into a roomy underground chamber. It was furnished with a table and chairs, and in one corner lay a number of tiger skins, some of which Menandez at once pulled out into the middle of the room.

'Lie down on these and have a good sleep,' he said. 'Then, when you have had a few hours' rest, we will discuss our plans. I will leave the torches flaming. Pleasant dreams to all of you.'

Menandez did not awake us until nearly ten o'clock.

'I would have let you sleep still longer,' he said, 'had I not been anxious to get you disguised as soon as possible.'

'But you are not disguised,' I remarked without thought.

'Every one knows that I am a European put in charge of the mines by the Brother of the Moon, and therefore there is no necessity for me to disguise myself. But with you three it is very different. The news that I had three Europeans with me would soon reach the ears of his Majesty's courtiers, who would at once guess who you were, and have you arrested. But if you are disguised, and keep at a distance from my miners, the King's belief that you were set free by the white monkey will never be shaken.'

'Does his Fatness really believe that we owe our freedom to Ted?' Frank asked.

'He is sure of it, and so are his subjects. I went to Bangkok while you were asleep, and was told by scores of people that the white monkey had set you free.'

'But where is Ted?' I inquired, remembering that I had not seen my pet since awaking.

'There he is,' Menandez replied, pointing to a dejected-looking brown monkey huddled in a corner of the room.

'What has happened to him? Has he——'

'I have dyed him. If I had not done so you would soon be discovered.'

'Ted, come here!' I called, and the monkey came slowly towards me on all fours. It was very evident that the dyeing which he had undergone had crushed his spirit, for although I patted him and played with him he exhibited no signs of pleasure.

'He will soon get accustomed to his new colour,' Menandez declared. 'Do not waste any more time over him, but put on the clothes.'

He handed me a bundle of Siamese garments, all new and brightly coloured. Tom, having previously worn Siamese clothes, was soon dressed, but Frank and I could not make our skirts hang in the approved fashion. After many ineffectual attempts we appealed to Tom, who gave us a lesson in dressing. Few Siamese, with the exception of men of high rank, wore any covering beyond a skirt, but as we could not endure the sun pouring down on our bare chests and backs we wore white Chinese jackets.

'Now, Menandez,' Frank exclaimed when we had somewhat freely criticised each other's personal appearance, 'is there any breakfast for us? We are as hungry as hunters.'

'It is now being cooked. It will be ready in a minute or two,' Menandez replied.

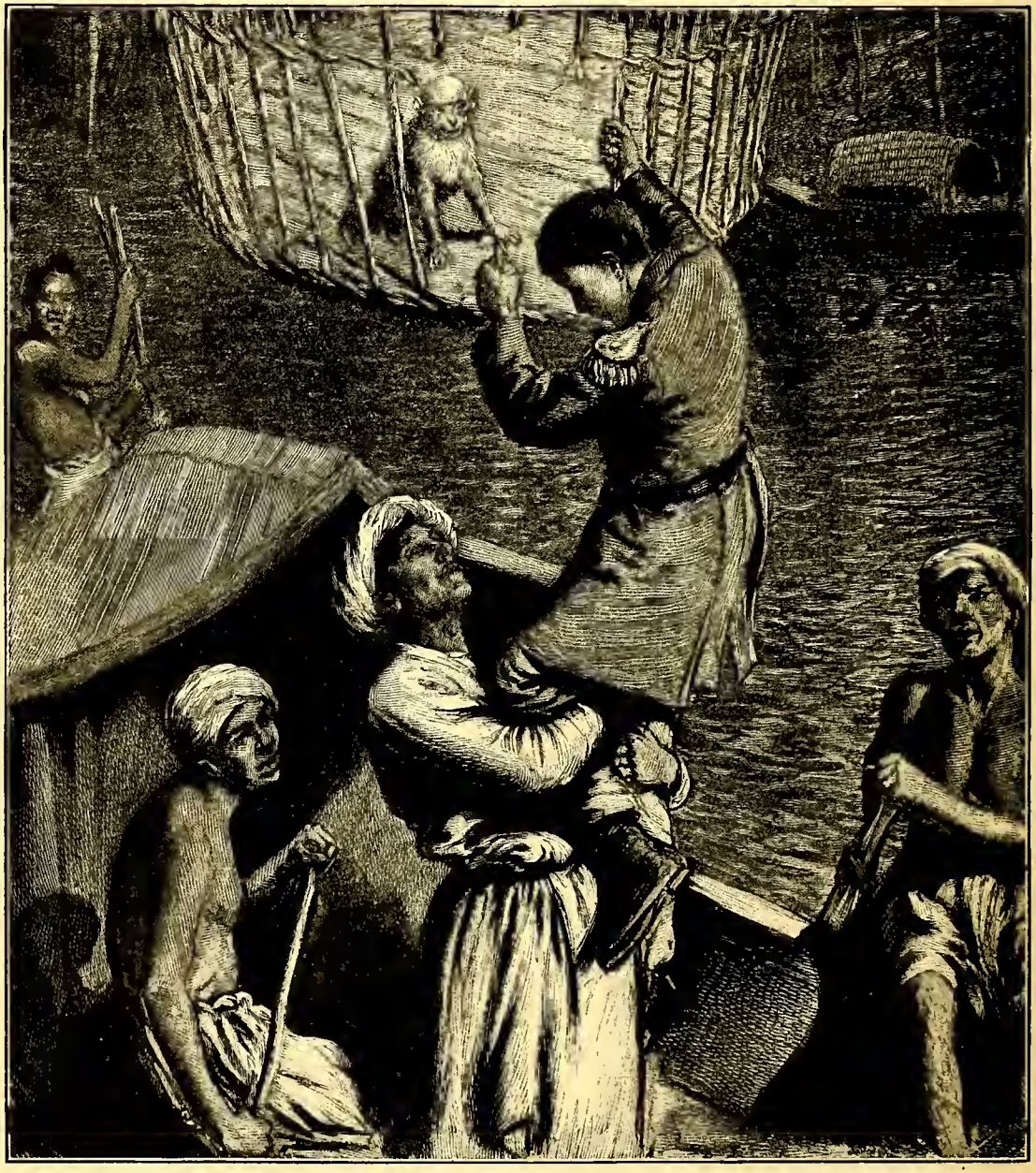
On this occasion a minute or two did not prove to be five or ten. Menandez had scarcely finished speaking when a Siamese opened a trap-door above the ladder and lowered by ropes two pots of steaming food. Menandez unhooked the pots and set them before us.

'It smells good,' Frank declared. 'What is it?'

'Boiled chicken,' Menandez replied, 'and tea also.'

We sat down at once, determined to have a thoroughly good breakfast. The plates, spoons, and mugs were by no means clean, but we were not in the humour to be particular, and we enjoyed our meal immensely.

(Continued on page 370.)



"He assisted me into his big canoe."

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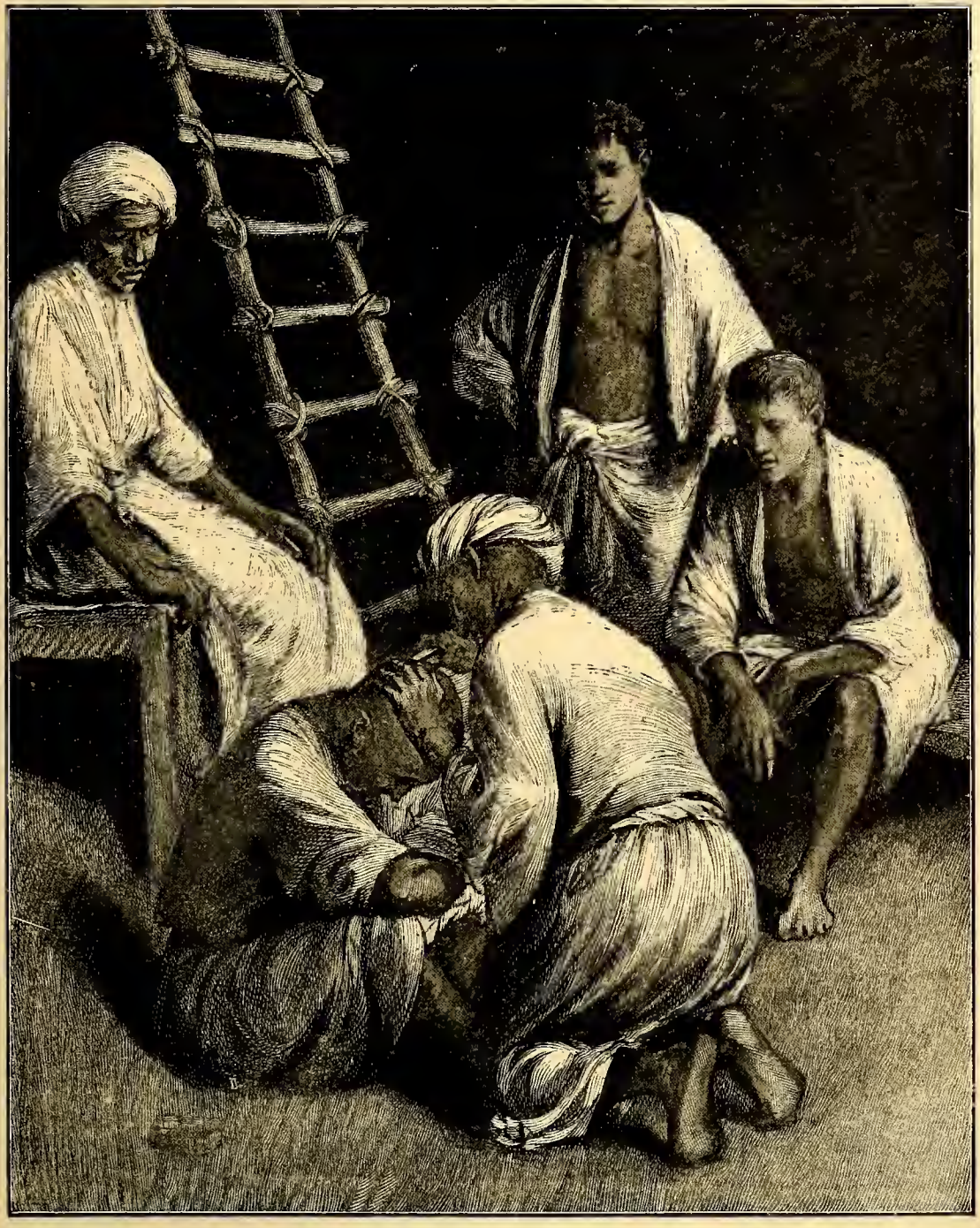


"'I am not a common barber.'"

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 367.)

'NOW you must have your heads shaved,' Menandez said, when we had had a good meal and felt comfortably lazy.

'Where is the barber?' I asked.

'Waiting above. I will call him down.'

'By Jove!' Frank exclaimed, as in answer to Menandez' shout a man descended the ladder at almost break-neck speed, 'it's the astrologer-doctor.'

It was indeed the astrologer-doctor, and I must admit that he looked thoroughly ashamed of having deserted us in time of danger.

'My lords,' he exclaimed, 'deign to listen to my words. When I heard that the Brother of the Moon had determined to make your honourable selves prisoners, I knew that if I were found with you I also would be put in a prison cage. Then I said to myself, I will escape, for if I am free I can help the white lords to regain their freedom, but if I am a prisoner I cannot assist them. Therefore I left you.'

'A very fine yarn,' Frank said in English, 'but I do not believe a word of it. What do you think of him, Menandez? How long have you known him?'

'About thirty-six hours,' Menandez answered. 'I found him surrounded by several natives, denouncing the Court-astrologer as a rogue; and having no love for that rascal, I got into conversation with him. I discovered that he coveted the position of Court Astrologer, and I promised to help him to obtain it if he would assist me to set you free. He agreed, and certainly he worked hard, being one of the men who rowed you up the river after we had freed you. I shall, however, keep a very close watch on him. By-the-bye, I have another man you know working for me—Nai Tum.'

'Do you hear that, Walter?' Frank said to me. 'Your betrothed's sister's future husband is here. Possibly he has a message for you.'

'Don't be an ass,' I replied sharply, for, to tell the truth, I was exceedingly annoyed to hear that Nai Tum was in the neighbourhood. I had hoped that I had heard the last of him, his future wife and her sister, and that the story of my betrothal to a girl whom I had never seen would soon be forgotten.

'Perhaps he will not recognise me when my head has been shaved,' I remarked.

'Oh, yes, he will,' Menandez replied. 'He was in the boat with us last night.'

'Surely, Walter,' said Frank, 'you cannot refuse to look at the girl now that her future brother-in-law has helped to save your life.'

'I will, most emphatically,' I declared. 'You know, very well, the whole affair was a mistake so far as I was concerned. As you take such an interest in the girl, the best thing will be for you to try for her yourself.'

'What, rob you of those little elephant eyes, that broad, flat nose, those black teeth and betel-stained lips! Never!'

'You are thinking of the girl's sister,' Tom joined in. 'Such a beautiful girl must assuredly have a beautiful sister.'

'Shut up, both of you,' I exclaimed, with more force than elegance. 'Let us be shaved.'

'Who is to be the first victim?' Tom asked. 'Our friend may be an excellent astrologer and a clever doctor, but it does not follow that he is skilful with a razor.'

'I propose,' Frank said, 'that as Walter is in a reckless mood, he should be shaved first.'

'We will toss for it,' I declared, and toss we did, Frank losing.

'Well,' he said cheerfully, as he sat down cross-legged on the floor, 'I pity you two. The astrologer-doctor will be somewhat tired before he has finished with me, and a tired man with a razor is dangerous.'

'At any rate,' I replied, 'he won't be a novice by the time he attends to us. He will have had some practice on your head.'

The astrologer-doctor now began work. Sitting face to face with Frank, he began cutting his hair at a startling speed.

'Gently, my friend,' Frank exclaimed in Siamese, 'or you will clip an ear off.'

'My lord,' the astrologer-doctor replied, 'I am not a common barber.'

'If you were, I should feel much safer,' Frank retorted.

The astrologer-doctor was, however, more careful than he appeared to be, and did not once dig the point of his scissors into Frank's head. Having cut short all the hair, except a tuft over the centre of the forehead, the amateur barber now lathered Frank's head and proceeded to shave it. He worked very cautiously, but successfully, and when, at last, Frank arose with no hair on his face or head but a cockatoo tuft, Tom and I laughed heartily.

'You look a real native,' I declared, but Frank would not believe this, even though Tom agreed with me.

Tom was the next man to place himself in the astrologer-doctor's hands. His hair had not grown thick, and in a few minutes he was as I had first seen him. But when I had been shaved Frank was overcome with mirth, and declared that it was impossible for any other European to look so much like a Siamese as I did.

'Let the astrologer-doctor settle that point,' I replied. 'Tom, ask him which of us is most like a Siamese.'

The amateur barber's reply was not flattering.

'I have done my best for the white lords,' he declared; 'but they have ugly features, and therefore I cannot make them as handsome as I am, or any of my countrymen.'

Considering that the astrologer-doctor had a face which would have frightened a European child into fits, we felt extremely grateful that our features did not meet with his approval. Nor did we trouble him again to state clearly who was the more like a Siamese, Frank or I.

'Now, Menandez,' Frank said when we had ceased to talk of our personal appearance, 'when do you want us to begin work?'

'As soon as possible,' Menandez replied.

'Then to-morrow we will begin. In the meanwhile you might show us how far you have got with your tunnel.'

'I will show you in a few minutes, but first I will tell you what I have done. This place in which we are seated is a part of a mine which was worked some hundreds of years ago. I had it cleared out and made into a tool-house, office, and living-room. My reason for so doing was that I could tunnel from this place to the sacred pit without any of my

miners knowing anything about it. Here is the entrance.'

Menandez pulled aside a large cloth and showed us the entrance to the tunnel, which was just lofty enough for a man of average height to enter without stooping.

'How far does it extend?' I asked.

'About three hundred yards. We have only to go another two hundred yards to reach the sacred pit.'

'But do you think you are deep enough down to find it?' Tom said.

'I have no idea what the depth of the pit is, but I fancy that we shall strike the side of it. If we do, we must descend to the bottom by ladders.'

'When do you think we shall get to it?' I asked.

'It all depends upon how hard we work, but I hope that I shall have the treasure before many weeks.'

'Do Nai Tum and the astrologer-doctor know of your plans?'

'Yes, I have secured their loyalty by promising them a percentage of the value of the treasure. However, most of the hard work will fall upon us. Follow me.'

We entered the tunnel, Menandez, with a lighted torch in his hand, leading the way.

'But surely you and Nai Tum did not cut this tunnel unaided!' Frank exclaimed, when we had gone about a hundred yards.

For two weeks I had ten Chinamen helping me,' Menandez answered. 'Their ship was wrecked coming up the river, and as they were utterly destitute and could not speak Siamese, they were just the men I wanted. I engaged them for a fortnight, and promised to get them a ship at the end of that time. They worked splendidly and I kept my promise. Of course I did not let any of my Siamese miners see them. I brought them here by night, and until I took them away, which also was after dark, they did not once go above-ground. It was these Chinamen who laid the rails and made this trolley.'

'But how do you dispose of the earth you take out of the tunnel?' Frank asked.

'There is a deep pit in the cave where you slept. It is boarded over, so probably you did not notice it. We throw the earth into that.'

Frank, Tom, and I were all impressed by the smart way in which Menandez was carrying out his undertaking, and had his object been the seizure of dacoits' or pirates'-treasure, instead of the pious offerings of ignorant people, we should have congratulated him warmly.

(Continued on page 382.)

EXPLORING.

THE gas is burning brightly in the parlour where we play,
The fire is dancing gaily in a warm and pleasant way;
There's a cosy coloured carpet and a hassock on the rug,
And a big, big chair to curl in that is very, very snug.

But peep into the passage, where the shadows, cold and grim,
Are hiding in the corners, while the gas is burning dim.
I will be a brave explorer, and the gloomy pathway tread
To where the clock's slow pendulum is swinging overhead.

How solemnly it ticks at me in low and warning tone,
'Beware, beware, the mountain stair! And don't go up alone.'
But who's afraid? Not I, indeed! I'll scale each frowning crag,
And on the second landing-place will plant my gallant flag.

'Tis done! The darkness was extreme. The chilly winds did blow.
I saw the yawning passage-gulf a dizzy depth below;
I left the flag upon the height, that other men may learn
How far an Englishman will go in spite of dangers stern.

And now I take the homeward way; descend the mountain-side,
To where, within the valley deep, the lurking shadows hide.
The clock is passed. Its solemn voice grows fainter in the gloom,
And now I see the parlour door with happy thoughts of home.

Hurrah! Hurrah! I'm back again! How nice it is to see
The warm fire leap in laughing flames, as though to welcome me;
And now within this comfy chair I'm warm and snugly rolled,
To dream about my journey through the shadows and the cold.

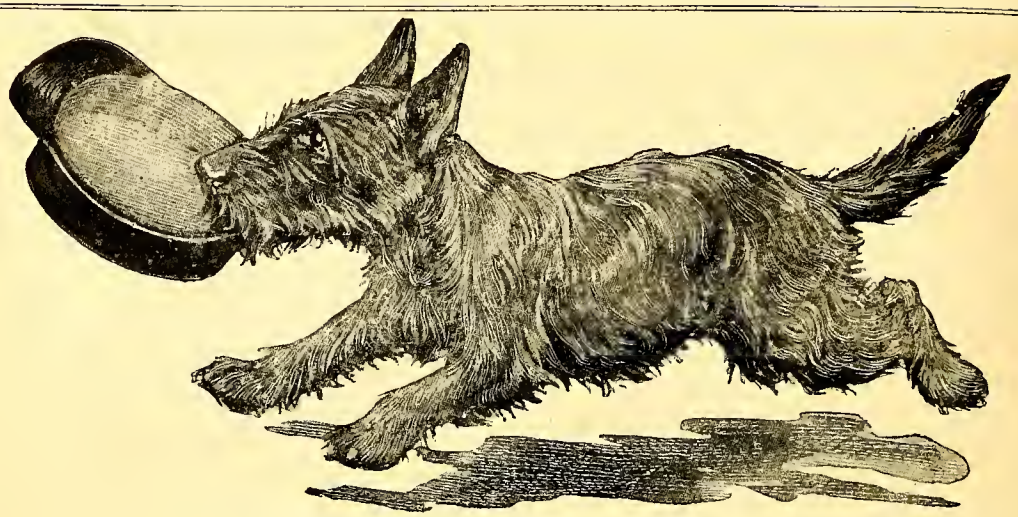
John Lea.

SOME INTELLIGENT DOGS.

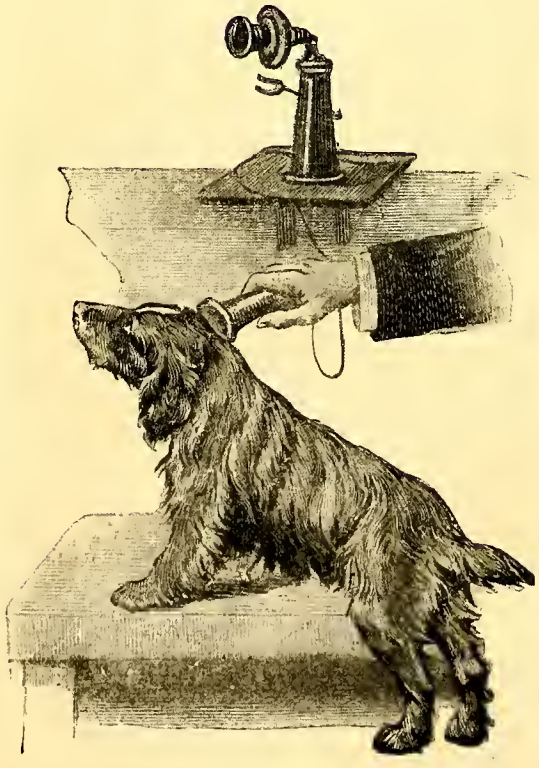
True Anecdotes.

OCCASIONALLY one comes across some very intelligent dogs, as the following stories will tend to show. A year or so ago I spent a day or so at Haxey, in the Isle of Axholme, and there happened to make the acquaintance of one of the most intelligent dogs I have ever known. The name of the animal was Staffa, and he lived at the village post-office. One day I called at the post-office for some stamps, and while I was engaged in conversation with the clerk, I was surprised to see the dog come running into the office with the telegraph messenger's hat in his mouth. On asking the girl the reason, she told me that the dog knew the telegraph call signal, and whenever he heard the noise of the needle he would always fetch the messenger's hat. Staffa learnt this trick in less than three weeks.

A friend of mine told me a story the other day of a dog who understood the telephone. 'My sister,' he said, 'went to see a friend who lived a mile or so from the rectory, taking with her our little brown cocker-spaniel. When she left she quite forgot the dog, and, as soon as our friends discovered him, they did all they could to make him leave, but with no avail. Some hours passed and he was still there, so they telephoned to let us know his whereabouts. "Bring him to the telephone," said my sister. One of the boys put the receiver to the dog's ear. Then my sister whistled, and called, "Come home, Paddy." Immediately he wriggled away from my brother, rushed to the door, barking to get out, and shortly afterwards arrived panting at the rectory.'



"With the telegraph messenger's hat in his mouth."



"The boy put the receiver to the dog's ear."

Another story is told of a dog whose master was always very kind to him, being in the habit of taking him to a shop when out for a walk, and buying him a stick of chocolate. It was a treat that the dog much appreciated. One day, however, his master fell ill, and an old friend had the kindly thought to bring a piece of chocolate for Peter when he came to make inquiries. A year afterwards Peter's master died, and since then no one has been able to induce the dog to eat a piece of chocolate. We conclude that his once favourite sweet has become bitter to him, because it reminds him of his great loss.

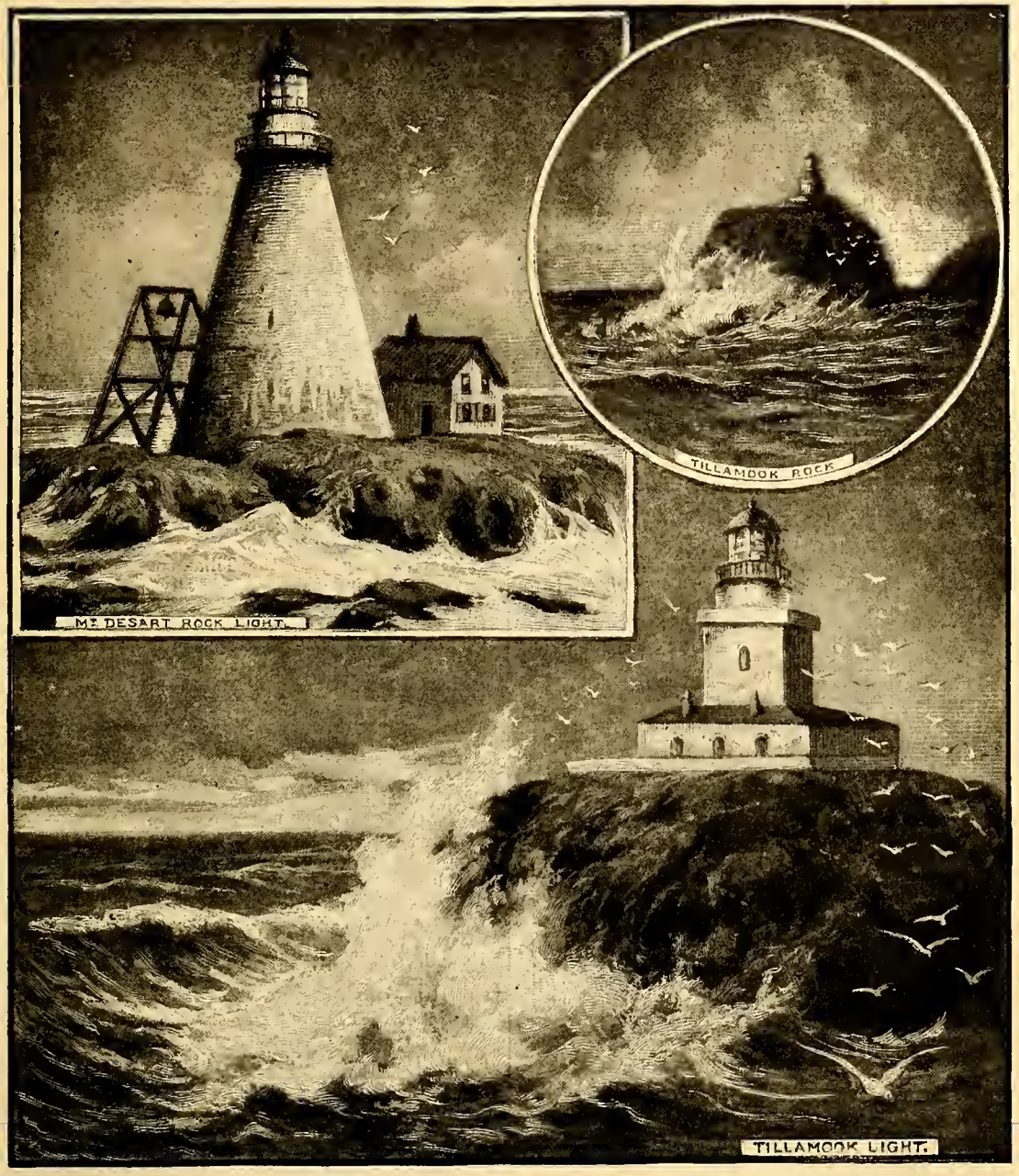
DANGER SIGNALS.

VII.—IN AMERICAN WATERS.

WITH nearly two thousand American lights to choose from, scattered over many thousand miles of wild sea-coast, it is difficult to decide which to fix upon for a special visit of inspection. Each one has, of course, its own particular points of interest; but we must take three or four as representative of the majority.

Sailing down the Atlantic coast from Nova Scotia, we will stop first at a lonely rock twenty miles from Mount Desart Island, off the coast of Maine. Upon this rock stands a stone tower and dwelling-house, the most isolated light-station in American waters.

More than sixty years have passed since the lamp was first lighted here, and all that time the wild attacks of the sea have led to frequent changes and improvements. In spite of the raging waters, the light burns more brightly than ever, and when the fogs rise up to veil it, the great horn lifts its warning voice in such a way that it can be heard almost as far as the lantern can be seen in fair weather. Throughout the years of which records of American lighthouses have been kept, the Desart Rock is very frequently mentioned. In 1879 the granite tower, which is sixty feet high, and contains four floors, was found to have been so roughly treated by the sea that part of it had to be removed. The waves so persistently climbed to the lantern deck that they washed the mortar from between the joints, thus



Some American Danger Signals.

finding their way from inside to the floors below. There was nothing for it but to make the deck of iron; this was done, and upon it the waves now fall in vain. In 1888 a bell, weighing one thousand pounds, was erected on a stalwart frame beside the tower; but its voice was too feeble to overcome the roar of the Atlantic, and so, a year later, a mighty trumpet was brought to the rock, which sent forth every twelve seconds a wail that no wind or wave could wholly drown. Ten years later this was rendered still more useful by being provided with oil engines, to 'give it breath,' instead of coal engines. This really was an improvement, for, in the case of the coal engines, a whole hour had to pass after the lighting of the fire before the trumpet could be induced to 'speak;' while, with the oil, ten minutes

are quite enough. During 1906-7 (from midsummer to midsummer) the warning voice from Desart Rock sounded one thousand four hundred and ninety-one hours.

But we must be moving on to less desolate guardians of the sea, stopping next in the sheltered harbour of Newport, Rhode Island, having steered our imaginary ship up the eastern channel of Narragansett Bay. Here, near the entrance of a small inlet, called Brenton Cove, stretches a long, low reef of white stone, with a small square dwelling and outbuildings upon it. This is the Lime Rock Light, one of the best known 'sea-marks' on the American coasts, though there is little about its appearance to suggest the story that has made it famous.

In the year 1841, the keeper of this house, Mr. Hosea Lewis, had a little daughter born to him. Like our own Grace Darling, she grew to love her ocean home, and was never happier than when romping with the waves or rowing among their foaming crests. Every part of the broken, rocky coast became familiar to her, as well as the varying habits of the sea as it rushed with every tide through the narrows to and from Narragansett Bay. And Ida Lewis's knowledge soon became a blessing to others. At the age of eighteen, by the skilful management of her little skiff, she rescued four men, whose boat had capsized. They were only the first of many who owed their lives to this courageous girl.

In the year 1868 she put out early one morning to the help of a small boy who was clinging to the mast of a sunken sailing-boat; and the next year, helped by her brother, after a hard row of half a mile from the lighthouse, she rescued three men. The records show a list of eighteen lives saved by the daughter of the Lime Rock light-keeper. In addition to the medals awarded by American life-saving societies, the citizens of Newport presented her with a token of their esteem in the shape of a rowboat named the Rescue, and this was carried to the great Exhibition at Chicago, held a few years ago, for the rest of the world to see. But there must be many more interested visitors to the Lime Rock Lighthouse itself, since 'Ida Lewis' (now Mrs. Hevilson) is still living there.

Pursuing our course down the coast, we eventually find ourselves off Charleston Harbour, in South Carolina. Here is a lighthouse that is said to have no equal in all the rest of the world. It is the church of St. Philip's. Above the trees, in the peaceful graveyard, it lifts a four-storied steeple crowned with a short spire, and under this latter the saving lamp is burning every night, visible from the wide, rock-strewn harbour far below.

Leaving ship here, we will take a hurried journey across the great continent to glance at one of the most famous 'lights' on the Pacific coast. This is situated on the Tillamook Rock, near the mouth of the Columbia River, Oregon. The story of the conquest of the Tillamook is one of difficulties got over. It is a rugged, storm-beaten rock, rising to a height of eighty feet above the sea, but the eighty feet are little or no protection, for the Pacific Ocean thinks nothing of them.

It is now more than thirty years since the engineers and their workmen succeeded in getting a foothold on the rock. It was at that time the home of a colony of seals, who for a while regarded the invaders with more disapproval than fear. They, however, soon decided to seek other lodgings, and left the Tillamook to the lighthouse-builders. The difficulties and dangers of landing men and material made progress very slow, but by the end of May, 1880, the whole of the summit of the rock had been cut away to a uniform, level platform. Upon this was built a low stone house, from the centre of which rises the light-tower, sixteen feet square. The object in building the Tillamook was that a light might be shown over the neighbouring dangerous waters at no great height above the sea, for in this district the fogs are of such a character that they would conceal a lofty light, while one at a lower level would shine clearly beneath them.

Thus the Tillamook, to be most useful, must stand right in the full fury of the tempest, and many are the stories that its four keepers tell of the assaults the Pacific Ocean makes upon them. For weeks at a stretch they are wholly cut off from the rest of the world, the wild fury of the storm making it impossible for any boat to reach them. During such times they often find it very difficult to keep the light burning. The huge waves dash against the lantern-glass, shivering pane after pane into fragments. The broken portions are replaced as quickly as possible, but if the sea does get the mastery at times, the great fog-horns are set to work to do duty instead of the light.

Nearly every year the Tillamook Station has to undergo repair, which can hardly be wondered at when we remember that the Pacific Ocean, not satisfied with the army of its own waves, attacks the tower and dwelling with volleys of stones and bunches of barnacles snatched from the rocks and sea-bed.

John Lea.

THE TERROR OF THE MARCHES.

IN the days of the Norman kings there were frequent wars on the Welsh border, between the Lords of Snowdonia and the Constable of Chester.

At one time the Welsh were much discouraged because the Constable had seized both banks of the river which formed the boundary between England and Wales, and because their lord, Griffith, was weak and lazy, often missing good chances of attack and allowing his followers to relax their discipline.

One evening he and some of his favourites were feasting and amusing themselves, when his only son, Howell, a boy of thirteen, came in running and breathless.

'Father,' he cried, 'I have been to the top of the mountain and could see miles down the valley towards Chester. There are more English soldiers coming: I saw their camp-fires. And they have made a bridge of boats over the river. They will bring fresh forces across in the morning and attack us.'

'Well, young general, and what do you propose?' asked one man, half-sneering, half-amused. 'We are all ready for orders.'

Howell knew that this man had a bad influence over his father, and that the sneer would fall against him.

'Oh, those English!' exclaimed Griffith. 'They don't know how to fight in mountains. If we keep still and dodge them, they will not bother us for long.'

Howell, seeing persuasion was useless, went out to consult his old friend and retainer, Llewellyn. Llew-

ellyn remembered better days, days when the Lords of Snowdonia had held their own, and when the mountaineers had valued their freedom and national traditions more highly. He had taught the young Howell all the old stories and songs of his heroic ancestors, and the boy longed for the time when he should be grown up and a prince, that he might fight for the freedom of Wales.

'What can I do, Llewellyn?' he asked, 'when I am only fourteen, and even my father doesn't care! I know!' he cried suddenly. 'I see it all, Llewellyn. There's that bridge of boats. It ought to be broken up. See if I don't do it, and this very night.'

It was a daring idea; but after a few minutes' thought, Llewellyn saw that it held a chance of success. He saw, too, that it was more likely to succeed if carried out by a quick-witted boy who knew his ground, than by a full-grown man or a body of soldiers. So, after much persuasion, he consented to lend Howell his knife, a weapon much used in Welsh warfare, and then accompanied the boy part of the way down the hill.

It was very dark when Howell reached the river. His plan was to follow its course up-stream, every step of the way being familiar to him from previous bird-nesting expeditions. As he let himself down the steep bank he felt as if he were dropping into a black pit, and the water came swirling round his feet.

He made his way up the river, sometimes paddling, sometimes creeping along under the slippery bank. The river made a great bend near the bridge of boats, enclosing a stretch of level ground on which the English had pitched their camp. Here Howell had to move very slowly and carefully for fear of discovery. Once there were men so close to him on the bank above that he could have touched them if he had stretched out his arm. It appeared they were grumbling over their evening rations.

'It's a good thing this won't last long,' said one voice. 'These wretched Welsh and their mountains are not worth such short commons.'

'There will be more victuals in the morning,' replied his companion. 'Lord Clifford is close at hand now with supplies.'

'Don't be so sure of that,' whispered Howell under his breath, and crept forward. But he was brought to a sudden halt. Another couple of steps and he would have knocked against a man drawing water in his bucket from the river. What was more, the man had heard him, but with back turned. A torch was stuck in the fork of a tree close by, but its light only made the shadows darker by contrast.

'All right, Roger, is that you?' he said. 'I will haul up in a moment.'

Then he turned and lifted the bucket as if he expected some one to take it from him.

'Roger! Roger!' he called. 'A strange thing! I thought I heard him;' and he began peering into the darkness. Howell was cowering under the bank, afraid to breathe or stir, just half a foot lower than the man's eyes were riveted. At last, with a grumble, he managed to put the heavy bucket on the bank, and lifting it up himself, trudged back to the camp. Howell crept on his way, thinking if this was the place for drawing water, the sooner he was out of it the better.

And now he had reached the bridge of boats. They were two abreast, and bound firmly together. There would be no difficulty in cutting the ropes, if only he could avoid discovery. But the moon was rising now and the bank was lower here, so that the boats lay exposed to the light. There was nothing but to make a dash for it.

Fortunately for Howell the men were not much on their guard. The boats they supposed were entirely safe between the two English camps. They were therefore amusing themselves round a camp-fire with songs and revelry.

But just when Howell had made his dash and then lain down under the shadow of the boats, half in the water, a dog gave the alarm, and he thought all hope was over. It would have been so if the dog's master had been as wise as the dog. Instead, he ordered him to lie down, and Howell once more breathed freely.

Now he waited for a while until the camp had become quite quiet, only a few sentries remaining awake. Their attention, however, was directed towards the mountains, lest the Welsh should make a night attack.

Patiently Howell set to work, cutting rope after rope. It was not his intention to loosen any of the boats, but only to weaken their connection sufficiently, so that the pressure of water from above or any additional weight on the top would prove fatal.

There had been heavy rain in the mountains, so that the volume of water was unusually great. The wind was rising, too, and the boats ground and creaked against each other, straining the ropes and covering, too, any noise which Howell might make.

Certainly events were favourable. He had only just succeeded in regaining the shelter of the bank when a soldier from the opposite side crossed the bridge. A minute sooner and Howell would inevitably have been discovered.

He now retraced his steps without much difficulty, and once more climbed the mountain, to be warmly welcomed by old Llewellyn. Howell then lay down to sleep for a few hours; but he awoke in the early dawn, and went to his father to tell him what he had done, and beg him to prepare his men to make use of his stratagem.

The boy's bravery and success appealed to Griffith. He immediately summoned his men and put them in readiness for an attack on the enemy.

It was evident that the English camp was astir and expectant, and before long a shout arose which announced the approach of Lord Clifford. The Welsh could see the arrival from their mountain-slope; they could see, too, the arrangements being made for the transit of the convoy. Gradually they moved downward, and then waited until the order for the attack.

A number of men carrying heavy bundles of provisions were crossing the bridge, apparently in perfect safety, when suddenly, at the very centre, the line broke in two, the boats were swept rapidly apart, some capsizing altogether, some drifting down the river, some swinging helplessly towards the banks.

In that moment of confusion the Welsh swept down on the nearer camp, which was completely at their mercy, either slaying or taking prisoner every man it contained. The soldiers on the other side were helpless. They had lost their point of vantage, and when they found that the Welsh meant to pursue them, they fled, leaving bag and baggage.

So Howell won his first victory, and became known from that day as the Terror of the Marches.

E. C. M.

"The man trudged back to the camp"

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"They came nearer."

ON THE SHORES OF THE CASPIAN.

Founded on Fact.

IT was the worst night that any one could remember who lived near the mouth of the Volga, on the northern shore of the Caspian Sea. The wind, blowing like sharp knives, was at a full gale. And above the roar of the wind and waves could be heard the curious splitting, grinding noise of the ice-blocks which were hurled one against another by the river in flood. It was a night when nothing could count itself safe.

'This will mean ruin to half the coast people,' said old Simon to his sons. 'Come, Martin and Michael, and see whether we can help. We are close to the shore, and the other fellows would have to cross the steppe for half a mile.'

The three sturdy men, used to many a struggle with wind and water, were soon wrapped in their bear-skins and ready for the fray.

'Let's at least get the boats out of danger,' said Simon, 'and the fishing-tackle. They may all be washed away by the spring tide.'

For several hours they battled with the elements. Some of the boats were already afloat and so hopelessly lost, but others were still above water-mark; these they dragged up by main force, or by the help of rough windlasses, as far as was necessary; they heaped nets and tackle wherever they thought safe; more than once they waded deep into the bitter water to save property of one kind or another. All was done in pitch darkness and desperate cold. Moreover, it was a labour of sheer kindliness, for none of the boats were their own.

At last everything had been accomplished that was in their power.

'We can't get home, though,' said Martin; 'the high tide will have filled the creek, and it would be madness in this darkness to try and get round it.'

'That's true,' said the father. 'But there are those huts by the river which the Kirghizes sometimes use. If we can find one of those and lie down in it close together, we shall keep fairly warm in our bear-skins.'

It took half-an-hour of groping before they found what they wanted. Some huts were deep in water, but two were safe, though close to the river. By this time the tide had turned, so that there was no fear of their being drowned like rats in a hole.

They crept on all-fours through the low doorway and lay down to sleep. It would, indeed, have been necessary to be exhausted with hard work in order to sleep in such discomfort and uproar. All the powers of heaven and earth seemed let loose on that little hut, and yet the three men slept as if they were lying on the most luxurious beds.

At last Michael woke and became conscious of a curious feeling of oppression, as if a heavy hand were laid on his chest. He struggled to his feet, trying to breathe deeply; he longed for a great mouthful of air, and so went to get out of the hut.

He ran his hand along the wall in search of the doorway. Surely it was on this side! But there was nothing but a smooth glass wall—ice! What could it mean?

Michael roused his father and brother, and the three men fell to inspecting their hut. But only to find that it had become their prison! An ice door, impossible to break from within, had formed itself during the night from the incessant spray dashed up by the Volga. For some minutes the three men could scarcely believe their extraordinary situation. There they were in a horrible trap, without food, drink, or air, far removed from any possibility of help, with no one suspecting their whereabouts.

They agreed, after a minute's consideration, that the highest part of the roof would be the best point to attack, and with bare hands they struggled desperately to work their way through the hardened mud and wattle. All three soon grew exhausted by the dreadful atmosphere. Besides, they had laboured many hours without food before sleeping, and it was tiring to work continuously with their arms stretched upwards.

Their heads spun and buzzed, their hands trembled, their breath came short and quick, and the minutes necessary for rest grew longer; but at last, to the immense relief of the workers, the outer part of the roof, which had been rotted by the weather, began to crumble away.

Oh, what joy when at last there was a real hole, a hole to which they could put their mouths and breathe a deep breath! That meant life, at any rate for the present.

'The next thing is to get out ourselves,' said Martin with a sigh of relief. 'If only the Kirghizes did not build such strong huts!'

'We should have been frozen to death last night if they built of gossamer,' laughed Simon; 'so if it isn't one thing it's the other.'

Gradually a larger patch of daylight fell through the little hole, a poor, dismal, washed-out sort of daylight, and at last there was room for a head to poke through! Martin looked out first, and he could see a man, evidently looking at his boat and wondering what good fairy had dragged it into a place of safety. His back was towards the hut, and he did not hear or see Martin. Imagine Martin's feelings when he saw his hope of rescue coolly and ignorantly walk off. He shouted and whistled, but the wind carried his voice in the opposite direction. So the man disappeared over the brow of the low sand-hill!

In despair Martin pulled in his head, and now it was Michael who had a spy round. Nothing moved on sea or land! Then Simon's turn came, and, to the joy of his two sons, they heard him halloo and whistle with all his might. Two men had now appeared, the first one and another, both looking towards the shore. The first was talking eagerly, evidently expressing his astonishment at the safety of his boat, which to these ignorant peasants would suggest all manner of superstitious explanations.

Suddenly the two men caught sight of the head sticking out of the hut—stared—came nearer very cautiously—stopped—stared again—walked in a circle peering and prying—and then deliberately ran away up the hill! This head and hut business was evidently too 'queer' for their taste.

But they stopped at the top of the hill for another look. Perhaps they were ashamed of themselves. Anyhow they came nearer, and one drew out a rough sort of pistol, pointing it at the head. Down Simon bobbed at once! Then he cautiously reappeared, for our friends felt it was worth the risk of a shot to attract attention from the outside world.

But the timid boatmen had now come near enough to hear shouts and whistling, such sounds as any peasant might make. What was their astonishment

to find the head was that of their old friend, Simon, and that he and his sons were in this queer trap!

Their imprisonment was now soon at an end, you may he sure. Friendly axes quickly made an open door, and our three heroes returned home to receive a thousand thanks from their neighbours—thanks and many a kind action done in return to express their gratitude for the gallant rescue of tbeir boats and tackle.

A COMPANY OF BENEFACTORS.

IV.—LORD SHAFTESBURY.

'TIS no' fish alone ye're buying, my leddy, 'tis honest men's lives.'

So the Edinburgh fishwives were wont to appeal to their customers, reminding them of the hardships and the perils, the storm-tossed hoats at sea and the anxious women at home, all going to make up the cost of this luxury of the breakfast-tahle. It would surely be well if we paused now and again to ask ourselves a question as to the cost of some of the simplest of our necessaries and comforts: if we spared a thought for the miners who turn day into night that our hearths may burn brightly, or wondered over the skill and the toil that turn the raw cotton into the dainty muslin gown. Nowadays we can have the comfort of knowing that everything possible is being done to make the life of the workers safe and healthy. And that it is so we may thank, among others, the man whose name stands at the head of this paper, the man who asked himself these questions to some purpose; who, not content with hearsay, went himself to seek the answers, and came back, afire with anger and pity, to lay those answers before the country.

In tbe year 1833, Anthony Ashley Cooper, Lord Ashley, as he was then called, was already known as the champion of the weak and the wronged. He had brought before Parliament the question of the treatment of lunatics, and had effected some reforms in the management of asylums. And now his voice was lifted on behalf of the workers in the great cotton factories of Yorkshire and Lancashire, and more especially for the little children, who were being robbed of all their childhood to add to the nation's wealth.

He had visited the manufacturing districts and had seen with horror the bent, distorted forms of the workers, stunted hy the unhealthy atmosphere and the long hours, and often crippled by accidents, 'like a mass of crooked alphahets,' as he described them. Mrs. Browning put the miseries of the poor little ones employed in the factories into words never to be forgotten:—

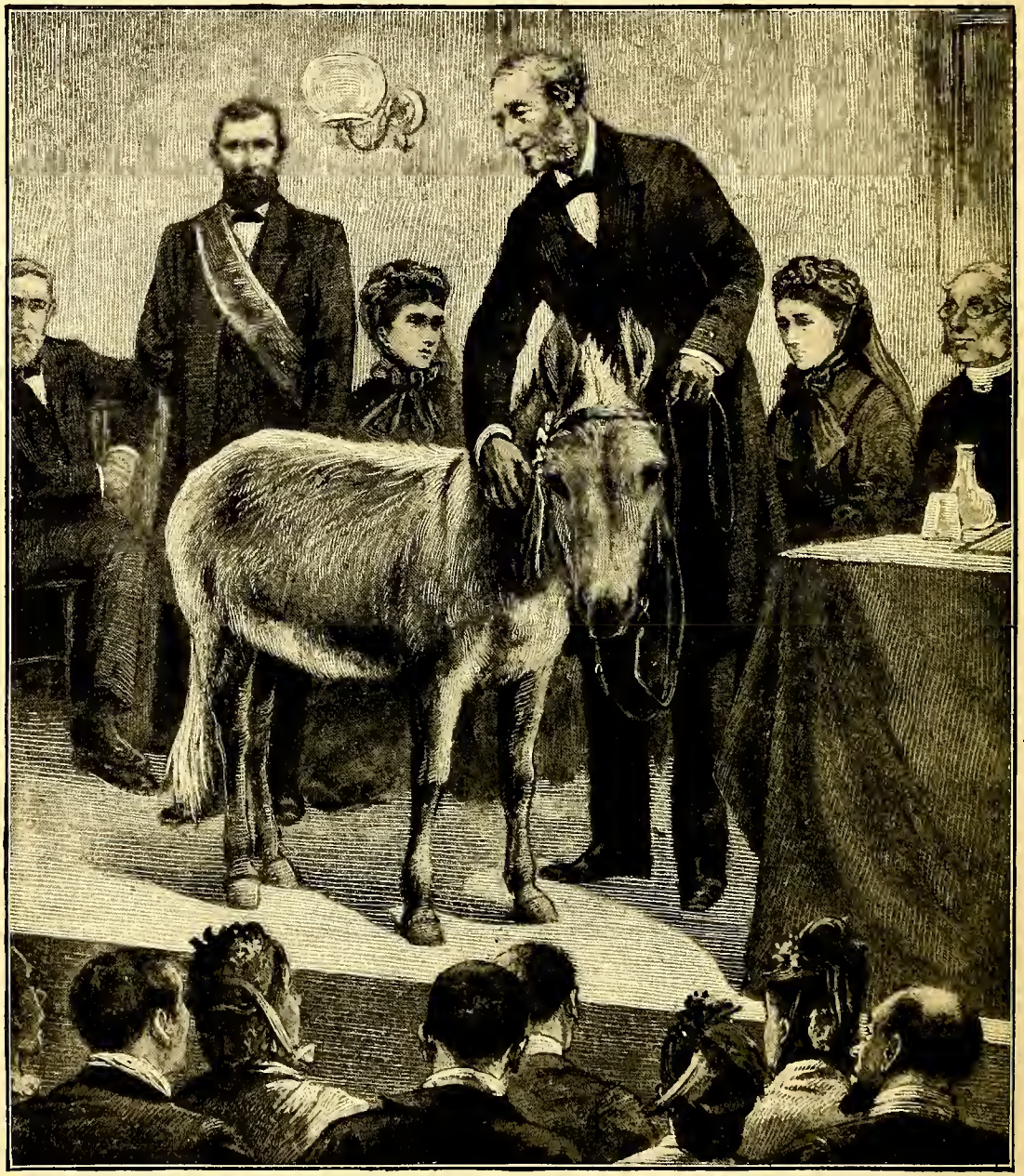
'"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap,
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep. . . .
For, all day, tbe wheels are droning, turning,
The wind comes in our faces—
Till our hearts swim, our heads with pulses hurning,
And the walls turn in their places." . . .
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on hlindly in the dark.'

There was no schooling for those poor little toilers. At six or seven years old the monotonous work began; no wonder that more people died in these districts uuder the age of twenty than under forty in tbe rest of the country. Yet the conscience of the nation was so slow to awaken to the shame of such a state of things that it was seventeen years, from 1833 to 1850, before any real reform was carried out.

Meanwhile, Lord Ashley was hard at work in behalf of a yet more miserable part of the community, the workers in the Colliery districts. The story he had to tell, after going as usual to investigate matters himself, was horrible indeed. There were babies of five years old, some even younger, at work in the darkness of the coal-pits; there were women and children toiling like beasts of hurden, chained to the trucks which they were obliged to drag. Even African slavery could hardly show cruelties more terrible than were practised unheeded in this Christian land. And the man who told these things in burning words to the House of Commons, was himself the loving father of little children, and was cutting himself off from home-life and its pleasures that he might study the lot of those other little ones for whom no one seemed to care, and win for them the right to happiness and health and teaching. Thanks to him, the work of women and little children was at last forbidden, and more precautions were taken against the accidents which must, in any case, he all too frequent. But it was not only in the factory and the mining districts that Lord Shaftesbury—as he became on the death of his father in 1851—found unhappy children to champion. He was very keenly interested in the ragged schools, where wild little street-arahs took their first steps towards a better life. Homeless, destitute children, who lived from hand to mouth on what they could beg or steal, and spent the night under archways or on door-steps, were taught and clothed, placed on training ships, or sent to the Colonies, and given the chance of a fresh start in the world. And many a neglected boy must have got his first glimpse of the Heavenly Fatherhood in the noble, pitiful face of the man who went himself into the worst dens of the London slums to seek and save the lost ones.

Once he had an extraordinary experience. An invitation was sent him from 'forty thieves'—not the picturesque robbers of the Arabian Nights' story, but notorious London burglars and pickpockets—begging him to come and meet them in one of their haunts near Rag Fair. The nobleman went fearlessly, and found himself in the presence of ahout four hundred criminals, many of them desperate characters, with a long tale of misdeeds behind them. To these outcasts, whose 'hand was against every man,' he spoke frankly and kindly, repaying their confidence with the offer of a new start in another country; and numbers of them accepted the chance, and began honest life on the other side of the world.

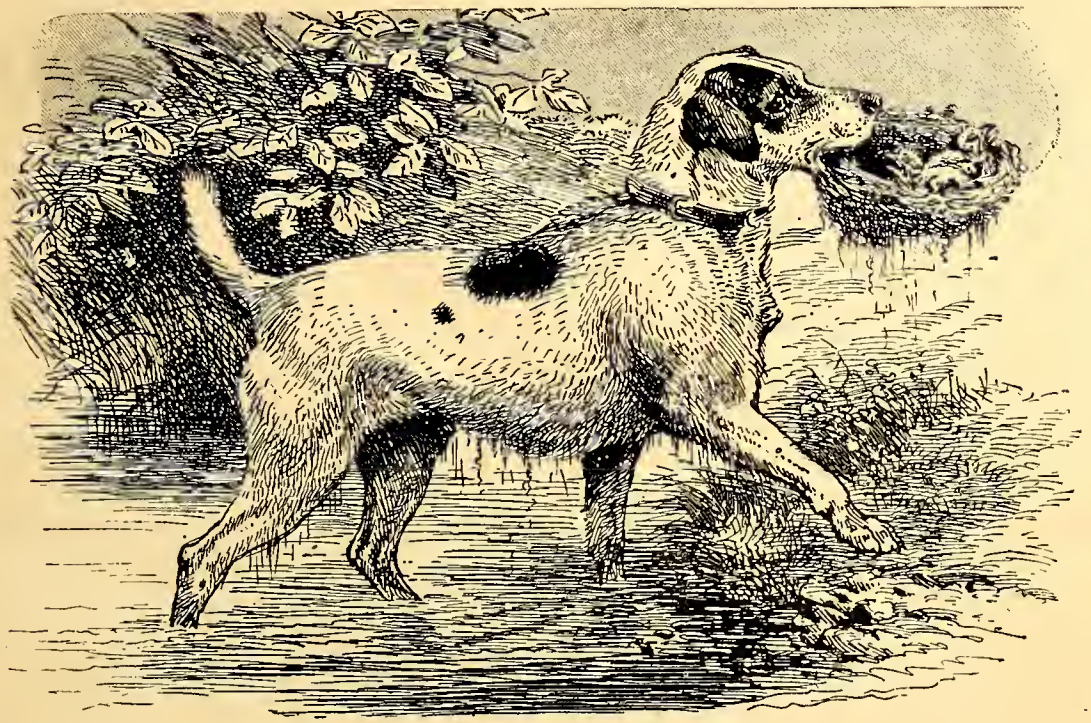
There is no space in this short article to tell of half the good works undertaken, the ancient evils overthrown, by this tireless champion of the weak and those 'out of the way.' We should like, however, to speak of the Shoeblack Brigade, that excellent organization which grew out of the Great Exhibition of 1851. Lord Shaftesbury had no warmer sympathiser in all his work than the Prince Consort, the originator of that great gathering of the nations, and it was to polish the hoots of the thousands of



"The good Earl standing with his arm over the neck of his new possession."

visitors to the Exhibition that the little street-arabs were first marshalled into a brigade and fitted up with blacking and brushes. No less than five hundred pounds, it is said, was the price paid for the 'shining' of the feet that travelled up and down the great building known to us now as the Crystal Palace.

Just one more characteristic story of the great philanthropist. He had interested himself for some time in raising the tone of the London costermon-



"Bringing the nest safely to land."

gers, and now and again intending purchasers had the opportunity of buying their vegetables from a certain well-turned-out barrow drawn by an excellent donkey, and bearing the Shaftesbury arms. It was not, however, the noble Earl who was crying cabbages from street to street, but some man who was laying by money to set himself up with a donkey and barrow, and who had the loan meanwhile of this means of livelihood from his 'brother coster,' as Lord Shaftesbury delighted to call himself. Nor was it only the man of the trade who could command his sympathy and help. He was President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the donkeys of his coster friends grew sleek and well cared for as their masters came under his influence. And a great day it must have been in the history of this sorely-tried little beast of burden when the costermongers invited the Earl to a great gathering in his honour, and then led out and presented to him a donkey, gay with ribbons, and groomed as if for Hyde Park, a gift from his grateful brothers of the barrow.

It is a pleasant picture with which to end our sketch: the good Earl, standing with his arm over the neck of his new possession, and surrounded by the rough, happy faces of the men he had taught and helped.

The motto of the Shaftesbury family is one which any man might be proud to bear; only two words, but they sum up the life of this great 'betterer of the world,' for the words are these: 'Love' and 'Serve.'

SAVED BY NATURAL ENEMIES.

VERY odd rescues are sometimes effected by animals. Creatures which are by nature hostile towards each other have been known to save one another's lives on occasion. A friend of the writer's had a tame bird, for instance, which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage every day. One morning, as it was picking up crumbs of bread off the carpet, her cat suddenly seized it, and jumped with it in her mouth on to a table. The lady was, of course, very much alarmed for the fate of her favourite, but on turning round she instantly saw the cause. The door had been left open and a strange cat had come into the room. After turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird without having done it the smallest injury.

When the present writer was in some public gardens recently, he saw a sparrow's nest fall from one of the trees overhanging the pond. As the nest floated on the water, he noticed that it contained two nearly fledged sparrows, who continued to chirp and open their mouths for food. Several people endeavoured to reach the nest with sticks, but their efforts proved fruitless. Presently, however, a young man with a fox-terrier appeared on the scene, and he directed the animal to fetch the nest. The dog immediately obeyed, and bringing the nest safely to land, gave up his booty without any attempt to harm the birds. Eventually the nest was placed in a tree, and the young birds appeared little the worse for their strange adventure.

A BLIND GENERAL.

IT might be thought that blindness was sufficient to deter a man from fighting, or at least to prevent him from winning if he insisted upon fighting; but this was not always the case. In the Middle Ages, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, there flourished a remarkable man, John Ziska,* of Bohemia. He was born of noble parents at Trosnow, a village near Budweis in 1360, and lost the use of his left eye while still a boy. He was made a page at the court of King Wenzel, the 'Good King Wenceslaus' of the carol. So great was Ziska's love of fighting that he volunteered during times of peace at home for service with the Teutonic Knights, the Hungarians, and the English. He gained special distinction while fighting for us during the battle of Agincourt in 1415.

Four years later he headed the successful popular revolt of the Hussites against the tyranny of the Pope. He then formed a body of extremists and revolted against the Emperor Sigismund, who was forced to flee from his throne after the battle of Witsnow (afterwards called Ziskaberg) in 1420. A few months later, at the siege of Raby, Ziska lost his right eye.

So far from being daunted or in despair at this terrible loss, Ziska, refusing to leave his 'Invincible Legion of Brothers,' mounted a cart, and in it was driven about this and all subsequent battlefields to conduct operations. He became known as the 'Hannibal of Bohemia,' and so uniform was his success that it would have been astonishing even if he had been blessed with sight; but totally blind as he was, his victories were the more startling.

A German army sent against him was hopelessly routed at Saaz, and the Emperor Sigismund, making another attempt to recapture his kingdom, was defeated at Kuttenberg in 1423. Then Ziska turned his attention to the Moderates of his own party, and treated them with great cruelty. His knowledge of Bohemia was extensive and varied. He used to arrange his battles and distribute his army according to the description of the locality given him by his officers. These descriptions were assisted by his own knowledge and his wonderful memory, which enabled him to take measures that would ensure the downfall of his enemies. He trained his men to fight in 'Wagenburgen,' or camps fortified by means of waggons, in much the same style as the Boer laagers.

Ziska was not, in spite of his military genius, a great man, for he was very harsh, and his treatment of his enemies was appalling even for days when cruelty was the rule and not the exception. He died while the Emperor was trying to arrange a peace with him at the siege of Przibislau on October 11th, 1424, and was buried in the church of SS. Peter and Paul at Czaslau, with his huge battle-axe suspended over the grave. Two hundred years after, the Emperor of Austria had the tomb opened, and the bones taken to Vienna and there buried.

He was an able commander, in fact, one of the greatest generals of the Middle Ages, quick in thought and action, with great presence of mind and iron firmness; but his character is marred, as has been said, by his merciless ferocity.

*Pronounced Shishka.

IN THE HOLLY TREE.

TWO robins once built, in an old holly-tree,
The prettiest nest there could possibly be;
All hidden from sight by the prickly green leaves
That kept it quite safely from pussy-cat thieves.

And patiently there in that snug little nest,
Mrs. Robin sat cuddling beneath her warm breast
The pretty smooth eggs, till a day came at last
When the fledglings crept out and her waiting was past.

Then the busiest pair in the garden, indeed,
Were these two little robins with children to feed;
And they flew here and there like industrious bees—
While the little ones flourished and lived at their ease.

But soon came the time for the trial of wings,
And the young birds learnt flying, and many new things:
How to find their own breakfasts, and keep from the cat,
And other grave lessons important as that.

When lessons were ended they all said good-bye
To their father and mother, who each heaved a sigh,
For the young ones flew off to make nests of their own,
And left the old birds in the holly alone.

Felix Noel.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 371.)

ON returning to the cavern we found the astrologer-doctor and Nai Tum waiting to enter the tunnel to begin their day's work. Nai Tum fixed his eyes on me instantly, and believing that he was about to give a message from his future sister-in-law, I felt very uncomfortable, but tried to hide my nervousness by frowning.

Nai Tum was not, however, abashed by my stern face.

'My lord, I have bad news,' he said to me, Tom acting as interpreter. 'The girl to whom you were betrothed has married a tattooer. My heart is very sad for the white lord, for there is only one woman in the world who is more beautiful than the delight of his eyes. But the white lord must not be angry with the girl, for she was told that he was not a brave man, and was frightened by the Burmese geese. It was not true, but the girl believed it.'

I was sorely tempted to give a loud cheer when I understood that my engagement to the Siamese lady was at an end, but refrained from so doing on account of Nai Tum's distress. The poor fellow evidently expected me to be overcome with grief, and it would not have been kind to undeceive him concerning my feelings. So I heaved a sigh and motioned him to go to his work.

'Cut out by a tattooer! what a degradation!' Frank exclaimed when Nai Tum had departed.

'Not at all,' I replied, gaily. 'No man can make a more lasting impression than a tattooer.'

Having thus spoken, I broke into a hornpipe, and the sight of me, shaven-headed and wearing a skirt, indulging in an ungraceful dance, set Frank, Tom, and Menandez laughing. The fact is, I was overcome with joy and made an ass of myself, but, considering

that I had got out of a most awkward fix without any one being able to cast the slightest slur upon my conduct, my behaviour was excusable. I have seen far wiser men than me behaving idiotically in moments of great joy.

'Now,' Menandez said, when my hornpipe had come to an end, 'you had better go above-ground and get some fresh air.'

We acted on this advice instantly, and lay on mats spread out beneath a cloth awning. Jungle plants concealed us from the view of the miners, some distance away, but we could see clearly the country on all sides, and if any one had approached we should have had plenty of time to retire, unobserved, underground.

It was a gloriously restful day after our period of exciting and wearying adventure, and we lay for hours fanning ourselves with big palm-leaves and scarcely speaking a word to each other. Nai Tum cooked our meals and brought them to us, glancing at me continually as if he expected to see me in the depths of grief. At last I became annoyed, and when he brought us our tea I made it clear to him, by playing practical jokes on Frank, that I was not depressed. At first Nai Tum looked pained at my merriment, but before sunset he had ceased to take more notice of me than of my companions. Possibly he considered that I was a heartless fellow, and that his future sister-in-law had done a wise thing in jilting me.

The following morning we were up at daybreak, and began work in the tunnel. It was monotonous, and before the week had elapsed Frank, Tom, and I were thoroughly tired of it. Nevertheless, the knowledge that as soon as the tunnel was finished and the treasure removed, Menandez would see us safely out of the country made us work hard.

'Suppose Menandez breaks his promise to us as soon as he has obtained the treasure,' Tom said to Frank and me one afternoon.

'He will not do that,' Frank declared. 'Once he has got the treasure he will be glad to see the last of us. He would fear that if we remained in the country we might let out his secret.'

That such was the case we had ample evidence before many weeks had elapsed. Fearful, perhaps, that our desire to quit the country might pass off, he told us every day of his plans for getting us safely away on some European vessel, and frequently hinted that if by any chance we fell into the hands of the Siamese we should be executed instantly. We were secretly amused at his anxiety for our departure, and did not try to allay it, knowing that the less eager we appeared, the more anxious he would become, and the greater precautions he would take to prevent our flight being hindered. Twelve weeks from the time that Frank, Tom, and I began work in the tunnel, we arrived within a few yards of the sacred pit. Our measurements had been very carefully taken, but there was still a risk of the pit being narrow, and our passing it. We worked now in relays, day and night, and one morning, while Menandez and I were resting above-ground, Nai Tum popped his head through the trap-door, and exclaimed 'My lords, we have reached the treasure-pit.'

We sprang up and climbed down the ladder at a risky speed.

'Put the ladders and ropes on a trolley,' Menandez exclaimed, himself setting an example.

In a few minutes the trolley was loaded, and, pushing it ahead of us, we hurried to where Frank, Tom, and the astrologer-doctor were working.

'My lords,' the latter exclaimed, as we approached the end of the tunnel, 'my words were full of truth. Did I not say that this day we should discover the cavern?'

As the astrologer-doctor had made a similar prophecy day by day for a fortnight past, we did not give him the praise which he desired.

'What is it like, Frank?' I asked eagerly.

'Pitch dark,' Frank replied. 'Up above there is a faint glimmer of light from the hole through which the offerings are dropped, but below it is darker.'

'Then we have not struck the bottom of the pit?'

'I should fancy that we are about half-way between top and bottom. Look through.'

I put my head through the hole and peered into the darkness, but could see nothing but the faint glimmer aloft.

In the meanwhile Menandez had lighted a torch, and now he held it through the opening.

'What can you see?' he inquired.

'Very little,' I replied, for the light of the torch did not penetrate the darkness to a great extent. 'There is a ledge about six feet down, but I can see nothing beyond that but darkness.'

In turn each of the others peered into the pit, but none of us could form an opinion as to its depth.

'The best thing we can do,' Frank said, 'is to enlarge the hole so that one of us can get through and descend to the ledge.'

We acted on Frank's suggestion, and in less than an hour had enlarged the opening to six feet in height, and three feet in width. Frank wished to be the first to be lowered to the ledge, but I objected, pointing out that as I was much fresher than he, having had a rest that morning, I ought to go. After some discussion I went, carefully lowered at the end of a rope in case the ledge should prove unable to bear my weight. The moment my feet touched the ledge, I saw by the light of my torch that it was covered with hundreds of mildewed coins. I stooped down and picked up a handful.

'Is that money?' Menandez asked, peering down at me.

'It is,' I replied. 'There is plenty of it. Hold tight, now; I am going to try to see the bottom.'

I lay down at full length on the ledge, and after holding my torch first in one position, and then in another, succeeded in seeing the ground.

'It is about ten feet from here,' I called up. 'Pass down a ladder.'

'All right,' Frank replied, and a long bamboo ladder was soon lowered to me. Then I undid the rope that was tied around my body and attached it to the ladder, which I gently let down until it rested on the ground. Having satisfied myself that it was secure I descended, torch in hand. For a few moments I stood in the centre of the pit, making a rapid survey of the place. There was not a vestige of vegetation to be seen, but thousands of hideous insects of various sizes and shapes were crawling hither and thither on the floor and walls. Whether the pit was as Nature had formed it or whether it was the work of prehistoric man I could not decide. It was about thirty feet by twenty-five, and here and there large pieces of rocky substance lay on the ground, having apparently fallen from the upper part of the pit.

(Continued on page 386.)

"The ledge was covered with coins."

THE RACE

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"The astrologer-doctor rushed at him."

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 383.)

'IS there much money?'

It was Menandez who shouted, and his question, asked in a terribly anxious voice, reminded me that I was not engaged in mere exploration. Lowering my torch, that I might the better inspect the ground, I found to my surprise that there were not nearly as many coins as I had expected to see. We had on several occasions occupied our hours of idleness by speculating as to how high we should find the treasure piled, and now I calculated that there were not more than two thousand coins visible.

'Come down,' I called up, knowing very well that if I said there was scarcely any treasure they would not believe me, fancying that I was joking.

Frank, Tom, Menandez, the astrologer-doctor, and Nai Tum soon joined me.

'I say,' Frank exclaimed, 'the pilgrims must be a stingy lot if this is all they have given in some hundreds of years. It isn't worth all the trouble we have been put to.'

'Some one has forestalled us,' Tom declared. 'This money isn't a quarter of what the pilgrims gave at the last festival.'

I glanced at Menandez. There was a greyish tinge on his black face and a look of intense amazement in his big, wide-opened eyes.

'It must be under the soil,' he declared huskily. 'The sides of the pit have fallen in and covered it. We must get pickaxes and spades.'

I do not think that any of us agreed with Menandez, but we did not express our thoughts. Nai Tum was sent up to fetch the picks and spades, and while he was absent Menandez and the astrologer-doctor gathered the coins which lay about. Frank, Tom, and I stood some yards away, talking in whispers.

'We must take care that Menandez does not back out of his promise to us,' Tom said. 'If he shows any inclination to do so, we must leave him and get out of the country unaided.'

'That's easier said than done,' Frank replied; 'but at any rate we will make an attempt.'

'Perhaps,' I joined in, 'Menandez will be glad to accompany us after this disappointment.'

'He would certainly be a useful companion,' Frank replied; 'but I do not think he will quit this land until he takes a fortune with him. Fortunes are easily made in this country by clever and unscrupulous men.'

'You might help us, instead of standing talking,' Menandez exclaimed, somewhat testily.

'When the pickaxes and spades arrive we will work like furies,' Frank declared.

'Here they are, then,' Menandez called out, a minute or two later, as Nai Tum slowly descended with three pickaxes and a spade.

'You take the spade,' Frank said to the astrologer-doctor. 'We will use the pickaxes.'

All four of us worked far harder than any navvy, but our efforts were not crowned with the success Menandez expected. As we turned over the soil he examined it eagerly, but at the end of half an hour he had not found more than twenty coins to add to those already collected.

When at last we ceased work, Menandez was in a terrible rage, abusing the person or persons who had robbed him of the spoil which he had considered his own. The astrologer-doctor, also, was bitterly disappointed, for Menandez had assured him that when he had obtained the treasure he would return to Bangkok and prevail upon the King to appoint him Court Astrologer.

Although Frank, Tom and I had long since decided not to accept a coin of the treasure, we were disappointed to find so little wealth in the sacred spot. We had expected to see piled up in a large heap the most remarkable collection of money in the world, and all that we saw was some three or four thousand mildewed coins. In disgust, I left my companions seated on a ridge of earth and began to explore the place. I soon saw that it was larger than I had imagined, there being at one end of it two openings which had escaped our attention. I did not care about entering either of them without a torch, for I had no desire to fall into a pit or meet with any other unpleasant experience, having already had enough adventures to content me for a lifetime. But as I peered into the second opening I fancied that I saw, far away, a light. I rubbed my eyes and looked again, and this time I was convinced that I had not been deceived. The light was approaching, and as I gazed at it, the sound of a triple sneeze came from the direction of it.

'The robber's secret passage,' I said to myself, my heart beating quickly with excitement. The man—for of course I concluded that the light was being carried by a man—was fully a hundred yards away, and I felt that I could not leave my post to warn my friends until I had seen him. Then I remembered that if he caught sight of our torch, or heard our voices, he would hurry back and perhaps get us arrested for the crime which he had committed. So I crept back to where my companions were talking.

'Put out the torch,' I said to Menandez, who was holding it.

'Why?' he asked.

'There is some one coming towards us along a passage over there.'

Menandez sprang to his feet, and would have hurried to the opening with the torch in his hand, had I not stopped him and taken it from him by force. Then I flung it on the ground and stamped out the flame.

'Are you serious?' Frank said in an undertone.

'Quite,' I replied. 'Come and look.'

We crept to the passage and, crowded together, looked along it. The figure of a man carrying a torch could now be seen.

'Come away,' Menandez whispered. 'We will hide until he is well into the cavern, and then jump out and seize him.'

'What shall we do with him when we have seized him?' I asked as we crept away.

'Force him to tell where he has put the treasure.'

I did not ask Menandez what he intended to do if he found where the treasure was, for I knew very well that he would try to obtain it. But I vowed to myself that nothing should induce me to help him in that venture.

We had no difficulty in finding places of concealment, there being many hillocks, formed by the soil which had fallen from the sides of the pit.

'When I shout,' Frank said, 'we must rise and call upon him to surrender. If he has a musket, we must take our chance of being shot.'

We had no arms with us, but each took a pickaxe

or spade to use in case the man had any companions, and we were compelled to fight. I took up a position behind the hillock nearest to the passage along which the man was coming, it being my duty to see that he did not escape by the way he came. The other members of our party hid themselves around the cavern.

As is usual when one is awaiting an event of importance, the time passed slowly. I began to think that, after all, the man was not going to enter the cavern, but this idea was soon dispelled by hearing footsteps approaching. The man wore boots, a sign that he was a person of importance—that is, if he were a Siamese. I had no time to wonder who he could be, for, almost simultaneously with the sound of his approach, the light from his torch streamed into the cavern.

The next moment the man himself appeared, and it was only by a great effort that I checked an exclamation of surprise when I saw that he was the Court Astrologer. And that he was the robber of the sacred cavern was evident by his carrying an empty sack. Unsuspectingly he entered the cavern, but when he had advanced two or three yards and saw the upturned soil he stopped short and uttered a cry of rage. Holding his torch aloft he gave a glance around the pit and espied the ladder which we had left resting against the ledge. Muttering angrily he stepped backwards a few feet, in the hope of seeing what was on the ledge, but his curiosity was not satisfied, for with a fierce shout the astrologer-doctor sprang from his hiding-place and rushed at him. The Court Astrologer recognised his adversary, and dropping his sack and torch turned to escape. I was at the entrance to the passage in a moment, prepared to stop his flight, but he did not reach me. Tom had picked up the torch, and by its light we saw the two astrologers engaged in an extraordinary fight. Each had a tight hold of the other's topknot of hair, and as they tugged it viciously with the right hand, they clawed each other's face with the left. Suddenly the astrologer-doctor gave a yell of pain—his opponent had seized three of his fingers with his mouth and was biting them savagely.

'Shall we stop the fight?' I exclaimed.

'No, no!' Menandez, who had lit the other torch, answered. 'It is their own quarrel; let them fight it out.'

The astrologer-doctor, maddened by pain, lifted his right knee sharply and gave his enemy a tremendous blow in the stomach. It had the desired effect—the Court Astrologer opened his mouth and freed the doctor's fingers. It appeared for a moment as if the fight would end speedily in a victory for our man, as the Court Astrologer staggered backwards half-dazed. The astrologer-doctor was evidently of the same opinion, but as he rushed once again at his opponent he uttered a loud yell, which had the unexpected effect of rousing the latter. Again they fought, scratching, biting, kicking, and tugging at each other's hair. Neither seemed to be obtaining an advantage, and I do not know how long the fight would have lasted had it not been stopped in a truly surprising manner. Without the slightest warning, the ledge on which we had stood while making our descent fell with a crash and rattle upon the rival astrologers.

(Continued on page 398.)

THE ORIGIN OF FOOTBALL.

SOME people tell us that the football used in our popular game has been gradually evolved from the leathern bottle of the Middle Ages.

The old 'bottel' bore no resemblance to our glass bottles. It was more like a small Gladstone bag—a sort of keg with bulging sides, blunt at the ends—which, at a casual glance, might be mistaken for a Rugby football. Here, say some, we have the true origin of the football, for parents would often give their children an old leaky 'bottel' to play with.

At an annual holiday at Hallaton, the villagers encounter their neighbours in a game of 'bottle-kicking,' and this looks like a survival of primitive football. The bottle now used is a wooden one, but probably it was originally of leather. The custom has been kept up at Hallaton doubtless for this reason, that in times long past, a piece of land was set apart to provide annually, not only a bottle for the kickers to play with, but also an enormous hare pie and two dozen loaves for them to eat.

Not long ago, too, in a remote village of Worcestershire, a leathern bottle, evidently of great antiquity, was rescued from some youths who were playing 'Association' football with it.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

Answer to Riddle-me-ree on Page 355.

Ballad.

A Magic Square of 1911.

By a mistake which was noticed too late for correction, two figures in the Square on page 20 were printed wrongly. In Row 6, 83 should be 183. In the bottom row, 97 should be 197.

HOW SOME PLANTS GET UP IN THE WORLD.

I WONDER whether you have ever considered how it is that some plants can and do climb, whilst others do not! There are people who have an idea that if you just plant anything against a wall or trellis and tie it up, it will climb, and other people never think about these things at all. Now, I am of the opinion that you cannot learn too much about the manners and customs of the plants and flowers round you; they all have their own peculiarities, just as you and I have. Some of us are short and fat, and no amount of feeding or exercise, or anything else, will make us grow tall, whereas others are very tall, and they cannot tell why; and some are clever and active, while others are slow and dull. So it is with plants; some are always small, some grow huge, some make great stems (like trees), some creep about on the ground, and others climb up high.

Now, I want to tell you a few things about the plants that climb, and I am sure that the next time you meet the plants about which I shall tell you, you will just have a look to see that what I have told you is true. I shall describe and illustrate several different methods by which plants climb, and

shall choose all plants which are easily found, if only you look out for them.

We will begin with a very familiar plant, the ivy. Ivy is very curious in its behaviour. If it happens to grow where there is nothing to climb, it just goes on making long sprays, and every now and again, when it happens to touch the ground, it will put out little roots from the back of the stems, and thus help itself to some nourishment on the way, so to speak! Then, if it meets a tree or a wall, it starts climbing in earnest, and whenever the stem touches the tree or wall, rows of little roots appear, and burrow into the surface on which it is growing, and thus hold it firmly in its place. In Fig. 1 is a piece of ivy which I have taken from a wall; where there were roots I had to pull it carefully away. You will notice that in one place no roots are formed; this was because it did not touch the wall at that point, and so, as no roots were required, none were formed. If you look at a tree-trunk that is covered with ivy, you will find the stems all growing over one another, and coated thickly with these little roots; so, you see, ivy rises by means of the

Fig. 1.—Ivy and its Roots.

Fig. 2.—Ampelopsis and its Suckers.

roots. (Their proper name is 'adventitious roots,' or 'root-tendrils.')

Now I will describe another well-known climbing plant, the Ampelopsis (Fig. 2). Here little groups of hairs grow out from the stem where it comes in contact with a wall, and at the ends of these hairs are tiny discs, which are really suckers. Dame Nature causes these discs to be sticky when young, so that, on touching a rough surface, they stick to it, and thus carry up the stem. They stick so tightly that often, when you pull a piece from a wall, you leave all the little suckers sticking on the wall! Next time you see a virginia creeper, just push aside some of the leaves and look for those little suckers. Of course you can see them best when the leaves are all off in winter. So, you see, this plant climbs by the help of suckers.

The next form you must often meet, because it is used by all peas, vines, and vetches. The sweet pea will be a good example (Fig. 3). Now, this plant has a very queer little arrangement for getting up in the world. If you look at Fig. 3, you will see it is

Fig. 3.—Sweet Pea and its Tendrils.

as though the leaf had meant to have three leaflets, but the end one has turned into what is known as a tendril. You will also notice that one leaf has tendrils which are nearly straight, only having the tips just curved a little. This is a young and not fully grown one. When they are nearly fully grown, they begin to be what is known as sensitive; that is, if they touch anything, such as a twig, or their own leaves or stem, they start to curl up and catch hold of that thing they have found. Yes, 'found'—for when the tendril is nearly fully grown, it begins to move round very slowly, as though looking for something to help it up in the world! The older tendril on the other leaf in the illustration evidently met a stem, and the stem touched it about an inch from its point, so the part up to the point curled round the stem and held it tightly.

Now I will describe another well-known climbing below the spot where the contact occurs with the new support; and as this lower part cannot curl round this support, it becomes twisted like a corkscrew, nearly down to its base, and thus it draws the

pea-stem up a bit, and so it gradually climbs higher and higher. You must not think that these tendrils do all this quickly, just as you or I would catch hold of anything with our hands; but if you watch a particular tendril and go and look at it several times a day, you will find it has moved, and, after coming into contact with a suitable object, will gradually (perhaps it may take days) do all I have told you. Sometimes, not having found anything to catch hold of, it simply ties itself up in a tangled mass. It is well worth watching, for it is very interesting.

Fig. 4.—Hop twining round its pole.

Another form of climbing plant has a twining stem. There are certain plants whose whole stem is so constructed that it cannot help twining round and round anything it meets, or even round its own stem, making long festoons of twisted stems. You must have noticed the hop or the convolvulus, and many other plants. The funny thing about these is that each variety of plant has its own direction for twining, and will only twine in that direction. For instance, in Fig. 4 you see a trail of hop whose stem crosses the front of the support from right to left, and again in the illustration of the convolvulus (Fig. 5) the trail crosses the front of the support from left to right. Now, if you untwined these and tied them round the other way, they would each try to wriggle back to their original way, and would eventually manage it; and the new growth would twine in its original direction in spite of all persuasion. Next time you see these plants (or any twining plants) be sure you take notice which way they turn, and compare them with other plants of the same kind, and you will find this is true. So in these cases the stem itself carries the plant up in the world.

Fig. 5.—Convolvulus.

My last example is the case of the clematis or 'traveller's joy' (Fig. 6), as the country people call it; its pretty cream-coloured flowers cover the hedges in the autumn, and in the late autumn the 'old man's beard' takes the place of the flowers. This plant has yet another means of climbing. When fairly young its leaf-stems are sensitive like the tendrils of which I have told you—in fact they are called 'leaf-tendrils.' It may happen that a leaf never meets anything to which it wants to hold, but the leaf-stem is always a little curved as though ready. In the illustration you see leaves that have never required the use of their powers and others which are much in use. You can detect this form of leaf in your garden clematis if you look; it is just the same.

Fig. 6.—Traveller's Joy and its Leaf-tendrils.

Now I think I have given you an account of all the most important forms of climbing plants, and I hope that your interest is so roused that you will look for all of them and see for yourselves that what I say is really true. There are heaps of little ways and manners in nature which are more wonderful (because true) than any fairy tale; but of course they must be shown to you before you can be ex

pected to find them, and then you must use for yourselves that great gift of observation, which only wants encouraging and cultivating by use, to be the greatest joy to you, for the more you learn to observe, the more you will appreciate.

Ethel M. Barlow.

'GOOD MORNING, MR. FARMER!'

THE farmer rides across his field,
His dog he scampers round;
The sheep on the turnips stop to graze,
The sun looks down through a misty haze;
And amongst the hedges the little birds trill:
'We've eaten your corn and had our fill—
Good morning, Mr. Farmer!'

The farmer rides with dog at heel,
The colts in a panic gallop, then wheel:
'No use to be in a taking,' they snort,
''Tis only old Bess with farmer a-top.'
The cattle near stamp, 'Oh, dear! Oh, dear!
The dog's an insult we cannot bear—
Good morning, Mr. Farmer!'

The farmer rides across the field:
'How's the autumn-sown wheat?' quoth he;
The pigeons coo in an elm-tree near,
''Tis fine, we know, but we very much fear
The rooks——' 'No! no!' comes loud in a caw,
'We took the worms from underground—
Good morning, Mr. Farmer!'

A COMPANY OF BENEFACTORS.

V.—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

'A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land.'

SO wrote the poet Longfellow, at the end of his study of the pathetic story of the hospital at Scutari; the tireless watcher, passing, lamp in hand, through the dreary wards, the suffering men turning on their pillows to kiss the shadow on the wall as she went by. The poet's thought was of the uplifting influence of a brave, good life.

'Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.'

But his words were true also in another sense, for the life and work of Florence Nightingale mark a complete change in the ideas of English people towards a very high and important branch of women's work.

The woman who was to work this revolution took her Christian name from her birthplace, best beloved of all the fair Italian cities. Her childhood was spent between two beautiful English homes, Lea Hurst, among the Derbyshire hills, and Embley Park, near Romsey in Hampshire. Here she and her sister lived a delightful out-of-door life, and Florence had the opportunity of cultivating that wonderful power of understanding and winning the confidence of animals, which comes to some people as a happy birthright. First among the many lives saved by her care was that of a valuable sheep-dog, belonging to an old shepherd, who, believing the poor beast's leg to be broken past recovery, had sorrowfully determined to put him out of his pain. Florence, then a little girl of ten or eleven, heard of the accident when out riding with her friend, the Vicar of the parish, and begged to be allowed to do what she could for the poor dog. The Vicar examined the leg and pronounced the hurt to be a bad bruise which might be cured by fomentation. Whereupon the little girl went to work with a will, got the kettle boiling, and with the true nurse's instinct for using the material nearest to hand, tore up an old smock-frock for her bandages, sure that her mother would make good the loss. And it must have been a moment of pure delight indeed when she met the old shepherd, coming sorrowfully with the rope which was to end his old servant's sufferings, with the joyful assurance that there was no need to think of hanging poor Cap, as he would do many a good day's work yet.

As Florence grew to womanhood, the idea of giving her life to the care of the sick and suffering became a settled purpose. The thought seems natural enough to us nowadays; but seventy years ago such a profession was an unheard-of thing for an English lady, and Florence was forced to go abroad to study the subject as thoroughly as she desired to do. For it must be owned that, in this matter, England was sorely behind her neighbours. France had her devoted nursing sisterhoods, Germany her institution of nurses; only in our own nation the sick were tended by the lowest and roughest of women, looked upon as unfit for any other work. Miss Nightingale worked for a time at Kaiserwerth in Germany, and afterwards with the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul in Paris, sharing with them the ordinary household labours of cooking and cleaning in the houses of the very poor. Her health broke down after a while and she came home for a rest.

Then, in the autumn of 1854, came the call to the work of her life. In March of that year the Crimean war broke out. The battle of the Alma was fought in September, and shortly afterwards a letter from the Times Correspondent told in very plain language of the utter breakdown of the medical department. The stores were utterly insufficient and unsuitable, the doctors had far more than they could do, and the nursing was done by the sick and wounded, themselves tending their more helpless companions.

The result of this appeal was that two letters, famous in the history of the war and of England, were posted on the same day and crossed each other. One was addressed to Miss Nightingale by an old friend, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Minister of War. In it he laid before her the terrible needs of the patients in the Hospital at Scutari and added that offers of service had been received from various ladies, but that the great want was of some one who would organize and superintend the whole scheme. He believed her to be the only woman in England capable of such a task, and in the name of the English Government he asked her to undertake it. 'I know,' the letter ended, 'you will come to a right and wise decision. God grant it may be one in accordance with my hopes.'

The prayer contained in the last sentence was answered even as it was uttered. Miss Nightingale's letter, sent on the same day, was to offer her services to the Army, as nurse at the seat of war. A

week later she and her band of thirty-eight nurses started for the East, and on November 5th, the very day of the battle of Inkerman, they arrived at Scutari.

The District Nurses, who in the last few years have come to be such a blessing to our sick poor, will tell you that it is one thing to tend the sick in a clean, airy hospital, with all appliances ready to hand, and quite another to do the same work in a poor cottage or overcrowded London dwelling, where crockery is scanty and linen scantier still, and the first things necessary are soap and water. Multiply these difficulties a hundred thousand times, and add to them the cold of a Crimean winter, the constant stream of wounded men pouring into the over-crowded hospital, and the rather chilly welcome from the over-worked doctors, who expected little real help from the party of volunteer nurses, and you may have some idea of what Miss Nightingale and her staff had to face. That some of them failed or proved unsuitable for the task was to be expected, but most of them worked gallantly under their wonderful leader, who was herself the life and soul of the whole undertaking, and went her quiet way, bringing order out of chaos and comfort out of muddle, in true womanly fashion. A kitchen and a laundry were fully as necessary as a hospital, and while the nurses' own food was of the roughest, the sick and wounded were soon rejoicing in arrowroot and beef tea, while the wives of the soldiers were set to work upon the washing.

The respect of the doctors was very soon won; enthusiastic letters came home full of the changes wrought by the presence of the nurses and the genius of the 'Lady-in-chief.' Her eyes were everywhere, her care and energy unfailing: she was known to be on foot beside her patients for twenty hours at a stretch, and when the other day-nurses were resting she was often to be seen passing softly through the wards, earning Longfellow's title of 'The Lady with the Lamp,' as she paused by one bed and another to see that all was right. And with a talent for organization worthy of a great general she combined the true womanly tenderness and understanding sympathy. It was she who heard the faltering last messages spoken by dying lips for those at home, who found time to write the sad truth to new-made widows, and who herself planned the Memorial Cross which should mark the resting-place of England's brave sons.

The long months dragged on; blazing heat took the place of frost and snow, and fever and cholera claimed many victims. Miss Nightingale herself fell ill with fever, and, weakened as she was by labours and privations, was for a while in great danger; but she recovered and, after a rest, returned to her beloved patients. After the peace was signed she remained with the sick and wounded who were still unfit to travel, and returned home at last, travelling under an assumed name to avoid the ovation which was sure to be ready for her.

The thanks and gifts of a grateful nation poured in upon her from all sides. A beautiful jewel and a graceful, simple autograph letter came from the Queen, who had followed her work throughout with the keenest sympathy. Fifty thousand pounds was subscribed to enable her to carry out her great desire to found a training school and home for nurses.

Her health had been permanently shattered by her devoted work, and although she lived to see Queen Victoria's grandson on the throne as George V., her life was henceforward as quiet and uneventful as possible. Books and articles came now and then from her pen, wise and simple teachings for the profession which she had studied so thoroughly and had ennobled for ever in the eyes of her country-women. But she herself was not seen beyond her own circle, and when in August, 1910, we read the news of her death, she seemed to belong to a past, heroic age, rather than to our own day. The soldiers who loved her bore her to her last resting-place in the country home of her childhood, and the memories of half a century ago were revived and told over again to her honour. She lived to see the result of her work, to see her principles and methods adopted by her profession, and that profession itself exalted to a place of which few had dreamed in the days when she chose for herself the life of loving service.

Mary H. Debenham.

AN OLD COAT.

MARCO POLO, the greatest Eastern traveller of the Middle Ages, was once so many years absent from his home that even his own wife failed to recognise him on his return, for he was well-nigh black with exposure to tropical suns, and had all but forgotten how to speak his native language.

However, when at last he convinced the good lady that he was indeed her long-lost husband, she did all she could to honour him. His travel-worn garments were replaced by the handsome velvet clothes then worn by all Venetian gentlemen, and a banquet was spread to which his old friends were invited.

The next morning Marco Polo asked for his old travelling coat. It could nowhere be found, and he was much disturbed at the loss. Not so his wife!

'That dirty old coat!' she said lightly; 'what should you want with that? Surely your velvet surtout is more fitting to your dignity. I gave your old coat to a beggar yesterday evening, and I was glad to get it out of the house!'

Marco Polo made no answer. He could have told his wife that into the seams of that old coat were sewn priceless diamonds, pearls, and rubies, which he had got on his voyages, and hidden in this manner from fear of robbery.

He said nothing, but went his way to the famous bridge of the Rialto—perhaps the most crowded part of Venice. There he stood for hours turning a wheel, and muttering to himself: 'He will come! He will come, all in good time!'

Of course every one took him for a madman, and crowds stood watching and jeering at him.

The next day he did the same: a fresh crowd came to laugh and stare. At last, on the third day, he saw, amongst the crowd, a beggar, clad in his old coat.

After that, all was plain sailing. The madman offered to change coats with the beggar, who thankfully accepted the offer, scuttling quickly away afterwards lest the bargain should be repented of.

'He must be hopelessly mad!' was the verdict of the crowd, but Marco Polo went home well pleased with his bargain, and so was his wife when she saw him rip up the seams of the beggar's coat, and diamonds and rubies and pearls came rolling on to the table!

"Diamonds and rubies and pearls came rolling on to the table."

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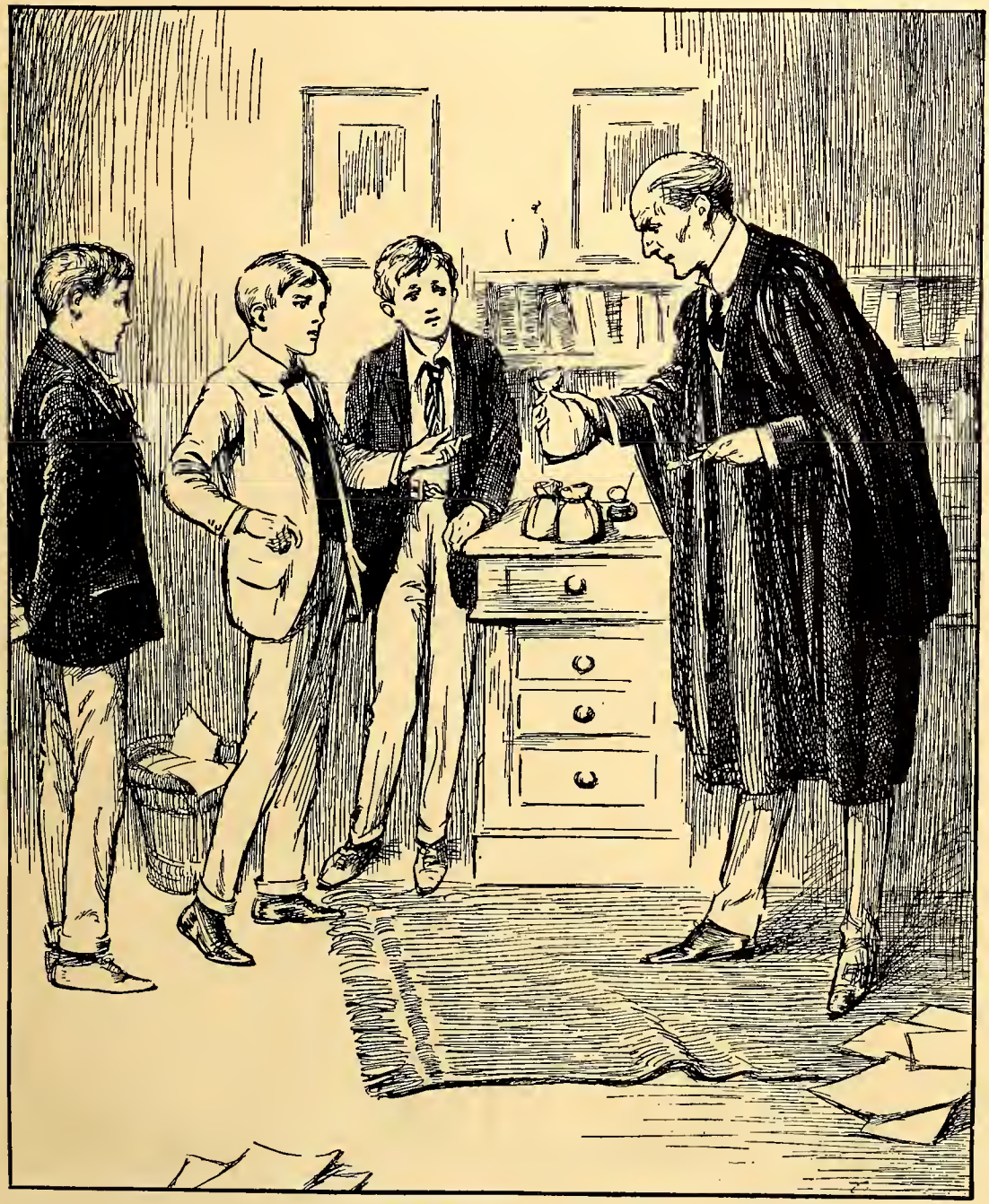


"'See that there is no mistake.'"

'CANDLES.'

Founded on Fact.

MY name is Smith. I go to St. Mark's School. It's a jolly good school, but it has one bad rule—there is a fine for leaving books about.

Binks—that's the school porter—goes sniffing around after school and collars all the stray books he can lay his hands on, and takes them to old Chandler—he's the second master, and looks after all those kind of jobs. At the end of the week you have to go to him and get your book, and pay twopence. The money is supposed to go to the games fund, but some fellows say old Chandler sticks to it—he's so awfully keen on fining you. I can't stand Chandler. The fellows call him 'Candles'—that's because of his name, which fits him like a glove, for when he is in a wax, he blazes up and splutters.

Brown, Jones, and Robinson are my special chums. One day old Candles kept the four of us in, and didn't let us go till the dinner-bell sounded. Of course we rushed off and left our books. After dinner they were gone—Binks had pounced on them! We determined to take a rise out of Candles.

Well, on the following Wednesday, a half-holiday, before going to cricket, we had to go for our books. Candles gave me my book, and I planked down a sovereign. I thought he would be a bit riled at having to give me change for a sovereign, but he was awfully polite.

'I am really very sorry, Smith,' he said, 'but I have not sufficient change. I am afraid I shall have to keep you a few minutes while I send for some. Please take a seat.'

I quite expected, however, that when Brown, Jones, and Robinson each wanted change for a sovereign too, he would get into a fair old wax; but he was most affable, and smilingly remarked that he wished he had got as much money as we had.

Then he wrote something on a bit of paper and gave it to a small boy, telling him to be as quick as he could, because Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson were waiting.

I thought that small boy would never return—of course he had gone to get change. The four of us were playing in a house match, and we should get it hot from the captain for being late. At last I could stand it no longer, so I went up to Candles and asked him if we could go, as we were playing in a cricket match.

'You can go, Smith, if you like,' he replied; 'but I have taken the trouble to send to the Bank for change. Of course, if you don't want it, I have not the slightest doubt that the treasurer of the games fund will be most happy to receive the odd amount. Certainly, go by all means, if you don't want your change.'

I knew old Candles would be as good as his word about handing over the change to the games fund, so I sat down again.

At length the small boy returned. He appeared a good deal weighed down by something he was carrying. He came in slowly, and produced four good-sized white calico bags, which he placed with a clink on the table.

Old Candles very deliberately untied one of the little bags, and took out four halfpennies and put them in his pocket. Then he handed me the bag—it was full of halfpennies—and said: 'There is your change, Smith. Your arithmetic is not very good, but no doubt you know that you ought to receive four hundred and seventy-six halfpennies, and see that there is no mistake. I will make you a present of the bag.'

And he kept the four of us there another ten minutes counting the halfpence, and we all got tanned by the cricket captain for turning up late.

ANIMAL GEOGRAPHY.

X.—THE GREAT OCEANS.

IN dealing with the animal life of New Zealand, we called particular attention to that most remarkable group of birds, the penguins, pointing out that though they are numerous in the southernmost limits of the seas of the southern hemisphere, no species has ever been discovered north of the Tropic of Capricorn; indeed, they do not extend further north than latitude thirty degrees. Why is this? Land animals have many barriers: deserts, mountain ranges, and rivers, for example, which cannot be crossed. Even birds—land-dwelling birds—have their limitations, for there are many species which cannot cross mountain ranges, while others are limited by the conditions of food. But with birds like penguins, whose bodies have become specially transformed to enable them to live in the open ocean and pursue their prey under water, it would seem impossible that there could be any bar to their spreading over the seas of the whole world. Yet they have not done so. Hence we must imagine that they originated in the far south and have become not only hardened to resist cold, but unable to live in comfort in seas where the water increases much in warmth. One species alone has so far overcome these conditions as to be able to find a home on the southernmost coast of Africa. We can readily understand how this can be, when we remember that to arctic land animals, like the polar bear for example, cold is necessary, just as heat is to other animals.

Thus, then, we can understand how it is that, with the higher animals at any rate, though the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans extend from pole to pole and blend one with another, in the north and south there are yet barriers to the movements of those creatures which, like penguins, have become specially transformed for life in the waters. The extent of this change differs greatly, and this we must touch upon before we discuss the animal life of the great oceans, which, in so far as birds and beasts are concerned, were populated by travellers from the land, or more correctly, by animals which had already become transformed in a greater or less degree to fit them for a life in large rivers.

The otter is a good example of how this has come about. This creature has webbed feet and very short legs, and obtains nearly the whole of its food under water—chasing fish. Now, in some places otters have made their way down the rivers to the sea and live among the rocks on the shore, as in parts of Ireland, for instance. In Kamschatka and the Kuriles, as we have already seen, a true sea otter is found, and the body of this animal has become even more transformed in the same sort of way as the seals, which have become so changed that they can no longer walk on land, but move only by an awkward shuffle when they come ashore to bask in the sun. Seals are true sea-dwellers, using the fore-legs as flippers and the hind feet as propellers, and it is almost certain their ancestors were otter-like.

Let us now look at the way in which these sea animals are distributed. The first point that will become clear will be the fact that they, like the penguins, cannot easily stand heat—they thrive best in cold climates. This is shown by the fact that they are most numerous in the arctic and antarctic seas, though one species is found in the Mediterranean and one in the West Indies. Thus, then, they have contrived to do what the penguins have failed to do, that is, to establish themselves at the two extremes of the world: they have contrived to pass the tropical belt.

We pass now to the sea-lions and sea-bears, or eared seals. These should really have been described first, since they have been less transformed in their bodily structure; but they are, on the other hand, less familiar creatures to English readers, for, save in zoological gardens, they are unknown in the seas around our coasts. These animals, we may remark, have enormous flippers, or fore-limbs, while the hind-limbs, though strangely shaped, can still be used for walking. They provide the link between the otter and the seal. They are known as 'eared' seals because they still have traces of a once large external or outer ear, which the seals have lost.

The sea-lions are really, like the penguins, creatures of the seas of the southern hemisphere, of the south polar seas, in fact; but some have wandered north, in the Atlantic Ocean as far north as the La Plata, where the Patagonian sea-lion is found, and in the neighbourhood of the Cape, where the Cape sea-lion is found. Somehow the Pacific Ocean has been more favoured, for eared seals are found all over the northern part of that ocean, being abundant, for example, as we have already shown, on that chain of islands which runs from Alaska on the east to Kamschatka on the west; while in the southern portion of this vast area of water they have for generations untold thriven on the Galapagos Islands and the coasts of Peru and Chili.

The great, unwieldy walrus, on the other hand, is confined to Arctic Seas, one kind being found in the North Atlantic and one in the North Pacific. The latter, at one time numerous on both sides of Behring's Strait, North Kamschatka and the Aleutian and Pribiloff Islands, is even larger than the Atlantic species and has huge tusks.

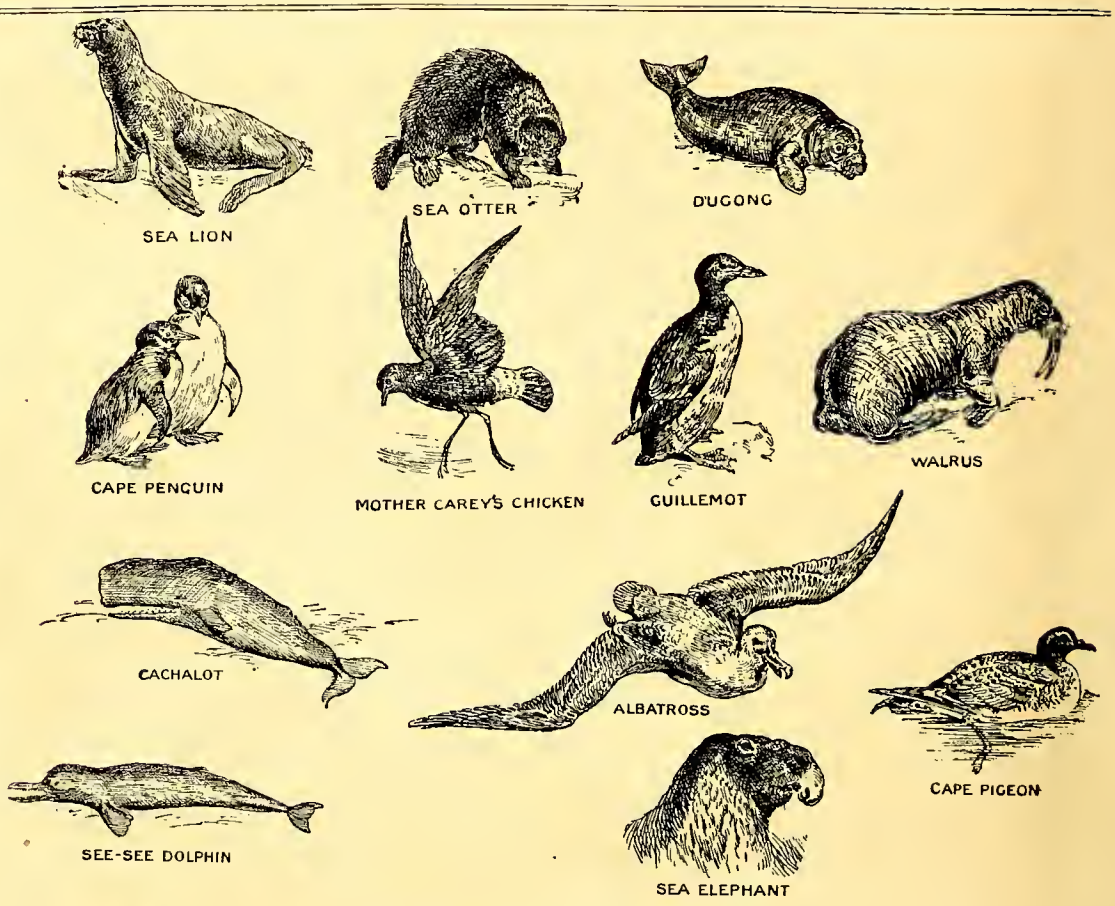
The sea-lions are not the only Antarctic ocean-dwellers which have crossed the tropical belt and established themselves in the cold seas of the North, for the huge 'sea-elephant' has also done so. The antarctic species once abundant in the Falklands, Kergulen, Crozet, and other islands of the far south is now practically extinct, and the same sad tale is to be told of the once numerous herds on the coast of California. They have fallen victims to man's greed. The picture of a male of this species will give an idea of its ungainly shape, and convey a sense of its power. Yet, in spite of its great bulk—having a carcase measuring some five-and-twenty feet, and weighing a ton or so—it was a harmless creature, having but a few blunt, button-like teeth, and much difficulty in walking, hence it was easily slaughtered.

And now we must pass to even more remarkable animals—the dugongs and manatees. Two species of manatees are found in the middle Atlantic, one haunting the estuaries and shores of Africa, the other similar areas on the coast of South America, while a third species has forsaken the sea and journeyed far up the Amazon. The dugong is found on the opposite side of Africa, having its home in the Indian Ocean, and wandering eastwards to the coast of Australia. These are creatures, it is to be noted, which love the warmth of the tropics, but generations ago a huge member of this tribe, known as Steller's Sea-cow, was found far north in the icy waters of Behring's Sea by the early explorers. It seems to have been met with in great abundance, and these intrepid voyagers, finding its flesh toothsome, gradually killed it off, somewhere about 1768. Fortunately recent explorations of Behring Islands have discovered sufficient remains of this creature to supply most of the larger museums of the world, and in the British Museum (Natural History) a fine skeleton and a stuffed specimen are preserved. That the sea-cow, the manatee, and the dugong are all descendants of one common ancestor is more than probable, but the way they are distributed over the seas is curious.

The creatures which we have been discussing have been changed in various ways in regard to swimming habits; and in proportion as they depart more and more from the land-dwelling type of structure, so they become more and more committed, so to speak, to a life in the water. The whales and porpoises may be called the final outcome of this kind of development, since in no case can any of these animals live even for a short time on land. Now, being so well fitted for an aquatic life, one might have supposed that they would have roamed the seas of the world at will. Yet this is by no means the case, though why, it is difficult to discover. Some, like the dolphin of the Ganges, have left the sea and taken to a fresh-water life: as a consequence the species has lost the use of its eyes, apparently on account of the muddiness of the water, which makes sight impossible. The prey of this creature has thus to be discovered by scent. By some curious fancy of the human mind, this creature, being blind, has been named the 'See-see!'

Some of the larger whales are found in all seas the world over. Others, on the other hand, like land animals shut in by deserts or mountain ranges, are confined to small areas. Thus, the curious narwhal and the strange-looking beluga or white whale, are found only in the far north; the pigmy whale, on the other hand, is confined to the seas of the far south, ranging from the Antarctic to New Zealand. Some of these monsters, like the giant cachalot or sperm whale, prefer the warm seas within the tropics, though migrating north during the summer as far as the Shetlands and Iceland, as if for the sake of enjoying cooler waters. The great grey whale, on the other hand, a native of the North Pacific, goes north in summer as far as the Arctic Ocean, and wanders south in winter as far as the Tropic of Cancer, and even beyond. Whether these travels show a desire to escape extremes of heat and cold, or whether they are caused by the needs of the food-supply, we do not know for certain. At any rate the fact remains that bounds are set upon their wanderings, though they are invisible; in this they differ from those which limit the wanderings of land-dwellers.

We began this chapter with a reference to those most remarkable birds, the penguins, wherein the wings are transformed into paddles, like the flippers of sea-lions and the paddles of whales and porpoises. Thus they have lost the power of flight, and must ever remain dwellers on the sea, though they go to land to rest. But there are two other groups of birds



Some Creatures of the Great Oceans.

which are no less marine, though, since they retain the power of flight, it might be supposed that they would occasionally at least travel overland. But this they never do. These are the petrels (of which the lordly albatross is chief) and the auk-tribe. Petrels are met with in the seas of all the world, and one of the best known of these is the so-called 'Cape Pigeon,' which excites such interest on board ship in tropical seas. In our own seas there are also many species, of which the 'shearwaters' and fulmars and 'Mother Carey's chickens' are among the more familiar, but the albatrosses are confined to tropical and sub-tropical seas. The auks and guillemots similarly are found all over the world. These are the only birds which are strictly ocean-dwellers, for though many species of gulls rarely leave the sea, and the same is true of many species of ducks, others of their kind are constantly to be seen far inland: many of the ducks indeed are truly inland birds, haunting swamps and lakes, and because they can find food everywhere they have spread all over the world.

The fishes of the great oceans, and the still lower forms of life, play so important a part in the lives of the creatures we have just been describing, that we must reserve them a special chapter.

(Continued on page 403.)

THE AMATEUR BURGLARS.

'GIVE me a leg up and then I can get on to the sill,' said George, in a rather loud whisper.

'All right, old chap, only don't make such a row, or you'll wake her,' was Bob's reply.

'Her' was Marjorie, their sixteen-year-old sister. The boys had come to the conclusion that she was much too uppish, especially since her birthday, when Father had given her that pearl necklace. They had put their heads together as to the best method of 'taking her down a peg,' and had resolved on giving her a fright—just to 'make her squeak,' and so show that she wasn't quite so grown-up as she thought.

'She always has been so jolly afraid of burglars,' said Bob, 'and now I know she goes to bed with the necklace on, for fear some one should come and steal it; so I vote we get in at her window one night and pretend we are burglars.'

Now the night had come. The two boys, after a weary period of waiting, had stolen out of the house and climbed on to the balcony just beneath Marjorie's window.

'I'm up, and the window is wide open,' whispered George, as he scrambled up on to the window-ledge.

'All right, get in, but don't do anything till I

"He sent them sprawling."

come,' was Bob's reply. He did not see why George should have all the fun to himself.

In a very few moments the two boys were inside the window, though hidden from the rest of the room by thick curtains.

Very softly they parted the curtains, to see—a man standing by the dressing-table busily opening and searching drawer after drawer, using a dark lantern. Before they could collect their scattered wits, the boys saw that their sister was moving slowly from the bed. With her eyes fixed on the man, who was too intent upon his work to see her, she crept softly to the door, which fortunately was close to the bed. Another instant, and she was outside, and

the two boys heard the click of the lock as she turned the key. The burglar heard it too. Starting round, he saw that the bed was empty and the girl gone from the room. He ran to the door and tried it; he could not open it. Catching up the sack into which he had been putting anything he considered of sufficient value, he made for the window.

Heedless now of the noise, he flung apart the curtains to find the two boys standing inside. With a violent push, he sent them sprawling on either side of him, then jumped out of the window on to the balcony below—only to be caught by a pair of strong arms, and, in his turn, to be thrown to the ground.

As soon as Marjorie was outside the door, she had run as fast as possible to her father's room, which happened to be just below hers. Her father, roused by the sounds the boys made on the balcony, had already dressed, so when Marjorie told him of the man in her room, he was ready to receive him as soon as he descended.

So, after all, it was not Marjorie who was 'taken down a peg' that time, for though a real burglar had paid her a visit, her brothers were witnesses of the fact that she did not give one 'squeak.' In the excitement of catching the burglar, it was never known how the boys had tried to give their sister a fright, and they thought it best for their own dignity to keep silence on the matter. But from that time they showed a greatly increased respect for their sister Marjorie.

Florence Tapsell.

SOME SNAILS AND SLUGS.

WHEN taking an evening stroll at any time except in winter, after one of those showers which are not uncommon at sunset, we are sure to see slugs and snails travelling along. Now and then they come out during daylight, if the weather is damp, but they are cautious, and rather afraid of the birds that make such creatures part of their prey. The large black slug, and the banded snail, are frequently to be noticed, besides various small species. Leaving the others, I will notice the banded snail, so well known by its bands, though, if we look at a number of these snails, we see that their bands are often different. Usually the snail is of a creamy or light yellow colour, its shell crossed by five dark bands. But we find shells of many shades of colour, some even dark brown or black. It has been thought that quite a thousand varieties might be counted up, with stripes wide or narrow, joined or separate, more or less in number, and many other differences.

A banded snail, at those times when he is not taking the air, or going to seek food, hides himself along hedgerows or field-banks, being fond of places where nettles and docks grow thickly. A 'slow coach,' we might call him; certainly he does not journey at motor speed, but he can by perseverance get over more ground in an hour or two than we should suppose while we take a passing glimpse of him.

Like the homing pigeon, the slug goes home after its wanderings, and has enough memory to find his way to his favourite retreat, if no accident happens to him. A story is told of one that used to leave his home in the evening to travel up and over a garden wall, then going some distance to its favourite food, and coming back before sunrise to his day-time hiding-place. Sometimes he had a companion, who went and returned with him. No doubt the two were chums, and had found out what was specially nice.

In the fields and gardens stones can be seen which are known as 'thrush altars.' To these the common thrush brings many banded snails, and hammers them upon a stone till the shell is broken, and he can devour the creature inside. During the winter banded snails hide from the cold under the earth, or amongst roots, or in snug corners, stopping up the mouth of the shell with gum.

J. R. S. C.

THE SUN AND THE EARTH.

THE Sun shone on as he had done
For many a weary day;
The Earth looked up with thirsty lips,
Dry and parched to her finger-tips,
And thus to him did say:—
'Oh! Sun, I faint, my heart is dry,
To dust I soon shall shrink;
The wheat and barley cannot grow,
The bubbling streams refuse to flow,
The trees have naught to drink.'

The Sun looked down, the Earth looked up;
He would not veil his face;
But shone upon a scorched-up earth,
A desert-world of little worth,
Where greenness left no trace.
Loud cried she, 'Sun, have mercy now;
Remember in the Spring
The green, green grass, the budding trees,
The dancing flowers, the lightsome breeze,
And how my brooks did sing.

'The summer's bloom you have destroyed,
The grass is dull and brown;
Then, oh! be gracious once again—
Let me not plead for help in vain,
And let the rain come down.'
The Sun shone on till eventide,
And then around him drew
The great, grey mantle of the sky
(The clouds wherein the tempests lie),
And let the raindrops through.

Through all that night the grateful Earth
With thirsty, thirsty lips,
From the clear well of Heaven's cup
Drank all the welcome moisture up,
In great, deep, bubbling sips.
And in the morn she raised herself
With greenness all bedight:
Who would have guessed such wondrous work
In but a single night?

M. E. Heward.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 387.)

CHAPTER XX.

FOR a few moments the noise of the falling earth was deafening, and the dust was so thick that we were unable to see each other. Even the flaring torches were only just visible.

'Look sharp,' I called loudly; 'we must dig the poor fellows out!'

'Let them stay where they are,' Menandez replied. 'It would be foolish to waste our strength. They must have been killed instantly.'

'We cannot be certain of that,' I answered angrily. 'Come along, Frank. Come along, Tom.'

Groping our way through the choking dust, and stumbling at times over the uneven ground, we came to where the astrologers were buried, and began at once to shovel away the earth.

Menandez, holding a torch in each hand, looked on.

'You had better stick those torches in the ground and help us,' Frank said to him, after a time; 'for if the Court Astrologer be dead, you will not be able to discover where he has hidden his treasure.'

'I shall find that out in another way,' he declared. 'Let us get out of this place. There is a boat leaving Bangkok to-morrow. Will you go in it?'

Frank, Tom, and I stopped short for a moment and looked at Menandez, wondering what was the reason of his suggesting so sudden a departure.

'Of course we will,' Frank replied; 'but we must unearth these poor fellows first.'

'You cannot afford to waste time.'

'Time spent on a job such as this cannot be considered wasted.'

I do not think that any of us expected to find the astrologers alive; but I am certain that if we had taken it for granted that they were dead, we should have had many uneasy hours in after-life. Although the astrologers were dead when at last we found them, we did not consider that our time had been wasted.

For a few moments we looked at the dead men in silence. Frank suggested that we should bury them at once.

'I am particularly anxious that you should leave them just as they are,' Menandez replied.

'By all means,' Frank answered; 'this place is a tomb in itself. Now we must think how we are to get out of it. Shall we explore the Court Astrologer's passage?'

'That would be very unwise,' Menandez declared; 'for we might walk right into the hands of his accomplices, if he had any. Moreover, you will have to hurry if you wish to leave Siam to-morrow.'

'Then we will hurry,' Tom said. 'I think all three of us have had more than enough of the country.'

Fortunately for us the ladder had not been damaged by the fall of earth; when the ledge had given way it fell forward, and rested against the side of the pit.

'If we place the ladder on the top of the heap it will probably reach the entrance to our tunnel,' I suggested; but when the attempt was made it was seen that I was somewhat out in my calculations, for the top of the ladder was some feet below the entrance.

However, we made the heap much bigger after about two hours' hard work, and then climbed the ladder, and were back again in the tunnel where we had toiled so long and so vainly.

Hurrying along the tunnel we arrived at our underground living-room, where Ted, who was still a brown monkey, was sleeping. The instant I spoke he woke up, and running to me scrambled up to my shoulder.

Menandez, who hurried above-ground, returned in a few minutes with the news that the sun had set, and that we should have to start on our way immediately.

'If you miss this boat,' he said, 'it may be weeks before I find another skipper whom I can trust to take you safely to Calcutta.'

'We are quite ready,' Frank declared, and led the way above-ground. We followed, and soon we were walking in single file towards the jungle.

'If you must take that wretched monkey with you, don't carry him on your shoulder,' Menandez said to me, when we had walked about one hundred yards. 'The Siamese are not given to carrying monkeys on their shoulders, and if any one sees you doing so it will attract attention, and possibly arouse suspicion.'

'Very well,' I replied, and tucked Ted under my coat. As it happened he might just as well have remained on my shoulder, for neither in the open country nor in the jungle did we meet any one.

As we hurried through the gloomy jungle we startled many birds and beasts, but fortunately we met with no misadventure, and arrived at the river somewhat tired, but in high spirits.

An eight-paddled canoe was tied up at the spot where we struck the river.

'I have had it ready here for a week,' Menandez said. 'Jump in. The tide is with us, and we shall go down at a splendid rate.'

Frank, Tom, Nai Tum, and I each took a paddle, and, with Menandez keeping a sharp look-out and shaping our course, we travelled down-stream at a fine speed.

Soon we came to the suspended prison cages, and it was with great relief that we saw they were unoccupied, for Frank, Tom, and I had determined that if we found any poor wretches there we would set them free. It would have delayed us, and therefore we were glad to find the cages empty.

As we shot through the floating city of Bangkok, we were seen by many people, but none regarded us with suspicion. One man shouted some chaffing remark about our being in a great hurry, but Nai Tum answered him promptly, and, I should fancy by the way the other fellow laughed, wittily.

"Now we are safe,' Menandez declared when the lights of the city had been left far behind. 'Your ship, the Lisbon, is only a little way further down. The skipper is a friend of mine, and will see that you are made comfortable. I have told him that you are Englishmen, and promised him a big sum of money if he lands you safely at Calcutta. When you reach Calcutta, give him a letter stating that you have arrived safely, as until he presents that letter to me I shall not pay him.'

'We will not forget,' Tom declared.

'If you do he will not forget to remind you. I told you, so that you might not think, when he asks you to give him the letter, that he is up to some trick.'

'I should like to hear occasionally how you are getting on,' I said to Menandez, but whether he heard me or not I do not know. He was anxiously peering into the darkness ahead of us.

'There she is,' he said, a minute later, and looking in the direction indicated by him we saw, dimly, the outlines of a ship.

(Continued on page 406.)

"Menandez, holding a torch in each hand, looked on."

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Robert Raikes. From an old print.

A COMPANY OF BENEFACTORS.

VI.—ROBERT RAIKES.

ONE day about a hundred and thirty years ago, a tall and portly gentleman, of fair complexion and most benevolent expression, might have been seen wending his way towards St. Catherine's Meadows, an open space near the Severn, close to the great pin factory which represented one of the chief industries of the city of Gloucester. He would meet many a pleasant greeting and acknowledgment as he went, for every one knew Mr. Robert Raikes, who, more than twenty years before, had succeeded his father as proprietor and editor of the widely-read paper, the Gloucester Journal. Besides, his fellow-townsmen knew him as a man always ready to help those in distress or difficulty. Had he not called attention to the disgraceful condition of Gloucester Gaol, so that the ardent prison reformer, Mr. Howard, had visited him in his quaint, comfortable old gabled house, and discussed with him the best means for helping the younger offenders to a new start? And perhaps some such charitable schemes were in Mr. Raikes' mind that day, as he walked down to St. Catherine's Meadows to interview a man whom he hoped to engage as gardener.

The gardener, however, proved to be out, so Mr. Raikes' talking had to be done with the man's wife. The conversation was not a little disturbed by the shouting and the quarrelling of a party of very ragged and dirty boys and girls, whose language, when the words could be recognised, was sad enough to hear in a Christian country, but more terrible still on the lips of children. The good woman saw her visitor's dismay, and, shaking her head over the wickedness of the place, assured him that matters were often ten times worse than this; Mr. Raikes should come past on a Sunday, when the children employed in the pin factory were all abroad; little enough was there of Sunday observance among the boys and girls of this quarter of Gloucester; the noise, the swearing, and the fighting went far to spoil the day for the better-taught neighbours.

The good publisher listened and looked at the pitiable sight before him, and his thoughts flew to sights sadder still which he had seen many a time in his visits to the prisons—boys and girls, scarcely more than children still, whose lives were blighted and marred at the outset and who seemed already too hardened and dulled to have any care for better things. He remembered a mere lad, executed a while ago for house-breaking, whose piteous story he had heard from his own lips, who had never had any teaching and knew not how to frame a prayer. What chance was there for children sent to work as soon as they were old enough to do anything, passing their only free day in the fashion he saw before him?

So the scheme matured in the good man's mind which the complaints of the gardener's wife had suggested. He put his thoughts into action at once. Was there any one, he inquired, any good woman in the neighbourhood, who had done a little teaching and who, for a small payment, would give these neglected little ones some instruction on a Sunday? His inquiries were successful: no less than four women were suggested, and Mr. Raikes went on to appeal to a good friend and ally, Mr. Thomas Stock, master of the Cathedral Grammar School, and vicar of one of the Gloucester churches. Mr. Stock was ready enough to respond. In a former parish, Ashbury, in Berkshire, he had himself started a Sunday class; in fact, many a wise head up and down the country, pondering sadly on the ignorance and wickedness of the English children, had arrived at the same conclusion, and here and there the experiment of Sunday teaching was being tried. The title, 'Founder of the Sunday Schools,' has been deservedly given to Raikes, not because he actually originated the idea, but because it was he who, as the editor of a paper, used his opportunities for making it widely known and combining all the individual efforts into a great national movement.

His own particular school was soon opened. The good dame who acted as teacher received a shilling a week from himself and sixpence from Mr. Stock. The subjects taught at the outset were reading and the Church Catechism. The conditions for admission were clean faces and hands and combed hair; the clothes might be of the raggedest and the boots and stockings in holes, or even absent altogether. In the afternoon the ragged regiment were marshalled into church, and from time to time Mr. Stock would examine them on their learning, either in the school or in church. And the kind founder, not content with drawing up the rules and arranging the details of management with all the careful precision of a good man of business, was the friend and adviser of the individual scholars. He encouraged them to meet him at the Cathedral for the daily service at seven a.m., and would walk down the aisle, surrounded by a crowd of ragged, barefoot boys and girls, ready with many confidences and proud of the little rewards for good conduct, in the shape of a piece of ginger-bread or a pair of shoes, which were often forthcoming. We may shake our heads over the bribes, but in many cases the love for church-going lasted long after the days of new shoes and cakes, as when a tall militiaman, who was greeted one day after service with a few kind words of pleasure that a soldier on leave should be so employing his time, answered gratefully that it was thanks to his questioner himself. Mr. Raikes had failed to recognise in the smart, well-drilled young man, a wretched child, ill-treated at home, who had been wont to join the others at the daily service, and had been helped to honest work by this kind friend.

Very pleasant are the stories told of some of the scholars. One little lad was promised a Bible of his own if he would come with his father and read a chapter in Mr. Raikes' office, and it calls up a pretty picture to hear of the kind publisher bringing a stool to lift the little fellow to the level of the high desk, where he stood to win the prize, which was duly handed over to him, with the good friend's writing on the flyleaf. Another such Bible was found in the pocket of a certain cabin-boy, drowned on his voyage home, to whom the other sailors had given the nickname of 'Jack Raikes,' so steadily had he resisted all their temptations to be false to the teaching he had received. And quite as touching is the story of a little girl, grown hard and obstinate very likely by mismanagement and harshness, who refused to open her lips and ask her mother's forgiveness, though Mr. Raikes himself had come to try and mediate.

'It is I who am grieving for the ruin you are bringing upon yourself,' said the good man at last, 'and I must humble myself if you will not do it. I beg your mother's pardon in your place.'

The gentleness broke down the wall of obstinacy as no scolding could have done, the child gave way, asked forgiveness and promised to do better.

So the movement spread through the length and breadth of the land, and Raikes lived to see his methods adopted in innumerable parishes and to help in organizing the schools upon a wider basis.

It is significant that 1911, the hundredth anniversary of his death, should be witnessing a new forward movement in the better equipment and improved teaching of the London Sunday schools. Our modern methods, our text-books and objeet-lessons, and Sunday kindergarten would greatly have surprised our good founder; but we do well to look back gratefully across the century to the man who gave such loving thought and work to the system which has started so many little feet upon the right way.

Mary H. Debenham.

ANIMAL GEOGRAPHY.

X.—ANIMAL LIFE IN THE GREAT OCEANS.

(Continued from page 396.)

LET us now consider the conditions of life in the sea. To begin with, the very saltness which we always associate with the sea varies, and similarly the temperature varies, and these two 'factors,' as they are called, are very important. Thus, the waters of the Norwegian fjords are cold, and comparatively fresh, for they are eontinually receiving vast quantities of water from the rivers, which are fed by the inland snows of the mountains; while, on the other hand, the inland seas, like the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, are very salt and very warm. The temperature of the sea and the saltness of the sea, again, vary according to depth. Near the mouths of large rivers the sea-water is often comparatively fresh, for fresh water is lighter than salt, and in parts of the world where the sea is not often disturbed by storms (as at the mouths of the Amazon and the Mississippi) the surface water remains so fresh that the salt taste is hardly to be noticed even in samples of water taken miles from the land.

The great sea areas of our globe may be roughly divided into two groups—namely, the great oceans (the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans), and the inland seas partly enclosed by land, like the Baltic, the North Sea, the Mediterranean, and the Red Sea. The depth of these seas varies very greatly. The North Sea, for instance, is comparatively shallow, while some parts of the Atlantie and Pacific Oceans reach to the enormous depth of five miles.

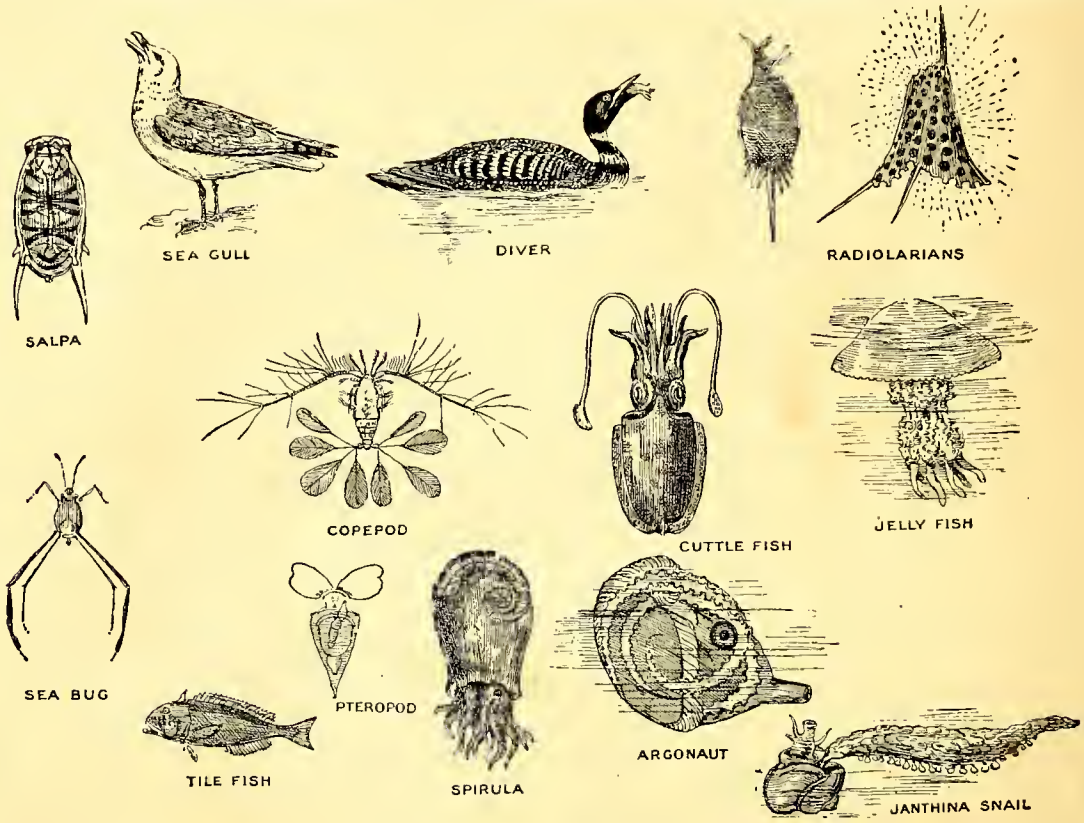
Of the animal life of the abysses of these oceans we have no space to speak here, for that is a world by itself, and before we ean consider that of the surface waters and the shallow seas around the large land areas, we must draw attention to the nature of the sea-bottom and the surface currents, for these are of great importance.

First, as to the sea-bottom. For at least a hundred miles from the coast of any land area (which by means of rivers pours a vast volume of fresh water into the sea) the sea-bottom is largely a mud-bottom, for the rivers bring down quantities of mud, and this mud is carried into the rivers by the rain which runs off the surface of the land into the river. Beyond this limit the sediment of mud is rarely found. The Ganges is an exeeption to the rule, for the waters of this great river are very muddy, and the sediment may be traced for nearly a thousand miles. Beyond the mud-line the bottom is covered only by the remains of dead animals and plants.

Few of us realise that the harvest of the sea reaped for our breakfast and dinner tables depends entirely on the nature of the sea-bottom; but it does! All our 'food-fishes'—herring, cod, soles, plaice, and so on—are fish which do not stray far from the coast, that is to say, beyond the mud-line; and this because this muddy bottom supports a host of sea-weeds and tiny animals, which in turn support larger animals, and these yet larger. In other words, this belt of sea is kept fruitful because it can support a vast number of plants and animals which live by eating one another, and we reap the benefit by eating the eaters! Beyond the mud-line no fish live that are of any value as food-fishes. The presence of these same 'food-fishes,' it should be noticed, influences the animal life of our shores. The auks, the guillemots, divers, gulls, seals, porpoises, and whales, for instance, are even more dependent on their 'food-fishes' than we are; they must live where they can find food; but there is happily enough for all. Man alone commits the sin of waste and destruction of this source of life. His trawl-nets kill tons of spawn and young fish annually, and these same nets sweep hundreds of thousands of acres of the sea-bottom, and thereby render it bare and barren; and finally, every year thousands of tons of dead fish are thrown back into the sea, or used for manure on the land, because the market is glutted and there is no sale for the catches!

But now let us turn to the animal life of the open ocean. This, no less than around the coasts, is influenced by what we call 'physical' conditions—light, heat, and cold, saltness, and ocean currents. The surface water of the great oceans in the tropical area is warmed by the sun, and blown along by the winds, which in these open areas are largely in one direction; when these currents strike the land they are driven onwards, till they are again brought under the wind; thus they keep a more or less circular course. Turn to a map showing the ocean currents, and note the current, for example, in the North Atlantie, which, setting in from the West Indies, swirls round along the east coast of North America, crosses to the British Islands, and passes down the coast of Spain and West Africa, and so round again to the West Indies. A proof of the existence of this current of warm, tropical water, cooling as it goes, is seen in the fact that shells of the beautiful purple sea-snail Janthina, and of the rare and curious Spirula, a relation of the octopus, as well as, occasionally, huge cuttle-fish, and vegetation peculiar to the West Indies, are not infrequently picked up on the coast of Ireland and Devonshire.

The surface waters of the open seas, from the north polar seas to the tropics, and from the tropics to the iey seas of the Antarctic, swarm with life. At times these surface waters, over hundreds of square miles, and for several feet thick, are so crowded with microscopic animals and plants as to discolour the water. The naturalist Moseley, when on the celebrated voyage of the Discovery, tells us that the ship on one occasion passed through a vast tract of sea in which the water, lighted up by sunlight, appeared as if full of small particles of mica; these were the glistening bodies of a minute plant, known to sailors as 'Sea Sawdust.' On these feed armies of jelly-fish, small erustacea called 'copepods,' jelly-like animals called



Some Creatures of the Great Oceans.

salpae, and curious creatures known as 'pteropods,' which are really members of the snail-tribe which have lost their shell, or possess a minute horny internal shell.

Jelly-fish, at certain times of the year, swarm at the surface in such numbers that the sea for miles seems like a mass of jelly: now they are at the surface, and now they descend a few feet and are out of sight. But whales, rushing through the water, open-mouthed, swallow them in myriads. At other times the 'salps' are equally abundant and similarly useful as the food of whales. These floating salps are transparent, wandering cousins of the strange, leathery 'sea-squirts' of our rock pools. The copepods are own cousins to the crabs and lobsters. Almost microscopic in size, and very frail in structure, these creatures yet contrive to keep afloat incessantly. They never, for a moment in their short span of life, rest on solid ground. Swimming by a series of short upward jerks, they only rest by means of their enormously long antennae. These, when the jerking motion ceases, hinder the body from sinking, and before more than a few inches have been travelled on the downward path the jerking of the body begins again, lifting it to the surface. These tiny creatures are as the sand of the seashore in number, and support armies of fishes.

Small and insignificant as these creatures are, they not only furnish food for hosts of others—many of them, like the pteropods, for those leviathans of the deep, the whalebone whale—but their dead bodies sinking to the bottom form mud or 'ooze.' This ooze may at some future age form dry land, just as the 'foraminiferal' ooze of past ages forms the chalk cliffs of Dover to-day! Laid down fathoms deep on the sea-bottom, it at last became heaved up to form the foundations of Great Britain and much of France, for London and Paris both rest upon what is known as 'chalk.' Foraminifera and radiolarians are very minute sea creatures which have already been described in Chatterbox.

These minute, floating creatures, drifting hither and thither, form what scientific men call the 'Plankton' (drifting portion) of the sea, to distinguish it from the 'Nekton' (swimming portion), which is formed by those creatures which do not drift aimlessly, but choose their course, such as fishes, whales, and porpoises, and, among more fragile animals, the strange argonaut of tropical seas. A peculiar type of 'Nekton' is found in the North Atlantic, where enormous masses of floating weed, known as the 'Sargasso weed,' are kept imprisoned within the swill of that great current which sets in from the West Indies. Among the strands of this weed live a host of crabs, fishes, and other animals found nowhere else—furnishing another illustration of the bounds set, even on creatures which inhabit the open sea.

(Concluded on page 410.)

Page 4

Page 308

PICTURE PUZZLES.

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KEYS.

Page 148

Page 348

On pages 4, 148, 308, and 348 we have given a number of odd black shapes which, joined together properly, make up human figures connected with certain dates.

Above are the keys, showing the pieces joined together. On p. 4 was Napoleon, who became Commander-in-Chief of the French Army in 1796; on p. 148 was a policeman—the police force was founded by Peel in 1829; on p. 308 was Guy Fawkes, whose plot was discovered in 1605; and on p. 348 was a Beefeater—one of the Yeomen of the Guard who were created by Henry VIII. in 1485.

CATS.

FOR the earliest mention of the cat, we must go back to ancient Egypt, where it was considered a sacred animal. People would shave their eyebrows, as a sign of mourning, when their cat died. We may see cat mummies in some of our museums. From Egyptian paintings we learn that cats were taken out in boats to help sportsmen who went after waterfowl, as retriever dogs are used now. King Cambyses is said to have cunningly made the Egyptian respect for cats serve his own ends. When attacking Pelusis, he gave each soldier a live cat for his shield, and a very effectual one it proved to be, for, rather than injure these animals, the garrison surrendered.

Persia is the country where the cat is found in its most perfect state. Long ago, Puss was introduced into Europe. A Welsh prince, called 'Howel the Good,' who died A. D. 938, framed some curious laws relating to the price of animals, from which we gather that cats—domestic cats, at any rate—were rare in Britain at that time.

There is a strong family likeness in the names given to the animal in different languages.

The French name, chat, differs little from the English word; the Persian word, too, is chat; the Latin, catus (also felis); the Welsh, cath; the Italian, gatto; the Arabic, kite kitta. Probably all these very similar names are derived from the spitting sound made by Pussy when in a bad temper.

The male cat, now often called 'Tom,' was formerly called 'Gilbert,' 'Gibbe,' or 'Gib.'

Everybody knows the story of Dick Whittington and his famous cat. In the Middle Ages, however, cats were not, as a rule, in favour as pets, for they were supposed to be the friends of witches. Even nowadays some people have a strong dislike for them. Yet several great men, besides Sir Richard Whittington, have been fond of their cats. Mahomet had a favourite pussy; so also had Petrarch, who placed his dead cat in a niche of his room; Doctor Johnson used to bring home oysters for his cat when it was ill.

Let us end this little gossip about bygone cats with a true, modern cat-story.

A friend of the writer possessed a cat which had an interesting history. Her name was Pandora, and she was so called because she had been taken from a sinking fishing-smack bearing that name. The Pandora was doomed to destruction, having come to grief in the North Sea during a squall, and her crew were rescued by the boat of a mission ship. When all were safely on board, some one remembered that the ship's cat had been left behind. The young doctor belonging to the mission ship immediately rowed back to the wreck, and fetched poor, frightened pussy. The cat now became his property, and when he came ashore he gave her to my friend.

It must be owned that Pandora was not a pretty cat, although her appearance was decidedly uncommon. She was a gaunt-looking creature, with long, lanky legs, and a coat curiously blotched with black and white. But, as the proverb tells us, 'Handsome is that handsome does,' and Pandora had a very affectionate disposition and was remarkably intelligent. The kind-hearted doctor who had saved her life lost his own in an unfortunate African expedition, bravely doing his duty to the last.

E. Dyke.

THE HOME OF THE 'MANITOBA.'

THE Lake of Manitoba, in the south of Canada, takes its name from a little island whence issues a mysterious sound. The Red Indians dare not approach or land on this island, which they suppose to be the home of the Manitoba, or 'Speaking God.'

The real cause of the sound is the beating of the waves upon the huge pebbles lining the shore. On the northern coast of the island is a long, low cliff, composed of fine-grained limestone, which, beneath the stroke of a hammer, rings like steel. The waves breaking at the foot of the cliff cause the falling limestone fragments to clash one against the other, and the sound thus produced resembles the chiming of distant bells. So it is during the northern gales, when the winds subside, the sound changes its character, and becomes like low wailings and whispering voices.

Travellers tell us that they have been roused from their sleep at night by the sound—as they thought at first—of distant church bells.

A SONG OF TO-MORROW.

I'M coming! I'm coming in sunshine or showers!
Say! what will you do with my twenty-four hours?
A portion, of course, which I grant you for sleep,
Is formed of those hours when the darkness is deep.
But closely behind them comes daylight sublime,
And what, if you please, will you do with that time?
For one thing, I'm anxious that no one should say:
'I'll leave for to-morrow my work of to-day,'
Because you'll agree it's a trifle unfair
To load me with burdens another should bear.
No! Work-time for work! and, with playtime for play,
You'll find your to-morrow a capital day.

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Continued from page 399.)

ALTERING our course, we were soon alongside the ship. A man holding aloft a lamp leant over the gunwale and peered down at us.

Menandez said something to him in Portuguese which evidently quieted any suspicions which he may have had concerning us. Putting down his lamp he hurried away, returning quickly with a man whom Menandez told us was the skipper. While he and Menandez were having a short conversation, two of the crew lowered a ladder for us to climb aboard.

'You had better go first, Menandez,' Frank said, when all was ready for us to quit the canoe.

'I'm not going aboard,' Menandez replied. 'I have settled everything with the skipper, and now I must get back to the mine.'

'Oh, very well. I hope you will do well.'

Frank and Tom shook hands with Menandez with as little warmth as if they were parting from a man whom they would probably see on the following day. There is no denying that Menandez was a rogue, but, as I have already told you, he had proved a true friend to me on more than one occasion.

'Menandez,' I said, as I gripped his hand, 'it is unlikely that we shall ever meet again, but I shall never forget your kindness to me. You've been a staunch friend.'

'Yabsley,' he replied, huskily, 'I wish that you

were not the only man who could truthfully speak well of me. Good-bye.'

I turned to follow Frank and Tom, but Nai Tum, to whom I had already bidden farewell, stopped me.

'My lord,' he said, 'do not allow my future wife's sister's conduct to make you miserable for ever. Perhaps, in your own country, you will find a woman who will make a good wife for you.'

In the circumstances I did not think it worth while to tell Nai Tum I was delighted that the Siamese girl had jilted me; but thanked him for his good wishes.

Then I climbed aboard the Lisbon, and as I clambered over the gunwale, Menandez and Nai Tum pushed off, and were soon lost in the darkness.

'Welcome to the Lisbon,' the skipper said to me, as my feet touched his deck. He was a Portuguese, and had the appearance of being a jovial fellow. When we had followed him to his cabin, we found that appearances did not deceive. He gave us a really good European cooked meal, and we ate as much as was good for us, and had a long chat afterwards. For two hours we sat gossiping. He laughed heartily at the idea of Menandez calling himself a Portuguese, and declared that he would not dare to make such an assertion if he were in Portugal. On the following morning we started on our homeward voyage, and a very pleasant one it proved to be. We lolled about the deck from sunrise to sunset, and chatted freely with such of the seamen as had a slight knowledge of English. Our dress, and the fact that we had escaped from the dreaded Siamese prison cages, made us subjects of great interest to them, and they loyally assisted in amusing us and making us comfortable.

On the second day out a Cochin-Chinese pirate called upon us to surrender, but our skipper fired his larboard gun at her, whereupon she made off quickly. This was the only incident of any importance which occurred during the voyage, and my friends and I, having been accustomed to plenty of excitement, began to find life aboard the Lisbon somewhat monotonous, and were well pleased when at last we cast anchor off Calcutta.

'Walter,' Frank exclaimed excitedly, a few minutes after we had written and signed the letter informing Menandez of our safe arrival, 'there's the Drake, or I'm a Dutchman.'

'What!' I replied, as I recognised his uncle's ship; 'so it is. How extraordinarily fortunate! And what a surprise it will be for the old man. Let us go aboard at once.'

Our few belongings were already tied up in bundles, and the skipper, on hearing that we wished to go aboard the Drake, lowered a boat and sent us off with hearty good wishes for a safe voyage to England.

As we drew near to the Drake we could see Captain Aubyn, with his glass under his arm, paeing the deck. Suddenly he noticed us. 'Now then, you rascals, what do you want?' he shouted.

'We are coming aboard, sir,' Frank replied.

'Bring a few buckets of water,' we heard the captain shout to his boatswain, and in quick time six jolly British seamen stood by the gunwale ready to give us a drenching.

'You don't seem very pleased to see us, skipper,' I shouted.

'Who on earth are you?' Captain Aubyn replied, raising his glass to his eye.

'Walter Yabsley and Frank Aubyn.'

Captain Aubyn made no reply to me, but his men removed their buckets from the gunwale and marched off, no doubt annoyed at being robbed of some fun.

As soon as our boat was alongside the Drake, Frank climbed up the rope and grasped his uncle's hand.

'Jolly glad to see you, Uncle,' he declared, heartily.

'And I am glad to see you, my boy,' he replied, after assuring himself, by a steady look into Frank's face, that he was his nephew. 'But, look here, I thought you were dead. There is a tablet in Plympton Church saying you were lost at sea. I put it up.'

'That was very good of you, Uncle,' Frank declared; 'but it will have to come down. Here is Walter.'

'How are you, Captain?' I said. 'It is a real pleasure to be back on the good old Drake. I haven't seen a craft to equal her since I left you.'

'I'm not surprised to hear that,' Captain Aubyn declared smilingly, and we shook hands.

'This is our friend, Mr. Hutton,' I said, introducing Tom.

'Glad to make your acquaintance,' the captain said, grasping Tom's hand. 'Come into my cabin, all three of you, and tell me where you've come from and what you have been doing. You need not bring the monkey, Walter.'

'I am afraid he won't leave me,' I replied. 'When you have heard all about him I am certain you will like the little rascal.'

Captain Aubyn looked as if he very much doubted it, but he allowed me to take Ted into his cabin. I must mention that by frequent washing we had made Ted a white monkey again.

'Now then,' said Captain Aubyn, when we had made ourselves comfortable, 'tell me why you are disguised as Siamese.'

I was chosen spokesman, and in as few words as possible told him all that had happened to us while we were in Siam. He was very interested in my account of our imprisonment in the cages, and in the story of Menandez's attempt to rob the sacred pit; but I noticed, not without surprise, that he grew somewhat excited while I was telling him of the incident which had caused Tom to fly from India. I put it down, however, to anger at hearing that it was possible for a bully to ruin the career of a brave and honourable man.

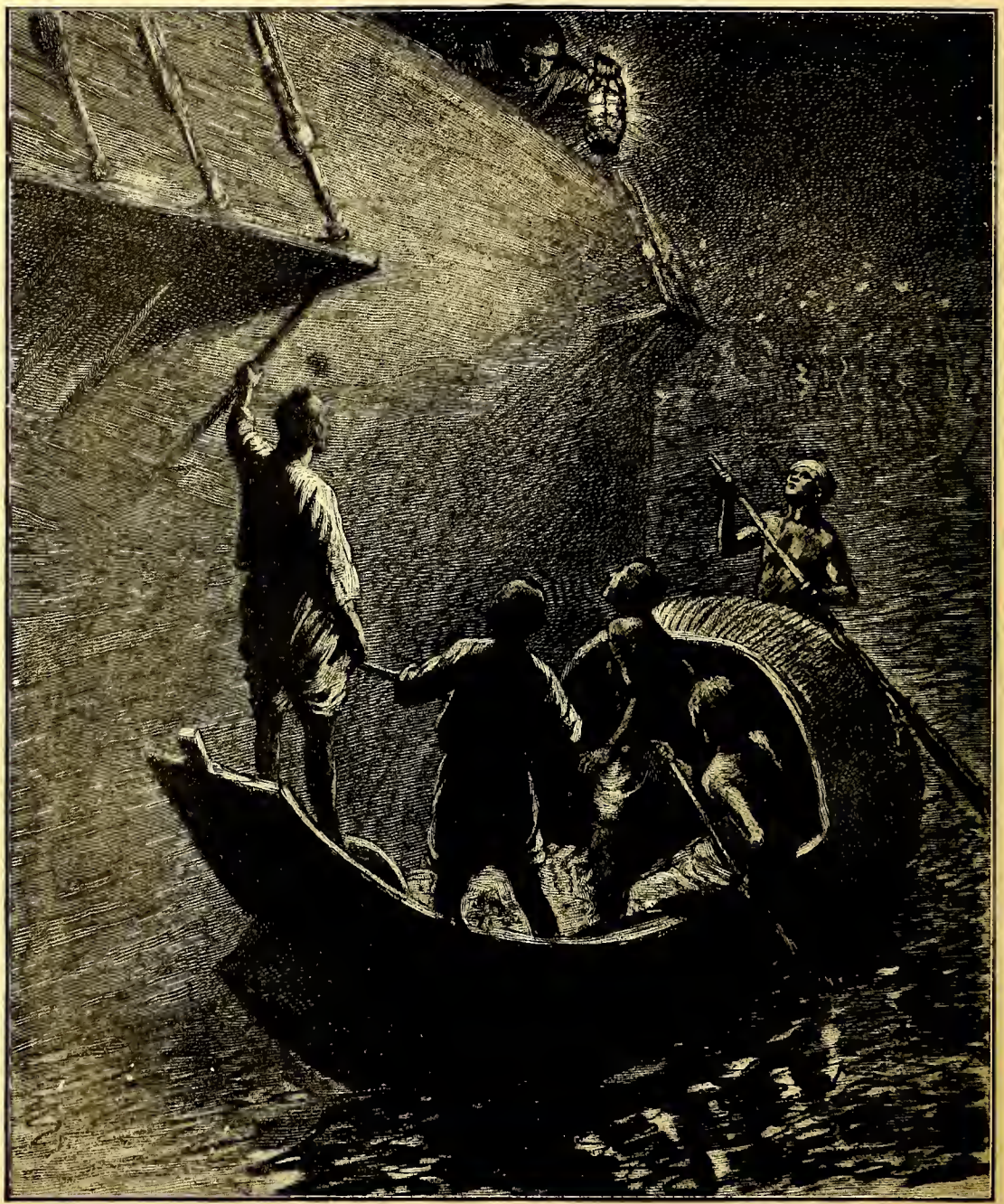
'Well,' he said, when I brought my story to an end by expressing the surprise and delight we experienced on seeing the Drake, 'it is one of the queerest yarns I have ever heard. Take my advice, and never set foot in Siam again, for you would not get away so easily a second time.'

'We know that, and now we are hankering for a look at good old England,' I said. 'I suppose you will let us work our passage?'

'You shall have a passage without working and without paying,' he declared. 'I made you and Frank work pretty hard on the way out, because I wanted to see what you were made of. Now that you have proved yourselves to be worthy sons of the old country, I am satisfied.'

We thanked him heartily, but he cut us short. 'It's time I went ashore,' he declared, looking at his big turnip-like watch. 'I shall be back this evening, and in the meanwhile I will send a tailor and a barber aboard to make you less like scarecrows than you are at present.'

(Concluded on page 410.)



"A man peered down at us."

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"Captain Aubyn brought a friend with him."

THE WHITE MONKEY.

(Concluded from page 407.)

WITHIN half an hour of Captain Aubyn's departure, the tailor and the barber arrived. The latter cut down our cockatoo-like plumes to the level of the hair on the other portion of our heads, which we had not shaved since the morning of our flight from the sacred pit. The ready-made clothes which we bought were cool and comfortable, and each of us felt a thrill of pleasure when we looked in the glass and saw ourselves once again in our natural dress.

Captain Aubyn did not return until nine o'clock in the evening, and then he brought a friend with him. Frank and I were playing chess, and Tom was watching us, when they entered the cabin.

'Hallo, Hutton, old chap!' the stranger exclaimed the moment he saw Tom, 'how are you? I am glad to see you again. Several of us have been looking for you for years. That unfortunate affair of yours has been settled in your favour long ago; an inquiry was held about your flight, and your brother-officers were only too glad to avail themselves of the opportunity for speaking on your behalf, and proving that the Major was a cowardly bully. The result was that the Major was dismissed from the Service and you were cleared of all blame. The regiment is stationed in Calcutta, and I am in command of it. So now, my dear fellow, I must insist upon your rejoining us.'

Stepping forward, Tom's superior officer took his hand and shook it heartily. Frank and I felt that this was an occasion to which we could not do justice by mere speech, so we sprang to our feet and gave three hearty British cheers.

On the following morning Tom left us to rejoin his old regiment. His brother-officers celebrated his return by a banquet, at which nearly all the leading civil and military officials were present. Frank and I sat near to him, and I need scarcely assure you that it was one of the happiest evenings of our lives. Tom soon proved himself to be one of the smartest officers in the Company's service, and during the Indian Mutiny he became world-famous for his bravery and skill. When he retired, to settle down in his native town, he was Sir Thomas Hutton.

A few days after the banquet given in Tom's honour, Frank and I sailed on the Drake for England. Shortly after arriving at Plymouth, Frank and I walked over to Plympton, and in the old church we saw a tablet which Captain Aubyn had erected to Frank's memory. Before many days had elapsed Captain Aubyn sought and obtained leave to remove it.

After a few weeks' idleness, Frank and I, having a little money, purchased a small farm and settled down to work. I became fond of the farm, but Frank tired of the quiet life. Before three years had elapsed he sold his share of the business to me, and again sailed for the East. Two years later I received a letter from him. 'As you see,' he wrote, 'I am now in Calcutta, where I arrived from Burma a few days ago with a cargo of teak. Last night I came face to face with Menandez. He invited me to go home with him, and I went, being anxious to hear how he fared in Siam after our departure. He soon told me. The morning after we left, he obtained audience with His Fatness—I must use the old name—and informed the rascally old coward that he had long suspected the Court Astrologer of robbing the sacred pit. To prove this, he asserted, he had tunnelled through to the pit, and had surprised the Court Astrologer in the act of removing the treasure. By order of His Fatness, a body of court officials accompanied Menandez through our tunnel to the pit. Having inspected the Court Astrologer's dead body—the astrologer-doctor was already buried—they marched along the passage to the old thief's house, where a considerable amount of money was discovered. This was removed to the pit, both approaches to which were shortly afterwards filled up. For his services in detecting the robbery, Menandez was appointed Governor of a large district, and in twelve months he received enough bribes and taxes to make him rich for life. So one day he quietly left the country and settled down here. He lives in a big, splendidly furnished house, and two of his servants are Nai Tum and his ugly wife. The former asked after you, and when I told him that you were still unmarried, he sighed and said, "My wife's sister was wicked to treat the white lord so badly." Menandez wishes to be remembered to you, and hopes that you will come out and be his guest.'

I did not go, for, since I returned to England, I have never felt a desire to leave it. After many years' roving, Frank returned to Plympton and again became a farmer. We are old now, but we meet regularly once a week, and though we are deeply interested in farming matters, we are never happier than when talking of the days we spent in Siam and of the hardships no longer possible in the new and enlightened Siam built up by King Chulalongkorn.

'And what of the white monkey?' you ask.

Contrary to my fears, he did not suffer from our changeable climate, and until within a day or two of his death, which did not take place until many years had elapsed, he was the happiest and most amusing little monkey that ever I saw in my life. Everybody in the village liked him—even though he did at times do some damage to the greenhouses, for he loved to smash glass—and not a stranger came to the place without asking to see him. Somehow or other the story of my adventures got known in London, and soon all sorts of people came down to see my little pet. Among them were two men who owned a travelling menagerie, and these fellows had the impudence to ask me to sell him to them. Sell him! If I had been the poorest man in England I would not have parted with my White Monkey.

Henry C. Moore.

The End.

ANIMAL GEOGRAPHY.

X.—ANIMAL LIFE IN THE GREAT OCEANS.

(Concluded from page 404.)

THE animals of which we have spoken so far have all been purely marine (or sea) types. But there is one remarkable exception—a land animal which has turned sailor, so to speak. In tropical and sub-tropical seas there is found, skimming the surface of the water, like whirligig beetles or water-scorpions in a pond, a curious little creature—an ivory-legged fellow covered with a bluish-white down. On occasion, as perhaps during storms, it dives down beneath the surface, but for the most part it dwells on, not in, the sea, feeding upon dead jelly-fish, and other decaying and floating animal matter. Wingless, and therefore unable to fly, it is difficult to imagine how it has come to find this nautical life possible.

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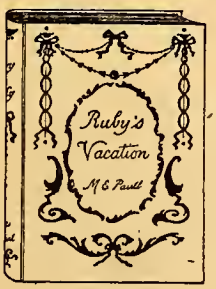

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